The Saturday Evening
POST
November 12, 1955 — 15¢

Arthur Godfrey's Remarkable Story:

ME AND MY VAGABOND YOUTH

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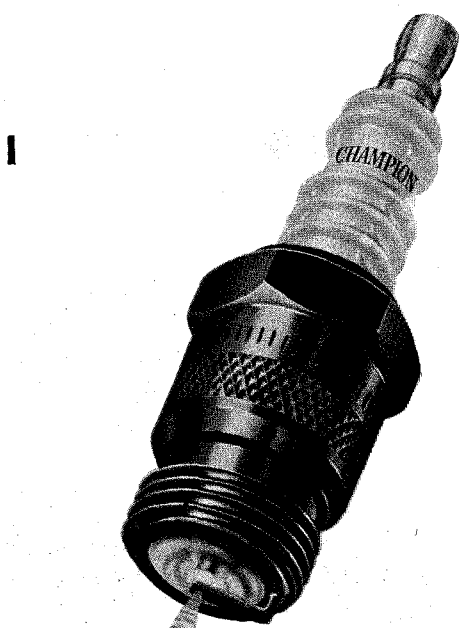

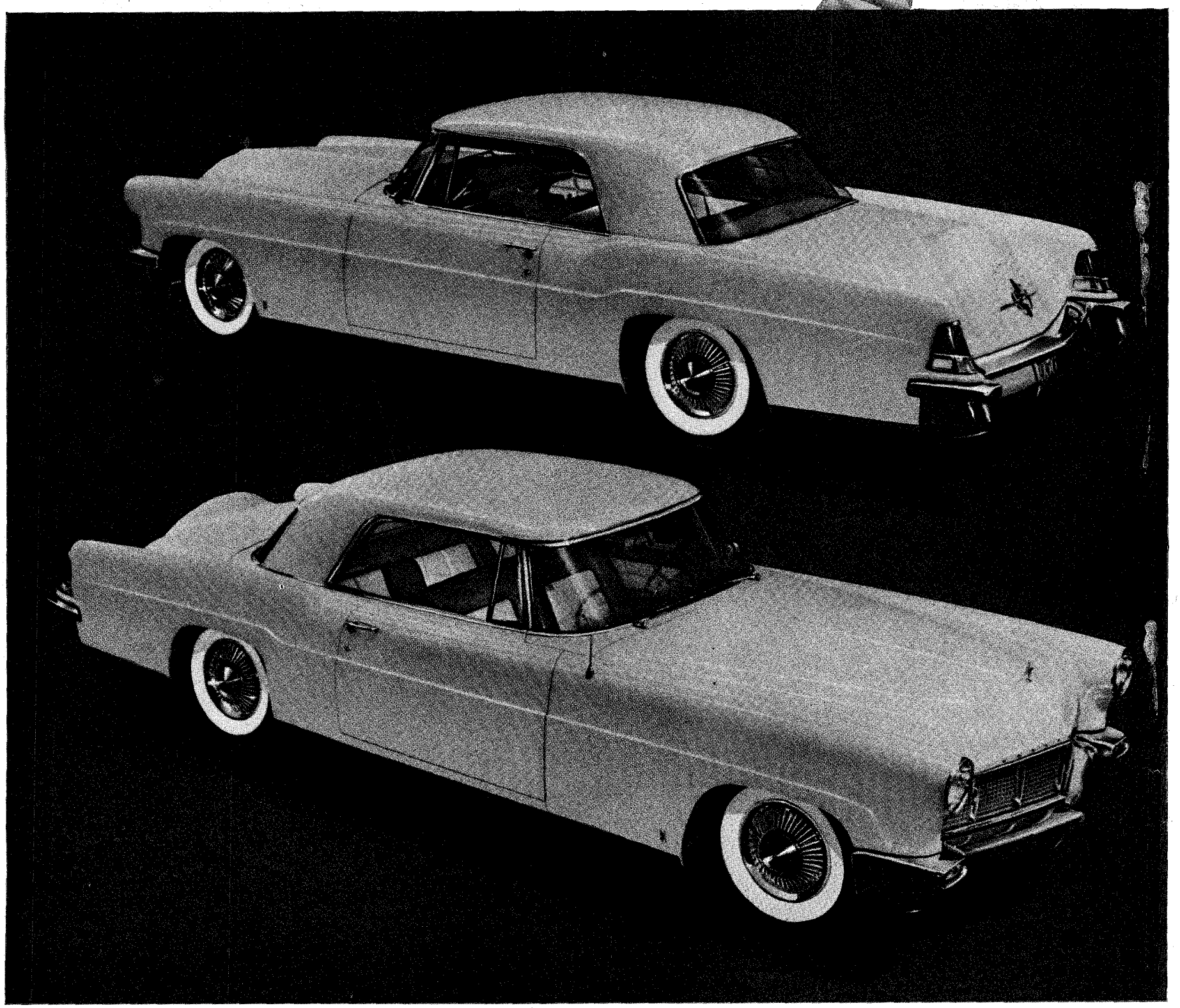

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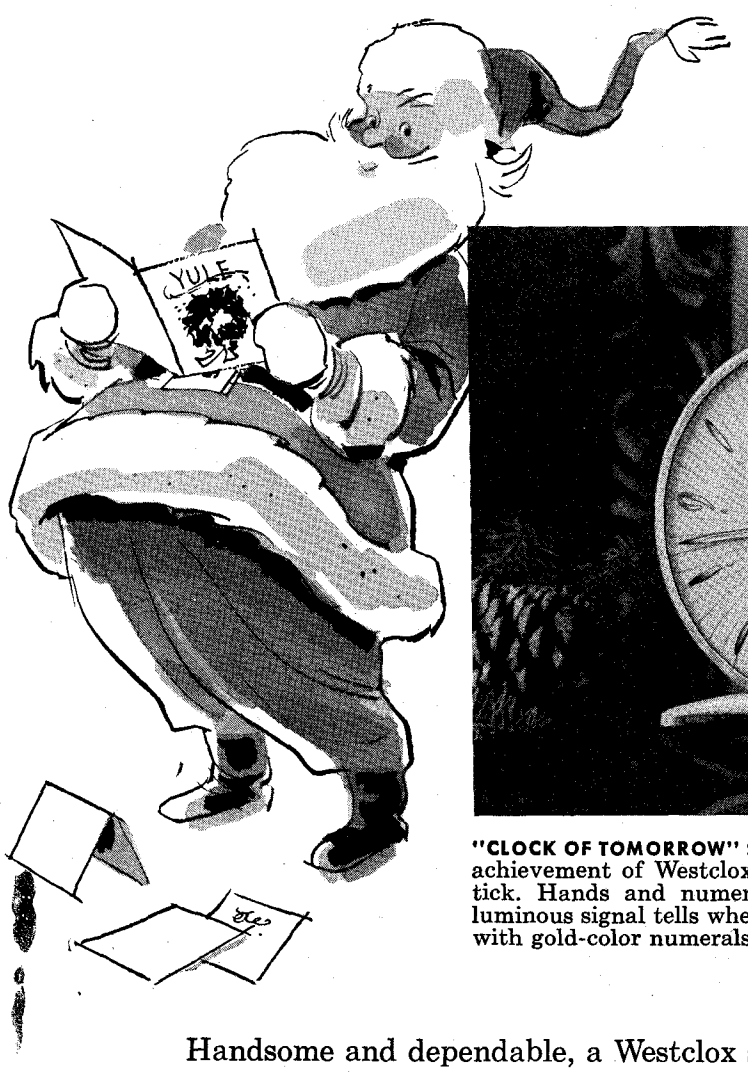
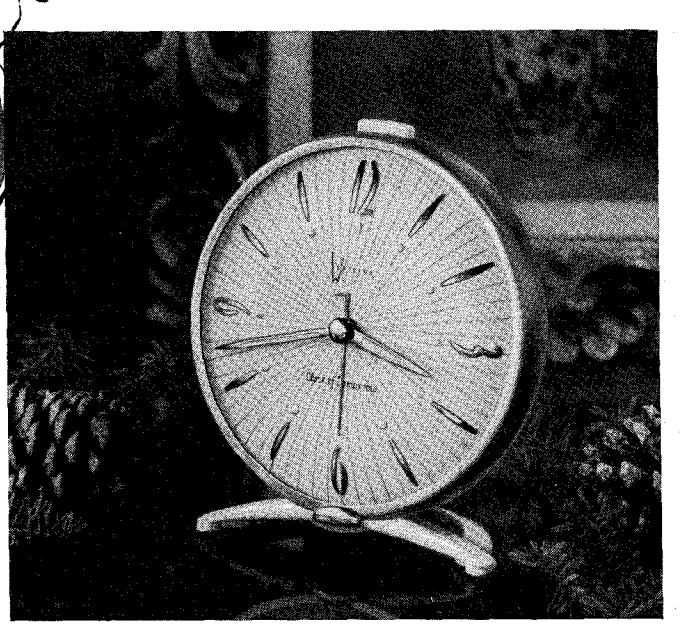
say it Christmas day and every day with the gift of Westclox





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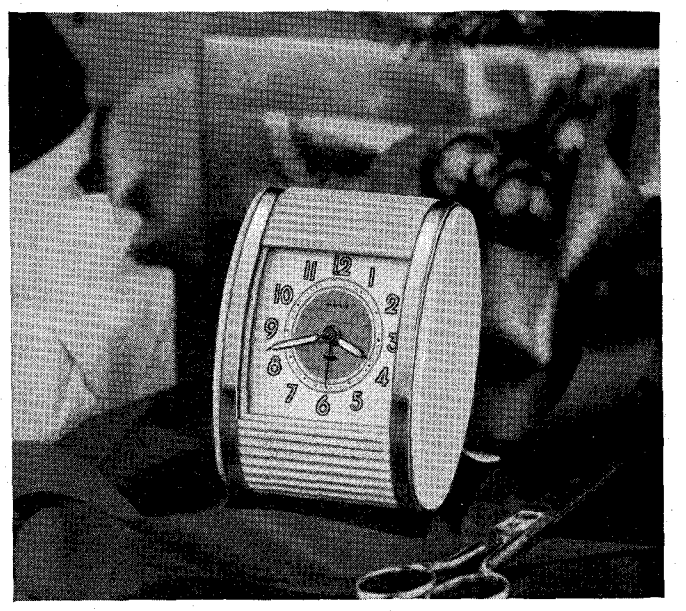

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Spring-driven or electric

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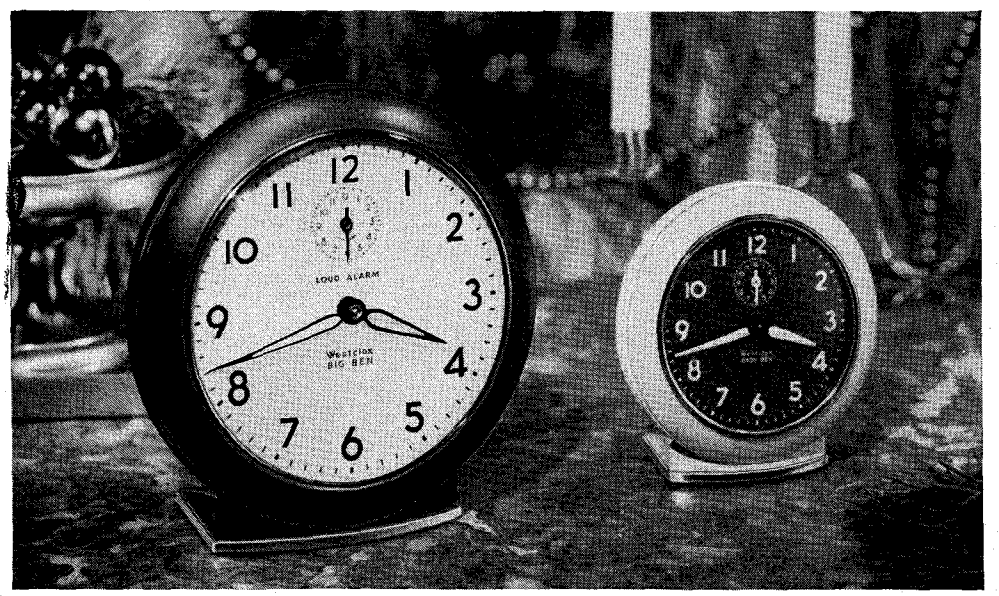

BIG BEN LOUD ALARM, SPRING-DRIVEN—World's best known alarm clock. Has a tick you can hear and a deep, intermittent "fire alarm" gong. Dust-resistant case and cushioned base. Black or ivory finish, $6.95. With luminous dial, a dollar more.

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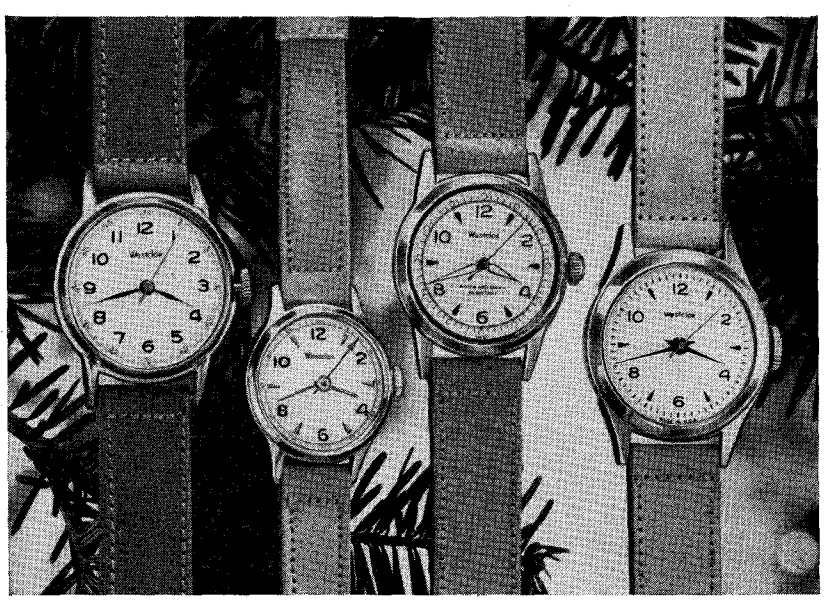

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*Manufacturer's written guarantee

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A new Johnson's wax product, *Jubilee,* takes the elbow grease out of cleaning enameled surfaces. Rub it on, rub it off, and your surface shines clean as a whistle—with a protective wax coating to keep it that way!

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* * *

Development of this new-type solvent is another example of Shell leadership in the petroleum industry. Shell Research assures you better value—more for your money—when you buy products bearing the Shell name and trademark.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. is an old hand at developing and manufacturing fine polishes and cleaners. An "assist" from Shell Research has helped perfect a new work-saving wax product.

SHELL

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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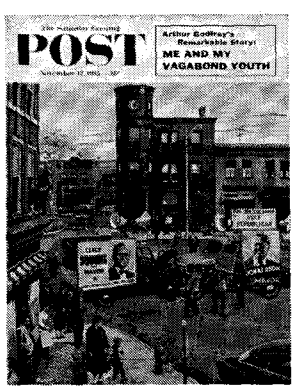

THE COVER

For a change of pace, let's introduce (see faces on trucks) a couple of amateur artist's models—the models are amateur, not the artist, and why do words get tangled up like that? In Wilton, Connecticut, two of Ben Prins' friends are Mr. Andrew Pull-2nd-Lever Squires (D) and Mr. John Top-Lever Donaldson (R). During the recent political Donnybrooking, these public servants haven't been colliding for mayor in real life; Squires is a town selectman and Donaldson is in the state House of Representatives. In imaginary life, whichever candidate wins the mayoralty won't win much, for Prins borrowed those buildings from several different towns; wherefore, somebody will become mayor of no town. Speaking of pulling levers, it's too bad those truck drivers didn't do it sooner.

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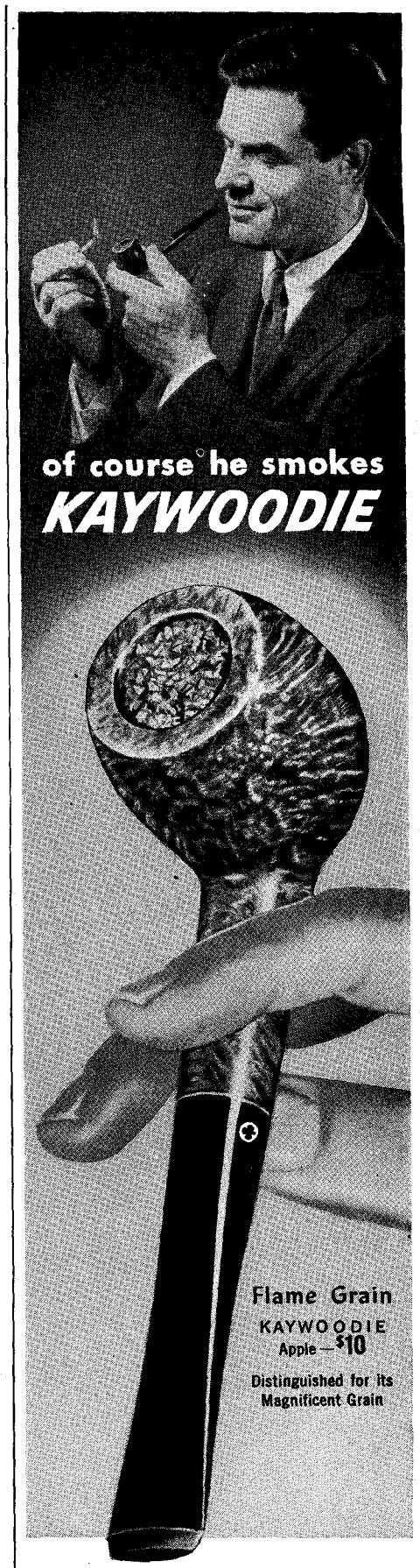

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2 You must know that he's a man who'll come to your aid when you need him—even at the scene of the accident. And that his company is represented by men all over the country—who also stand ready to help. He must also be a man who'll see to it that your claims are attended to promptly.

3 You must know that the policy he sells you has been written by a company with the experience and the skill to *devise* insurance that will suit your needs. In over-all coverage and in specific features, the policy must be up to date as of *now*, and must be kept up to date as your needs change.

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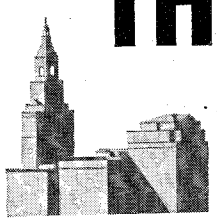
THE TRAVELERS



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Letters

Woodchucks

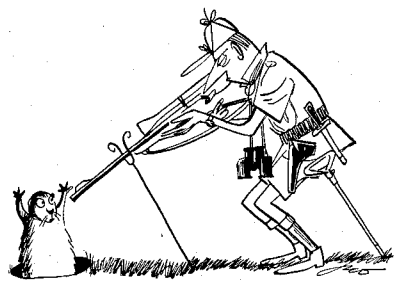
Dear Sirs:

I am mad! Never before have I read an article in the "Post" that disgusted me so as WOODCHUCK! IT'S WAR! by Bill Wolf [Oct. 8]. . . . He describes the modern hunter with a telescopic sight and a gun rest as the "aristocrat of hunters." BUNK!! What really takes skill is creeping up on a 'chuck with a .22 caliber rifle close enough to shoot. . . .

DAVID G. WILL
Yonkers, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Ah, the brave, bold fellows! What a thrill to see these intrepid characters



start out with a thousand dollars' worth of equipment to make war upon that savage beast, the woodchuck! . . .

Evidently the American male has adopted the attitude of Britain's hunters. "It's a beautiful morning. Let's go out and kill something."

Men!

HARRIET LOCKHART
Sodus, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Do groundhog hunters ever ask at a farm house for permission? The majority "turn off the main roads on a small dirt road until they see *something*"—and then they blaze away. Many do not even leave their car or the road. . . .

MRS. MERLE A. COE
Carrollton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . Daniel Boone must be turning over in his grave!

WILLIAM M. WILDER
Pastor, Central Methodist Church
Lincoln, Arkansas

Loyalty Boards

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial October 1st A LOYALTY BOARD'S FIRST DUTY IS TO THE U.S.A. is a splendid statement of facts. . . .

There are sinister groups in the U.S. that conceal their real purpose by making a great ado about loyalty boards' unfair procedure in screening well-substantiated, doubtful security risks.

Nothing would please the communists more than to see all investigation of loyalty boards abolished.

H. R. FAHNESTOCK
Peoria, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The editorial . . . is in error in its reference to The Bureau of National Affairs, Inc.

The survey you describe as an "investigation of a series of loyalty proceedings," which resulted in the report "Case Studies in Personnel Security," was not "conducted" by BNA as you state. The survey or investigation was conducted and supervised by Mr. Adam Yarmolinsky, who also wrote the report. We had nothing to do with the investigation and our only relation to the report was that of publisher. . . .

DEAN DINWOODEY
President
The Bureau of National Affairs, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

. . . If the loyalty boards were considering cases of applicants for Government jobs before hiring, and their procedures were then sound, fair and confidential, your editorial might make some American sense. But you are standing on your head. And . . . you look exactly like an apologist for the state-is-all creed. . . .

The editorial talks about liberals being horrified about men being "denied a Government job." You know that is not the issue. All security cases concern people already employed. . . .

IVAN E. GULLEN
Attorney at Law
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Our Constitution, its Bill of Rights, mean that the individual comes first and the United States second whenever individuals are accused of crimes against any other person or persons or society in general. By means of due process of law . . . guilty individuals can be justly punished. Our aim is never to punish an innocent man. Due process in the United States sometimes allows guilty men to go free. . . .

YANDELL BOATNER
Lawyer
Shreveport, La.

Strong Fellow

Dear Sirs:

Many of us . . . enjoyed the article on Paul Anderson THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH [by Furman Bisher, Oct. 8].

The enclosed photo was taken at the annual Southeast Tobacco Festival which is held in Moultrie, Ga. Anderson took time out from his Olympic training

schedule to attend the festival. Looking at the photo—can you blame him?? The two girls are (left) Miss Ouida Ruth Dean "Southeast Tobacco Queen" and Miss Ann O'Neal "Queen of the Festival." . . .

JOHN L. SCHERER
Spence Air Base
Moultrie, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Paul Anderson is without a doubt the greatest Olympic lifter in the world. However, I (Continued on Page 6)

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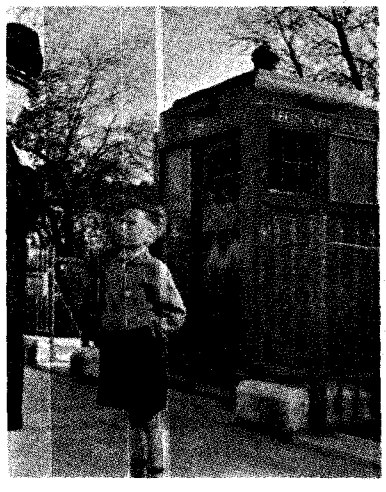
YALE & TOWNE

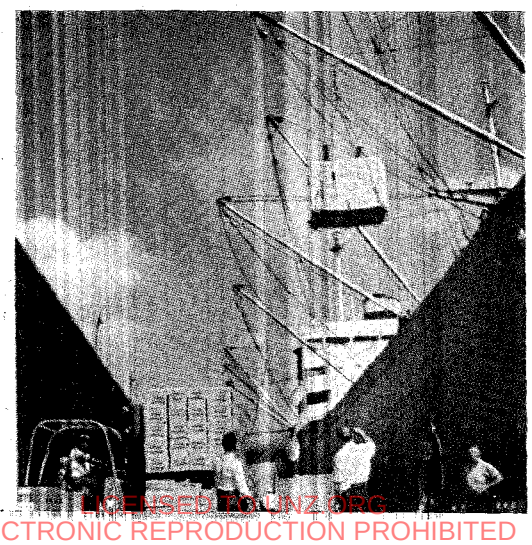
FOR NOTRE DAME'S AGELESS DOORS : A TOUCH OF TODAY

For 700 years the great doors of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris have looked out on the magnificent panorama of French history. Today, those who enter to worship, or to marvel at the flawless beauty of this 13th century masterpiece, are silently served by a 20th century device: Yale & Towne door closers. Their forty years of quiet, efficient duty typify the service rendered by Yale* Locks and Hardware in buildings large and small the world over. Visitors to Europe are likely to find other Yale & Towne tools doing important jobs. On the busy docksides of Oslo, Rotterdam or Barcelona, for instance, you can see Yale industrial fork lift trucks speeding the movement of cargo. Along with Yale hoists, they are "at home" in plants, warehouses and terminals around the face of the globe—making man's work easier and raising his living standards.



A LEEDS LAD LEARNS ABOUT SECURITY

This British youngster may be selecting his life's work as he listens with awe to the Bobby he's just met. And a dedicated life it would be, for the British police officer is an honored symbol of law and order—and an expert in security. The police of Leeds solve the problem of protecting their own station boxes with Yale locks—relied on by security-conscious people throughout the entire world.



DOWN TO THE SEA—IN TRUCKS!

Merchants of old would gape at this scene in Port Newark, New Jersey—where Yale industrial fork lift trucks relay crates, bales, boxes, bags, drums from vehicles and barges to cargo booms of the S.S. *Iberville*. This speedy, safe cargo-handling cuts turn-around time in port, thus keeping all freighters of the Pan-Atlantic Steamship Company profitably at sea.

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Exclusive! Used-blade vault

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DOUBLE EDGE AND SINGLE EDGE SHAVERS!

Enjoy the smooth, clean comfort of a hollow ground blade

Get Pal Single or Double Edge Hollow Ground Blades in dispensers with used-blade vault.

20 for only 49¢

Save Money—Say "PAL"

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

don't think he has the complete right to be called the "World's Strongest Man," as I have also set many world records in the past few years. . . . I feel that I possess the strongest arms and shoulders on earth and here are my lifting records to prove it.

Two Hands Continental Press (*World Record*)	430 lbs.
One Arm Military Press (*World Record*)	195 lbs.
Bench Press (*World Record*)	560 lbs.
Holdout From Shoulder (*World Record*)	130 lbs.
Jerk From Shoulders (*World Record*)	500 lbs.
Two Hands Crucifix *Each arm* (*World Record*)	100 lbs.
Two Hands Olympic Press	410 lbs.

DOUG HEPBURN
Vancouver, Canada

● Weight lifters usually recognize over fifty categories but the Olympic total for the triathlon is indisputably the "world championship." Paul Anderson won the title by breaking the record Oct. 16 with a total of 1,130 pounds (snatch, 320 pounds; clean-and-jerk, 400 pounds; press, 410 pounds).—ED.

No Tax Troubles

Dear Sirs:

. . . In your issue of September 3, 1955, you printed an article on THE ISLAND NOBODY SPOILED by Richard Thruelsen, who is one of your associate editors. On page 87 Mr. Thruelsen stated that "Caneel Bay . . . was then owned by The Rhode Island Charity Trust, a fiduciary holding company of a large New England textile corporation. . . . When the corporation found itself at odds with the Federal tax experts on the status of this branch of its business, Caneel Bay Plantation was put on the market."

The Rhode Island Charities Trust is not a fiduciary holding company. It has no connection with any corporation, New England textile, or otherwise. . . . It has never found itself at odds with the Federal tax experts on its ownership of Caneel Bay. . . .

B. R. STURGES
The Rhode Island Charities Trust
Providence, R. I.

TV Spectaculars

Dear Sirs:

My, what a modest fellow TV director Seymour Berns shows himself to be in his article, THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN ON TV! (S.E.P., Sept. 24).

The pronouns "I", "me", and "my" are repeated 171 times. . . .

The author only devotes 7.1% of the total paragraphs to direct reference to himself. This show of humility is indeed touching. Where would Mario Lanza, Betty Grable, Ethel Merman, *et al*, be without him? . . .

E. J. BROWN
Montreal, Canada

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Berns says that in producing the CBS Spectaculars "it's luck and guts and inspired co-operation that do it." If this is true, there should be no need for the unlimited budget of which he boasts. . . .

ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE
Allenhurst, N. J.

Platform Shoes

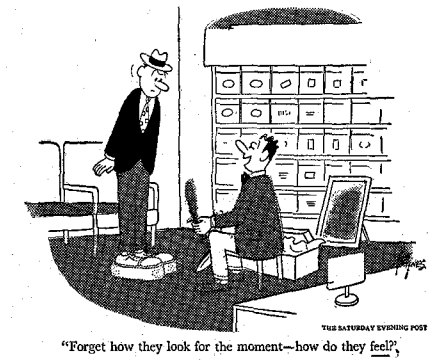
Dear Sirs:

Los Angeles Staters in particular got a laugh from Bob Barnes' cartoon on page 85 of the October 8 Post.

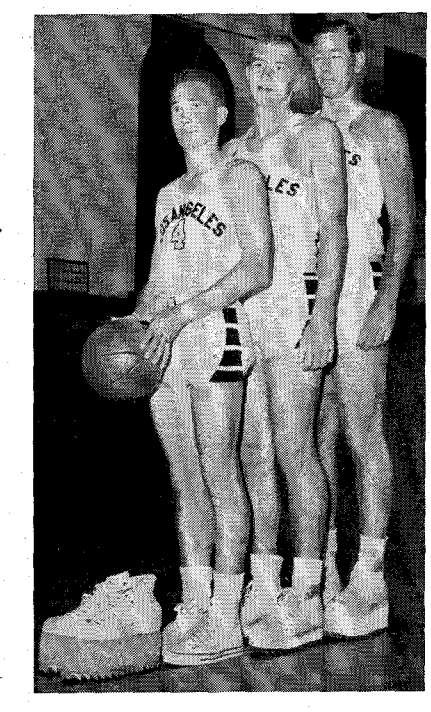
Last semester we experimented with sponge-rubber soles on our basketball shoes to raise our men an extra two to four inches.

Only one thing wrong: the men couldn't move!

YVON H. CARUTHERS
CHARLES DONALDSON
Los Angeles State College
Los Angeles, Cal.



"Forget how they look for the moment—how do they feel?"



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Bus stop "Coffee-break"

A few minutes ago, a bus stopped at Wayside, U. S. A. A group of strangers got off to stretch and have a snack. Now, they're getting acquainted, American-style – over a good, hot cup of coffee. The figure-conscious girl (who drinks hers black) is telling the businessman (cream, two sugars) about college. The driver (black, with apple pie) is reassuring the motherly-type (light, one sugar) that the bus is on time. When the driver kids the waitress about the coffee, the motherly-type will tell him her recipe for good coffee (two level tablespoons of coffee to each cup). The driver will listen courteously and agree. His wife's been making it that way for years.

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, 120 Wall St., New York 5, N. Y.

© 1955

There is nothing so satisfying as a cup of good coffee

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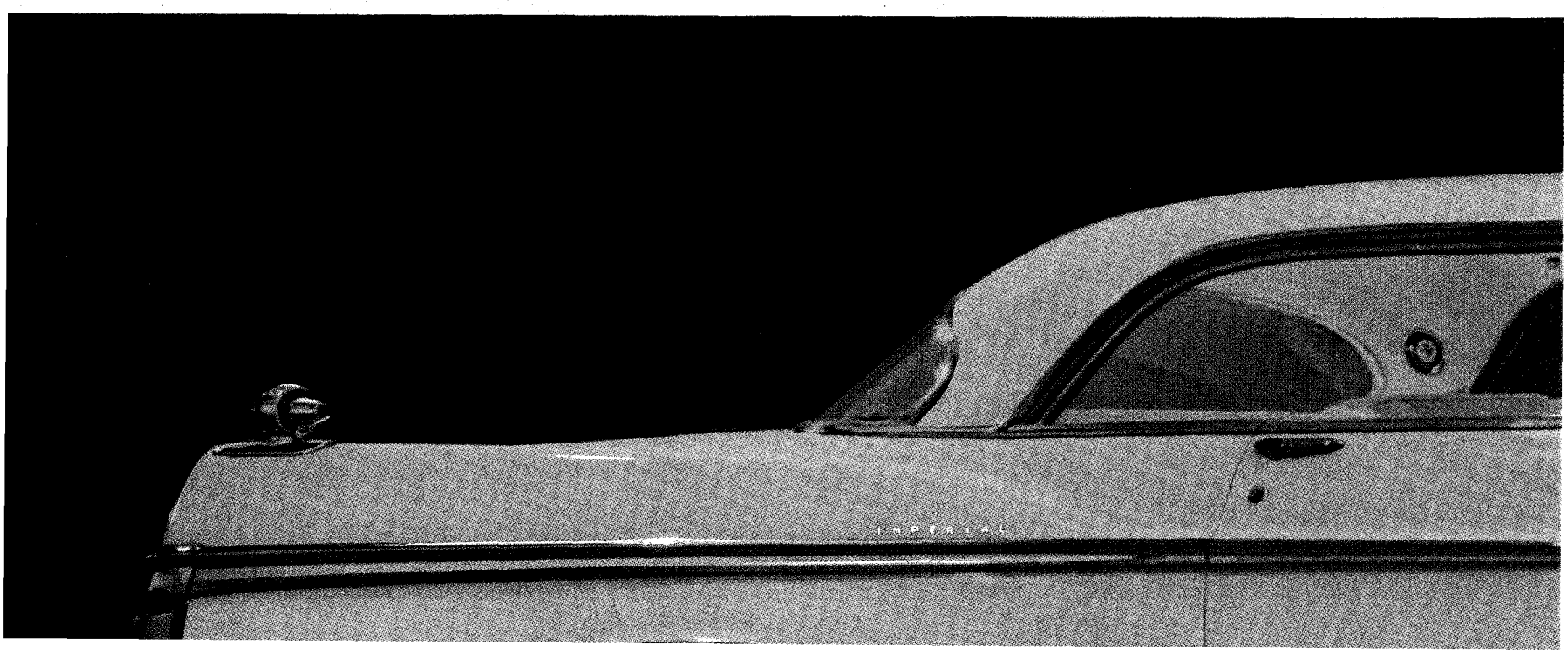
Announcing the new

IMPERIAL

This is a distinguished *new* look—not to be found in any other fine motor car in America. This is the new look of leadership.

To you who are accustomed to fine cars, the announcement of the New Imperial will be of particular interest. It heralds new high standards of riding smoothness, engineering superiority, and fine car styling. From unique gun-sight tail lights ast sweeping rear fenders to imposing front grille, this is the r magnificent of cars.

Within its spirited beauty you'll discover mastery of highway which is unequalled anywhere . . . a mighty Imp



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Leaders among men are irresistibly drawn to the car whose every gleaming inch proclaims leadership among motor cars. The man who drives the Imperial is, as usual, leading the way.

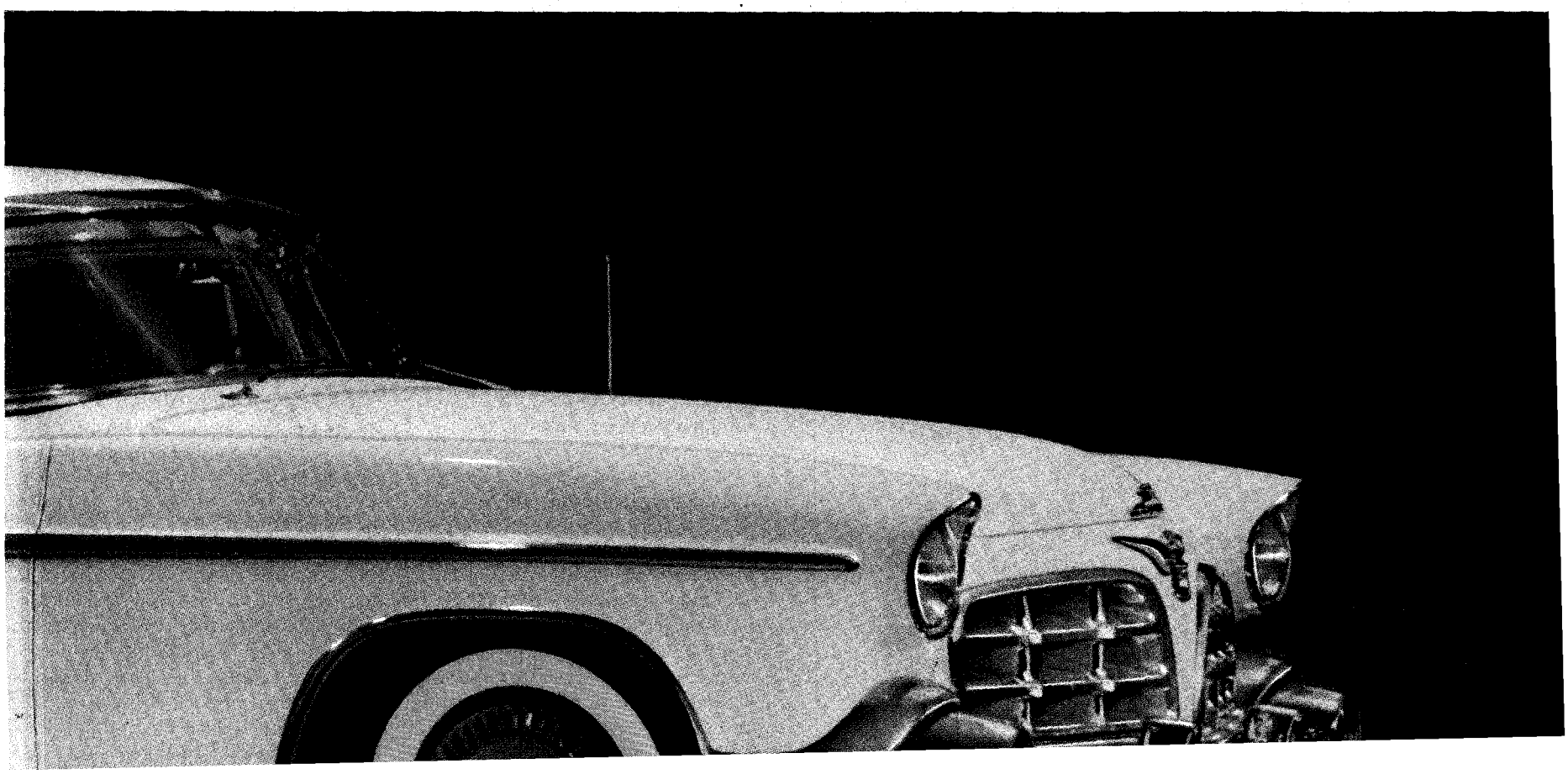
FOR 1956

engine, most powerful type on the highway... an exclusive, erlatively smooth automatic transmission, controlled by a ton panel!... an entirely new braking system that practically inates braking effort on your part . . . and advanced power ring that gives you its power-assist 100 per cent of the time!

The Imperial is designed for you who can afford the finest and who refuse to accept the commonplace. It comes as a refreshing new experience in the field of highest quality cars.

The new look of leadership is yours in the Imperial. Your Chrysler-Imperial dealer cordially invites you to inspect it now.

Imperial for 1956 — *finest expression of The Forward Look*



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Editorials

Uniform Traffic Rules Might Reduce Accidents

By J. C. FURNAS

All of thirty-one years ago a National Conference on Street and Highway Safety called by Herbert Hoover as Secretary of Commerce gave overwhelming support to a new movement for nationwide uniformity of traffic laws and ordinances. Irresponsible state and municipal variations in such matters were already a serious problem in 1924.

Two years ago, twenty-nine years after 1924, on U.S.-Massachusetts 20, I met a baffling thing—blinking green lights. It is firmly fixed in my mind that a yellow blinker means proceed-with-caution, a red blinker means stop-and-go. What a green blinker means I don't know yet. Nor do numerous specialists on highway and traffic problems whom I have since asked "Did you ever hear of a blinking green light?" and "If so, do you know what it means?" So far, all those interrogated have answered "No" and "Can't imagine."

On the same highway the other day I found the green blinkers still persisting as the whim of some local authority, still bewildering the outsider. Whatever warning they convey might just as well be lettered in Navajo, for all the good it does the nonlocal driver, who probably disregards them—as I did. That may be both hazardous and illegal. But at the time, it looked like a better idea than pulling up short on a fast, busy highway to seek some rational explanation of what the fool things signified.

Such irksome variations are not confined to Massachusetts, which otherwise deserves her high reputation for able work in traffic safety. Consider the lady I heard some years ago expressing outrage at the way cars passed her on the right on Eastern four-lane highways. This is legal under certain conditions in several seaboard states, but apparently it ranks with arson as a heinous crime in the plains states that she came from.

Consider how the meaning of solid and broken center lines as No-Passing warnings varies from state to state. Consider—these are particularly serious—how jurisdictions still disagree on hand signals, on what precautions school buses call for, and the legality of well-established chemical tests for drunken driving. Consider that a Pennsylvania driver making a left turn in another state may get a tongue lashing from the cop at the corner.

If nobody ever drove ten miles from home, such anomalies, large or small, would matter less. But as it is, no driver can hope to proceed safely or legally without halting at the boundary of each state or municipality he enters to hunt down unfamiliar gimmicks in the thousands of words of its motor-vehicle code or traffic-control ordinances.

Both a Uniform Vehicle Code and a Model Traffic Ordinance, drawn up and regularly revised to suit altered conditions by the National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances, have long existed. They are backed by the White House Conference on Highway Safety and most other pertinent national organizations. By now, all states show "substantial conformity" to at least one of the five main sections of the code. Each year many jurisdictions adopt further items from among these expert suggestions. In 1955 such achievement has been rather higher than usual. But even so, in view of the open-and-shut case for uniformity in traffic regulation, there is still a long way to go.

The only serious argument ever advanced *con* is: "Our local conditions are different." Engineers and lawyers in this field say that, once a community tries uniformity, it always finds this wasn't so. The rest of the lag, they tell me, comes from the little-tin-godism and uninformed stubbornness of amateur traffic experts on legislative committees and city councils.

Maybe the idea is so obviously good that people assume—erroneously—that it will go through without support. Maybe this very obviousness bores the public. But never mind the public, it doesn't bore the individual when he gets pinched away from home for doing something that would be legitimate where he comes from, or when bewilderment due to unfamiliar symbols sets him up for a bad accident.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Isn't it a Little Early for Fireworks?

The Aim of Foreign Aid Isn't to Boost U.S. Business

The argument still goes on over whether goods supplied to foreign countries under the foreign-aid program should be bought exclusively from American suppliers or purchased in the open international market. Advocates of a frankly "Buy American" policy argue that, inasmuch as Americans are supplying the money for foreign aid, they should be given the inside track on whatever profits are derived from these transactions. Opponents of the policy retort that, if it is our purpose to help foreign countries to get on their feet economically, it is illogical to deny them the opportunity to compete.

Although the case for restricting the business to Americans is in many respects persuasive, there is one point against a "Buy American" policy which has been too generally overlooked. We refer to the strong probability that such restriction would increase the already powerful vested interest which many industrial and financial organizations think they have in foreign aid. In a recent issue of Human Events, former Rep. Howard Buffett, of Nebraska, quoted from a booklet issued some time ago by the Economic Cooperation Administration which cited the millions of tons of "ECA-financed" goods which moved through American ports, the thousands of workers employed on foreign-aid projects and the number of firms receiving ECA-financed orders. This is certainly the wrong argument to be advanced in behalf of foreign aid. The American people have accepted foreign aid as a policy ever since the adoption of the Marshall Plan, but their approval is based on the supposition that the countries which receive the aid need it. There is certainly no substantial support for the idea that foreign aid is a device to land American suppliers on the taxpayer's back, alongside the distressed nations of Europe.

There are indications that most of the recipients of our generosity are rapidly gaining their equilibrium, and that the sums which this country has been appropriating for assisting them to their feet could be more sharply reduced than (Continued on Page 12)

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The passing of "the medicine show"

. . . a hopeful message about ARTHRITIS

Some of us can remember the colorful "medicine show" of yesteryear . . . and the persuasive, but deceptive, oratory of the self-styled "doctor." The remedies he offered were fantastic, especially his "sure cure" for arthritis . . . or rheumatism as it was always called in those bygone days.

Fortunately, the old-fashioned "medicine man" and his "sure cures" are on the way out. This is because nearly all of us now know the folly of relying on any treatment for arthritis other than those authoritatively approved.

This enlightened attitude is all to the good. For arthritis, if it is to be successfully controlled, must be precisely diagnosed and treated according to the needs of each *individual* patient.

Even though there are as yet no specific cures, much can be done for the more than five million people in our country whose cases have been diagnosed as arthritis, in one of its many forms.

For example, *osteoarthritis* or degenerative joint diseases . . . the type associated with aging . . . need not cause severe disability if diagnosed early and if the patient follows the doctor's advice.

Indeed, this kind of arthritis usually responds well to treatment based on rest, weight control, mild exercise and avoidance of both mental and physical factors that may aggravate the disease.

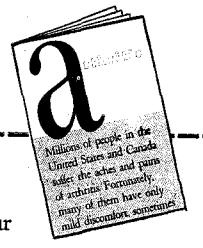
Another common type of arthritis . . . *rheumatoid arthritis* . . . is a more serious disease because it involves not only the joints, but the entire body. Moreover, it is not associated solely with old age. Rather it affects people of all ages, most frequently young persons and adults in their prime.

Fortunately, certain hormone extracts and other medications have brought great benefits to many who have this type of arthritis. It is not yet known, however, how permanent the effects of these treatments will be.

The greatest good to be derived from any method of therapy for any type of arthritis depends not upon the doctor alone, but upon the patient as well. It is of the greatest importance for the patient to cooperate fully with the doctor, especially in regard to continuing treatment for as long as it may be required.

In fact, when rheumatoid arthritis is recognized early and treatment is carried out faithfully, well over 50 percent of those who have this condition can be spared serious disability and will obtain marked improvement.

Metropolitan's booklet, called *Arthritis*, gives a concise, helpful and encouraging account of this disease, including safeguards against it. Just clip the coupon below and a free copy will be mailed to you.


a
Millions of people in the United States and Canada suffer the aches and pains of arthritis. Fortunately, many of them have only mild discomfort, sometimes

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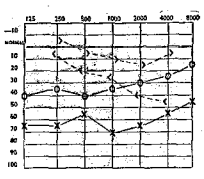
ONLY BELTONE offers these 4 new ways to HIDE hearing aids . . . plus individual fitting and super-sensitive hearing corrections

You may now recapture the blessings of normal happy life with friends and loved ones . . . again become part of the active world around you. You may not only hear clearly, understand easily, but also end embarrassment with a tiny Beltone that can be hidden four new ways—in a Feathercomb, a Barrette, a Headband or a Tiebar.

HOW BELTONE FITS YOUR LOSS INDIVIDUALLY

You don't risk guesswork about fitting when you get a Beltone. First, a trained Beltone Hearing Aid Consultant uses a new, advanced Beltone Audiometer to test your hearing. He makes an audiogram that shows exactly what kind of loss you have. Then he uses the Selectometer, Beltone's exclusive fitting instrument, to fit your individual loss with the one of Beltone's wide range of super-sensitive hearing corrections that helps you hear best. This is important because your hearing loss is as different as your fingerprints. No wonder tens of thousands say enthusiastically, "You can hear the difference with a Beltone!"



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IF HEARING IS YOUR PROBLEM, BELTONE IS YOUR ANSWER

Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

they have been. However, we are unlikely to help them taper off if we convince ourselves that the purpose of foreign aid is not so much to aid foreigners as to subsidize a considerable section of our own industrial plant.

Yes, Russia Has "Socialism" All Right!

When a Soviet high official like Foreign Minister Molotov apologizes for something, the world outside Russia assumes that the next news about that man will appear in the obituary columns. Since Malenkov apologized for the failure of the Soviet agricultural policy, which was really Mr. Khrushchev's policy, we have heard little more about him. Conceivably, Mr. Molotov will fare better. At any rate, he hopped back into the news by rebuking Iran for shrinking from the role of Soviet satellite.

The "mistaken formula" for which Mr. Molotov apologized was the statement that the Soviet Union had built "the foundations of a socialist society," when the correct thing to say was that a socialist society already exists and is going strong. To us bourgeois ignoramuses the point does not seem sufficiently profound to justify the liquidation or even humiliation of a foreign minister and one looks for some deeper significance to the episode. However, the Soviet Union has its own scale of values.

If an outsider's opinion is welcome, it looks to us as if Molotov's critics were right. The Soviet Union *has* achieved socialism, and that is mostly what ails the Soviet Union.

Recently I. K. Kozuilia, the Soviet Minister of City and Urban Construction, declared that housing in Russia would be increased within the near future "by 190 per cent." He did not indicate what the present housing situation is. According to V. N. Rudin, co-director of the Political Research Project, an American organization sponsoring anti-Soviet activity in Europe, the average living space for every Russian is approximately five by six feet, or about the size of the average American clothes closet. Mr. Rudin pointed out that even this average is arrived at by including the ample living quarters of Soviet functionaries and favored writers, artists, scientists and propagandists. Continues Mr. Rudin: "The average apartment in Moscow is shared by as many families as there are rooms. For example, a six-room apartment must accommodate six families—including small children and in-laws—each family occupying one room."

Of course, there are no voracious capitalistic construction companies erecting huge apartment houses, tearing down slum areas and dotting the countryside with developments of ranch houses, split-level houses and bungalows. However, as Mr. Molotov pointed out in his apologia, Russia has socialism and not just its foundations. To us this seems small compensation for having to share a six-room apartment with five other families, but there's no accounting for tastes.

Help Fight TB

Buy Christmas Seals

There's No Rush to Revise U. N. Charter

The official State Department attitude on the proposal to review the United Nations charter is that the arguments in favor of review outweigh those against it. Nevertheless, there appears to be no great anxiety to get on with the reviewing. In a recent address, Francis O. Wilcox, Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, declared that plenty of time should be allowed for preparing the groundwork for review. Mr. Wilcox talked as if review might be postponed long enough to minimize the danger that "review" of the Charter might lead to confusing suggestions for its revision.

Mr. Wilcox also emphasized the point that "the United Nations is not a world government by any stretch of the imagination." And he added that "there are some problems on which the cleavage is still so basic that it is unrealistic to expect the United Nations to solve them if the parties themselves remain adamant."

All this is doubtless disappointing to perfectionists who yearn for a world government. Nevertheless, we suspect that there is wide agreement with the recent statement by Secretary Dulles that "the United States has no desire and no mandate to run the world. Many things will go right without our help, and many things will go wrong that we cannot help. We shall not always be able to save others from what we believe to be their mistakes, and we know that we shall at times commit what others believe to be our mistakes. But one thing we can do, and that is to be a nation which stands for the things to which all men aspire."

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Your rug is the key to your color scheme...

keep it bright with a Hoover®

(IT BEATS, AS IT SWEEPS, AS IT CLEANS)

Almost as soon as the carpet is down, it starts to gray and lose the color that keys your whole decorating scheme. But this doesn't have to happen to the carpet and rugs you chose so carefully and paid so much for.

You can put a stop to it with a Hoover!

That's because nothing cleans like a Hoover. It gets not only the color-dulling surface dirt, but also the deep-down dirt other cleaners leave behind. (That same dirt cuts the nap and makes rugs old before their time.)

Hoover's power-driven agitators loosen deeply embedded dirt and bring it to the surface, where power-driven brushes sweep it up along with lint and threads. Then powerful suction carries it all into a throwaway bag. Hoover fluffs the nap—never scrubs it flat. Hoover power cleaning does the work. All you do is guide the cleaner.

When you get a Hoover, you get not only the finest cleaner ever built (you always knew *that*), you get *color* insurance—and *life* insurance—for your carpets. More than 13,000,000 Hoovers have proved it—you can have a Hoover, too. See your nearest Hoover dealer about trade-in and terms.

HOOVER

FINE APPLIANCES

. . . around the house, around the world

Hoover's Veriflex Hose and complete cleaning tools for draperies, furniture, and all above-the-floor cleaning, available in handy kit at slight extra cost.

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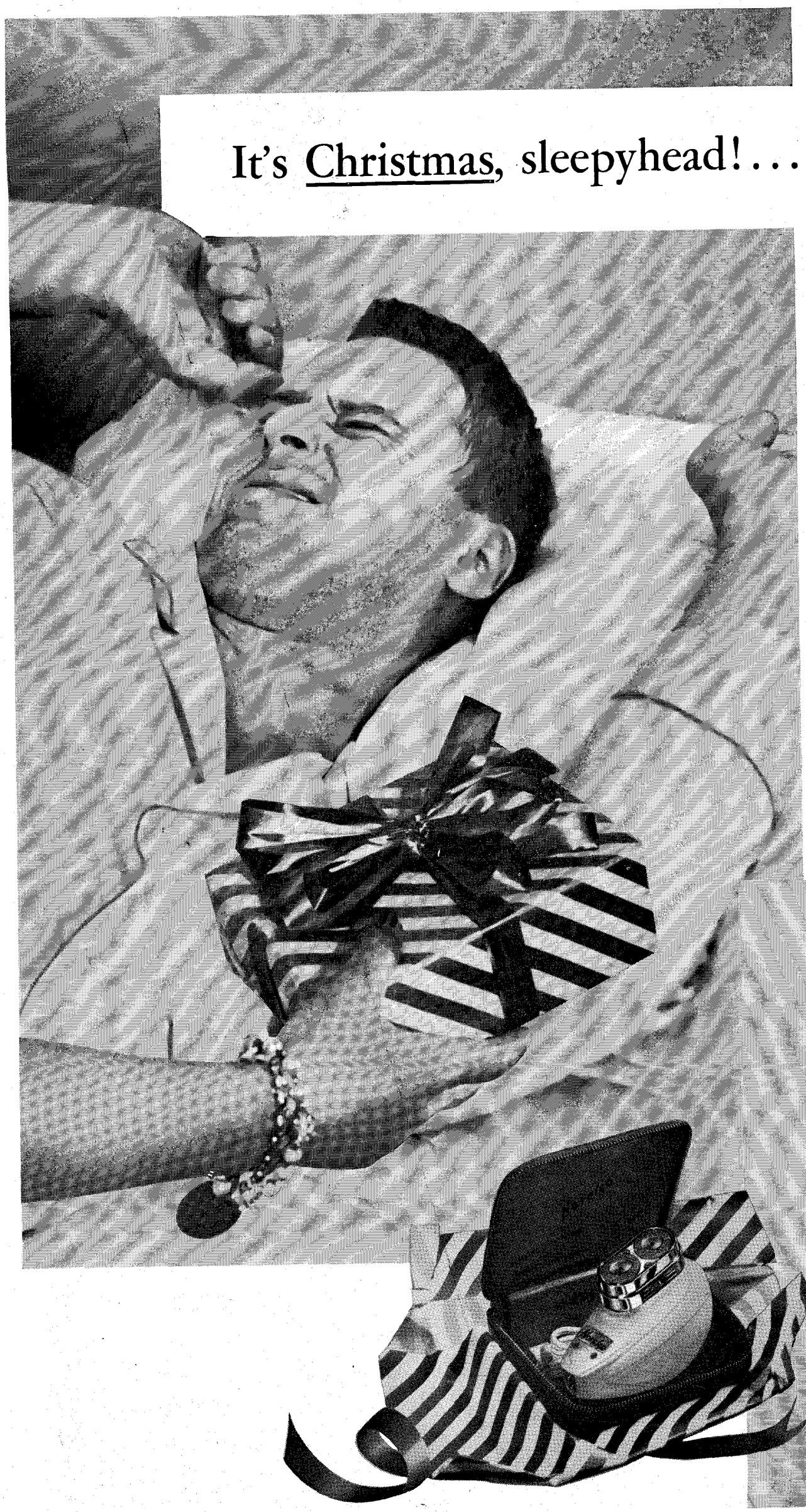
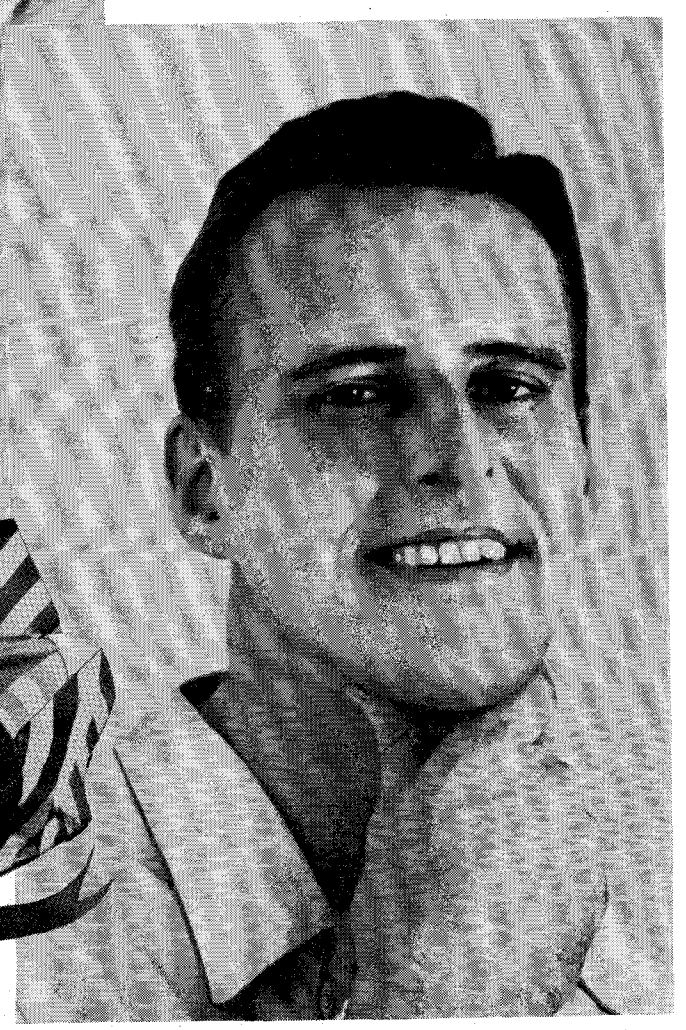
It's Christmas, sleepyhead!.... **Wake up**

to electric shaving's first basic improvement in 21 years!





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Give your sleepyhead shaving at its absolute modern best

NORELCO with ROTARY BLADE ACTION

It's like having your own personal barber

To produce that small-boy-with-electric-train look on Christmas morning, give *your* gentleman a Norelco electric shaver. With Norelco, he'll start enjoying the smoothest, most comfortable shaves of his life—for 6 very good reasons:

1. Built to shave according to beard's natural growth—makes clumps and whorls disappear first time over.
2. No whisker pull. Norelco's 12 revolving blades shave off whiskers with the same stroke as a barber's blade.
3. No skin irritation, no painful nicks, no matter how light or heavy his shaving touch. Norelco's silver-steel blades g-i-v-e as he bears down.
4. Face needs no break-in period. Exclusive skin-stretcher upends each whisker, gives great shaves from the start.
5. No repair-shop blues. Lubricated for life. Self-sharpening blades. Self-starting brush motor.
6. Easiest shaver to live with. Quietest of all 4 leading shavers. Designed to fit the hand. Cleans in a jiffy.

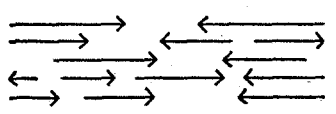
15 day FREE home trial. No obligation. Offered by most dealers. Norelco is sold at drug, jewelry, department and appliance stores. (Christmas gift trial period starts Dec. 26, *not* the day of purchase.)

Norelco SPORTSMAN . . . for Outdoor Men
An electric shaver he can use anywhere. Works on flashlight batteries or car lighter. Model SC 7750, with metal mirror, battery holder, travel case (less batteries) . . . $29.95.

LADY Norelco . . . for your fair lady
Dainty, safe, easy to use. Grooms legs and underarms in a twinkling, right at her dressing table. Model SC 7767, in Nassau pink, with Paris-style jewel case, AC/DC . . . $24.95.

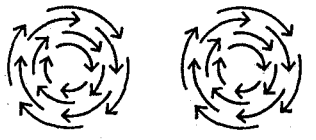
Here's why *Rotary Blade Action* has made *Norelco the *largest-selling electric shaver in the world—fastest-growing shaver in the United States***

All other electric shavers shave you like this:



as if whiskers grew in rows, like corn.

Only NORELCO shaves like this:

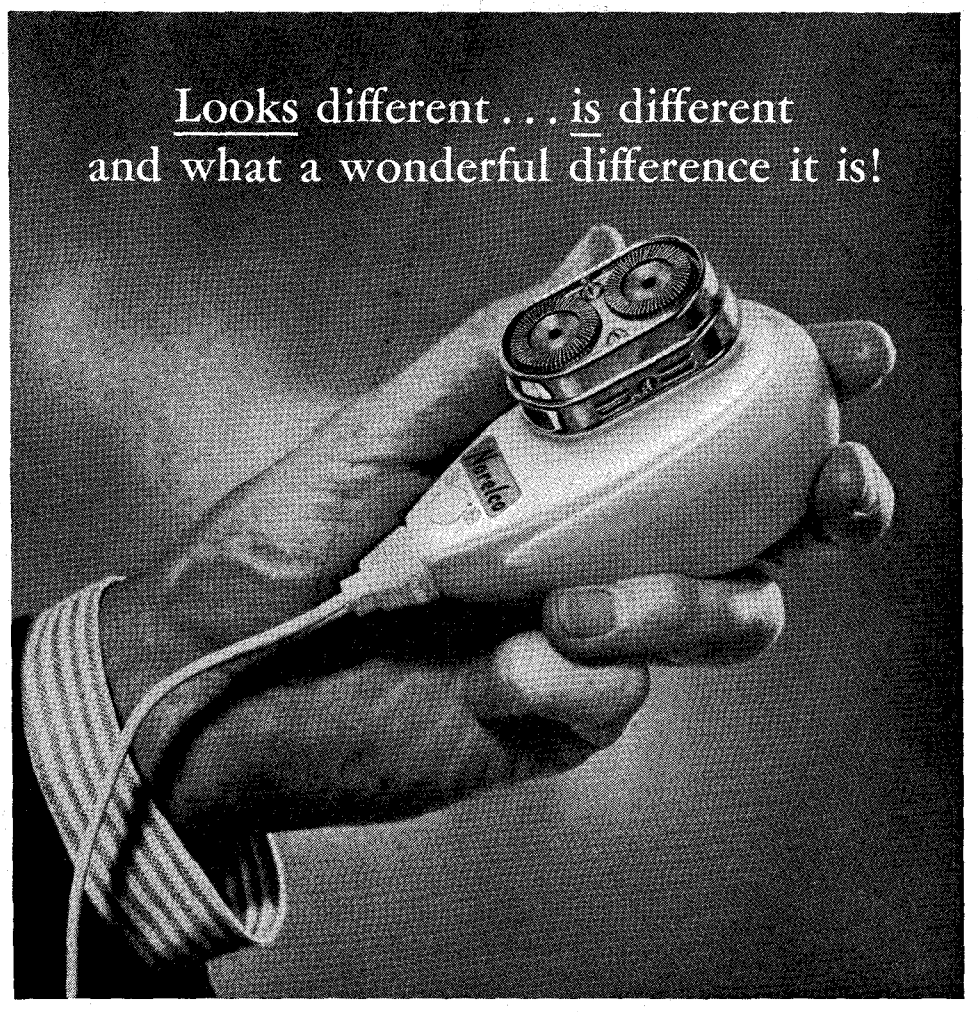


the way whiskers *really grow*.

Norelco®

Rotary Electric Shavers

$24.95 AC/DC
Model SC 7759
with travel case



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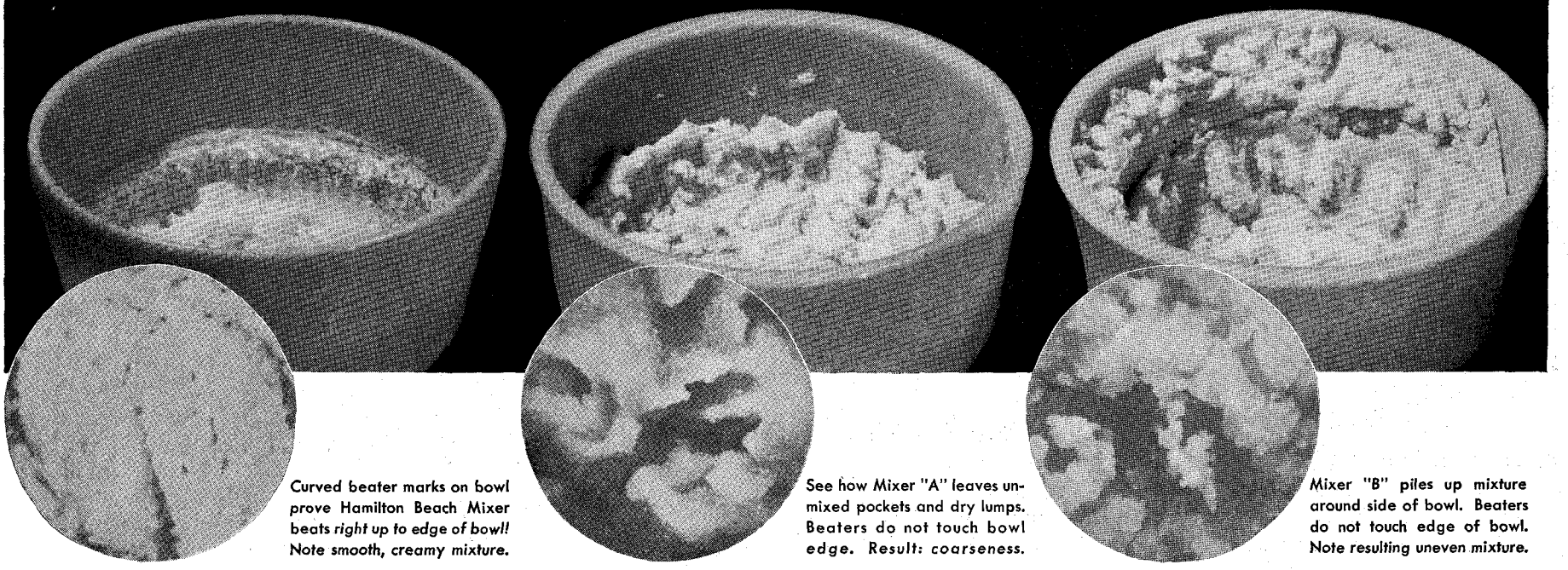
No More Hit-or-Miss Mixing!

Here's proof of finer blending!

New HAMILTON BEACH FOOD MIXER!

Actual photographs show how other leading mixers compare*...



Curved beater marks on bowl prove Hamilton Beach Mixer beats *right up to edge of bowl! Note smooth, creamy mixture.*

See how Mixer "A" leaves unmixed pockets and dry lumps. Beaters do not touch bowl edge. *Result: coarseness.*

Mixer "B" piles up mixture around side of bowl. Beaters do not touch edge of bowl. *Note resulting uneven mixture.*

Unless you use a spatula, other mixers leave color streaks and dry-center lumps! That's hit-or-miss mixing—the cause of *many* baking failures!

This new Hamilton Beach mixer gives you successful mixes without a spatula. It's the mixer that always gives you full-coverage mixing. The combination of new, magic beaters and the Bowl Control reaches *all* ingredients, for smooth, lump-free blending, edge to edge.

You'll find this mixer beautifully styled, perfectly suited to your modern needs. Just slide it off the stand and it's a portable. Thumb-dial the Mixguide for any of ten tested speeds. Ask for a demonstration today!

$39.95 *Including 2 Pyrex bowls*

With Mix Timer, $43.95. Chrome finish mixer and 2 stainless steel bowls, $10 additional. Juice extractor, sold separately, $4.

**All tests made for 1½ minutes without use of a scraper.*

HB

5 YEARS

HAMILTON BEACH . . . the only mixers with a

5 Year Free-Service Guarantee

Backed by a company in business over 150 years! All Hamilton Beach mixers are so well made, you get a 5-year guarantee—4 years longer than standard guarantees. This covers all parts and labor, including the motor, excepting only the cord set, bowls, and damage caused by misuse.

5-year guarantee covers all Hamilton Beach motorized home appliances.

NEW MIX TIMER

Ends guesswork; chimes at any pre-set time, up to 15 minutes. (*Optional*)

Hamilton Beach Co., Div. of Scovill Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.

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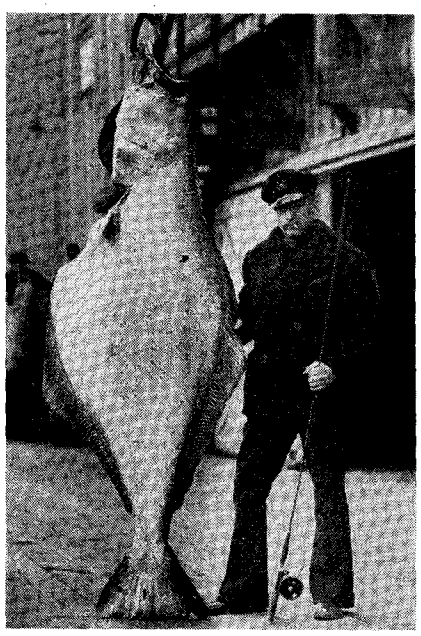
PICTURES WITH A PAST

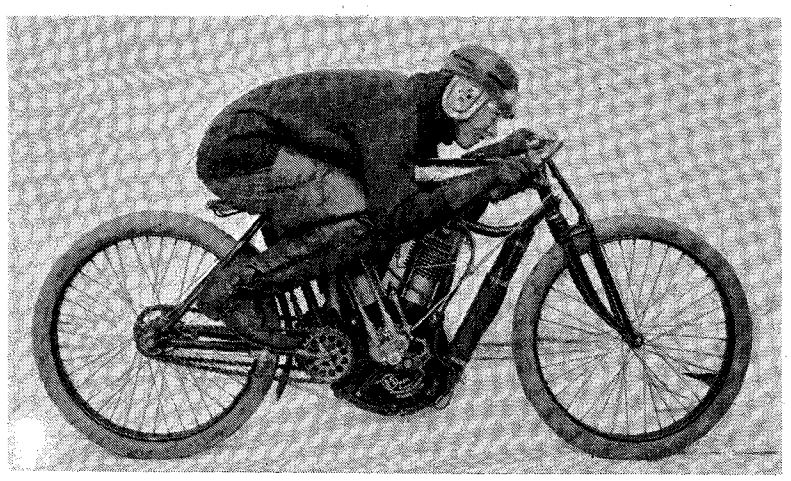
Remember When?

REMEMBER when draftees were such a novelty that they rated special attention? The Navy's present draft call shows how much times have changed. Draftees comprised only 2 per cent of Civil War forces; 60 per cent in World War I, and about 65 per cent in World War II. But they were sufficiently rare early in 1918 for Acting Mayor Al Smith and official greeter Grover Whalen, of New York, (in top hats under flag) to turn out with Navy Secretary Josephus Daniels (in top hat at left) to review them as they marched along Fifth Avenue in a heavy snowstorm which chilled everyone. HAROLD Y. LONGACRE

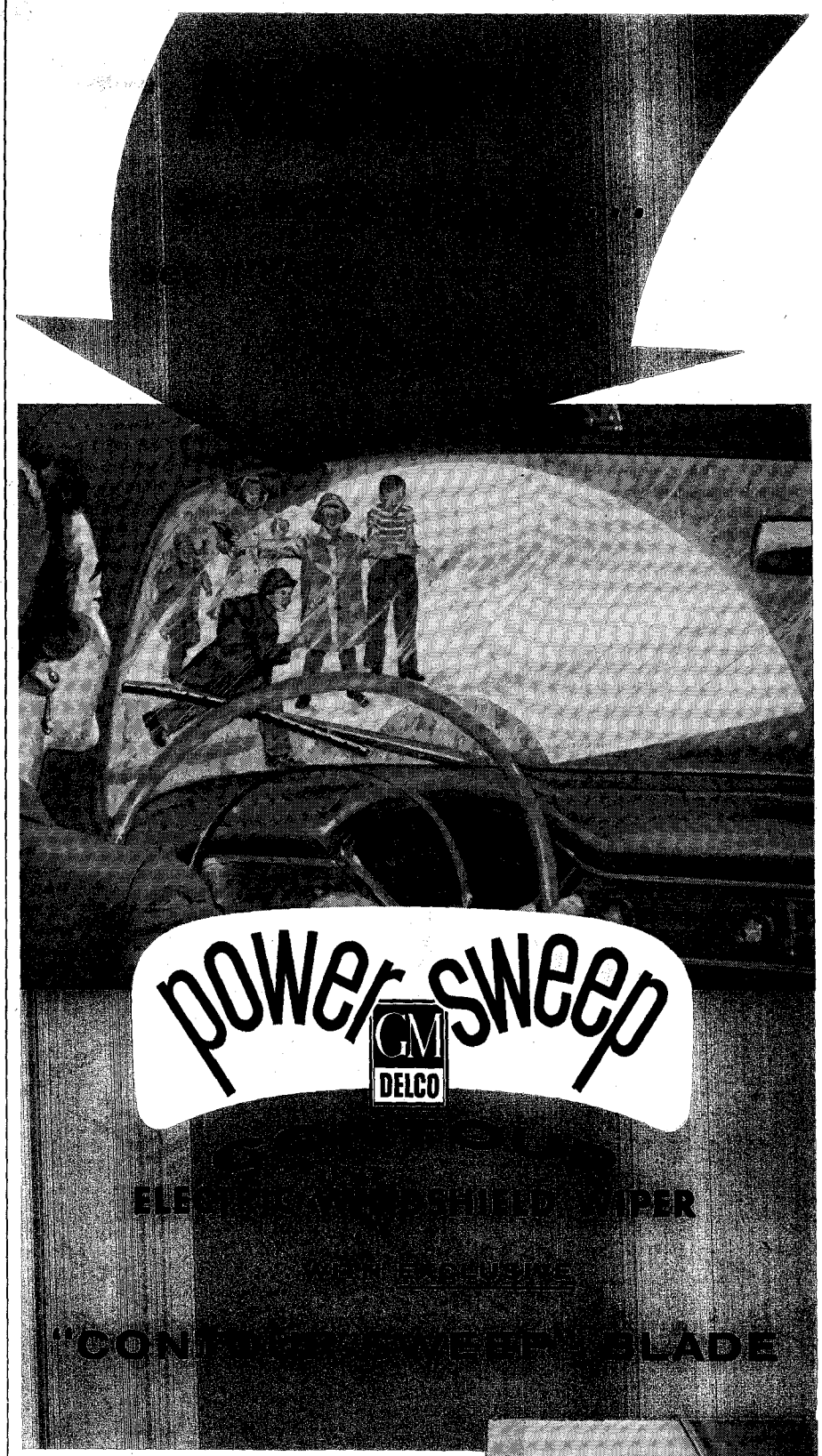


JOHN BARRYMORE was both a great actor and a great prankster. So he posed with a "see-what-I-caught" look beside a 350-pound halibut, taken by a fishboat, as if he had landed it on his light tackle. He and third wife, Dolores Costello, were on vacation in Alaska at the time, 1931. John's suggested caption: "Big ham with big fish."

ELLIOT LYMAN FISHER



REMEMBER when a motorcycle like this made a man "King of the Road"? Here is Paul (Daredevil) Derkum, world-champion racer about 1908, on his chain-drive speedster. He built dirt-track speedways in California and New Jersey, broke all records, and also managed auto racers, including Barney Oldfield. Now seventy-three, he runs an auto-parts store in Bakersfield, Calif. MAUDE A. FOX



Here's the wiper designed *especially* for the new panoramic windshields! Now, for the first time, POWER-SWEEP cleans your windshield *around the corners* . . . into those critical side areas. The "Contour-Sweep" blade cleans cleaner, gives better vision at any angle. POWER-SWEEP's constant, electric wiper action eliminates wiper stalling and slowdown when you're passing, going up hills, or accelerating. You get extra power, too, for clearing heavy accumulations of snow and sleet.

And . . . *only* POWER-SWEEP *Contour Electric Windshield Wipers give you all these advantages.*

POWER-SWEEP—*optional equipment on the new Pontiac . . . and on the new Chevrolet cars and trucks. Ask your dealer for* POWER-SWEEP *when you buy.*

GM GENERAL MOTORS

DELCO APPLIANCE DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
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Manufacturers of automotive electric motors for heaters, defrosters, seat actuators and window lifts.

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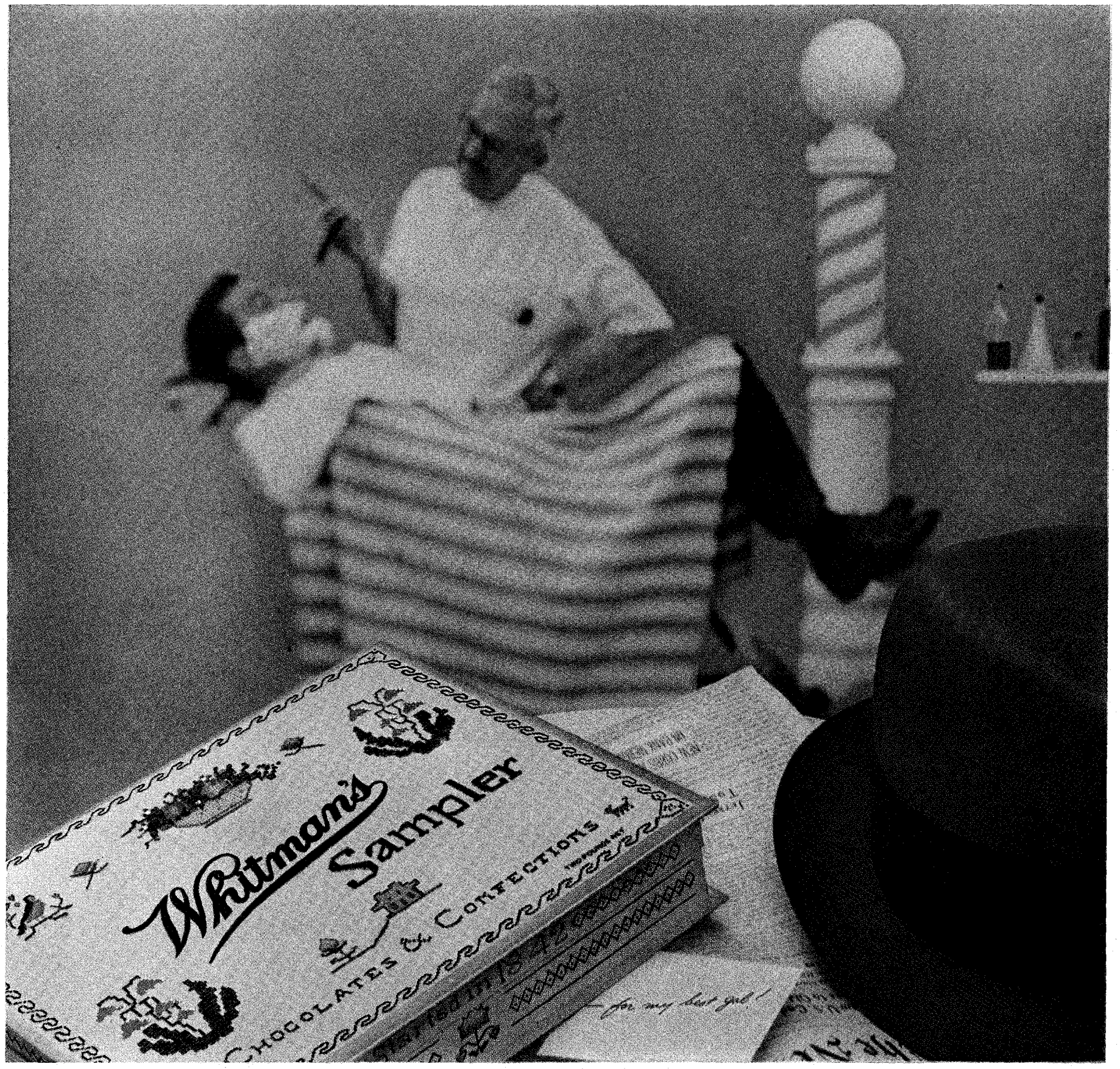

Who says men don't understand women !

Whitman knows better!

Because it's the men who buy the Sampler more than anybody.

And they don't buy it to gobble up themselves. They buy this famous box of chocolates to give away—to the ladies!

Their sweethearts, wives, mothers, grandmothers, aunts, daughters, holiday hostesses, nurses, lady doctors, secretaries, stenographers, landladies—they're the proud, pleased recipients of the Sampler and *your* thoughtfulness.

Among the gals in *your* life, isn't there a birthday you should be remembering this very day? The Sampler is your answer. $2, $4, $6 and $10.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia

Whitman's CHOCOLATES

a gal never forgets the man who remembers

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

THOSE TEXAS SCANDALS

By CRAIG THOMPSON

Sticky-fingered politicos plundered the state's $100,000,000 land-for-veterans fund—until some honest men in a small town tackled them. Here's how the case broke.

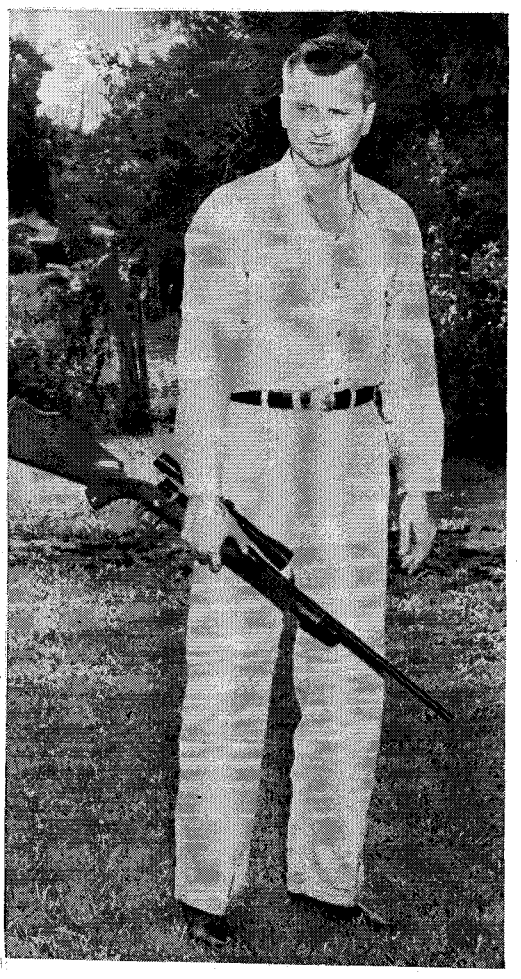
Veterans' Land Board: Attorney General Shepperd (left) and Governor Shivers (right) wiped off these smiles after Land Commissioner Giles (center) stole state funds from under their noses.

U. S. Rep. John Bell, now under indictment for conspiring to commit theft, worked hard to get the land law passed.

It would take a long search to find a less likely giant killer than Roland Kenneth Towery, the thirty-three-year-old managing editor of the Record, a newspaper published daily for 2815 subscribers in the hot, sleepy South Texas town of Cuero. Towery is a smallish, bespectacled, diffident man and frequently, since his survival of the Bataan death march and a subsequent forty-two months in a Japanese war prison, he also has been a sick one. Beneath the diffidence and the recurrent pain, however, he owns a core of surprising strength. It stems from an uncomplicated belief that men who occupy public office should be at least as honest as the laws they swear to uphold require other people to be. Though it may be true that in some places, nowadays, such an attitude is apt to be taken as a sign of retarded mental development, in Texas it is toppling a lot of giants.

The biggest to fall, so far, is James Bascom Giles, a large and bluff-mannered man, who, until recently, was commissioner of Texas' General Land Office. This office administers state-owned lands from which Texas makes millions annually, and the man who runs it holds one of the most important posts in the state's government. So great was the voters' confidence in Giles that they elected him Land Commissioner for nine successive two-year terms—a fact that heightened their outraged shock

(Continued on Page 81)



County attorney Wiley Cheatham is the man most responsible for uncovering the fraud.

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In the late '20's, Arthur Godfrey enlisted in the Coast Guard and patrolled the East Coast for rumrunners.

By ARTHUR GODFREY
as told to Pete Martin

Coast Guardsman Godfrey married his first wife, Kay, while on leave in 1928. Their son, Dick, was born two years later.

This is My Story

He was a shill for a crap game, a sailor, a cemetery-lot salesman, a hobo and finally a Coast Guardsman. Then Arthur stumbled on radio.

PART TWO

I was low financially when I hit Akron in October, 1919—I had thirty-five cents in my pants. I hadn't been eating the right things or enough of them, and I looked like a bum, junior grade. Although it was cold as a dead witch's heart, I had no hat and no overcoat. But after sleeping in a cell in an Akron police station for three days, through the kindness of the sergeant, I drew an advance from my new job with the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, and for a little while things were better.

I bumped into a fellow named Dan Cullinane, who was working at Goodyear, too, and we began to room together. Dan had graduated from college, and it wasn't long before he began to tell me, "If you'd scrape your face with a razor and lose those adolescent pimples you'd look halfway good." He jumped me about my profanity too. He even argued that somehow, sometime, I ought to go back to school.

In the spring of 1920 there was a railroad strike. Since they couldn't ship tires, the factories shut down, and all at once thousands of people in Akron were out of eating money. I solved that problem by taking a job as steerer for a crap game. I'd stand on the street with my hat at a rakish angle, and as guys walked by, I said, "Crap game upstairs, buddy. Crap game upstairs." When a sucker came down, I stopped him and asked, "How'd you make out?" If he'd made out good, he slipped me a buck. If he'd lost a bundle, he wanted to turn me in to the cops. I was in with a rough crowd, and Dan hated it. He had saved a few dollars, enough to carry him through the strike. I noticed that he disappeared Saturday nights, and on Sunday morning he wouldn't show up until noon.

I asked him, "Where do you go Saturday nights and Sunday mornings?"

"If it's any of your business," he said, "I go to Confession Saturday night and Mass on Sunday morning."

"You mean you're a Catholic?" I asked.

"Why not?" he said. I told him about how I'd been brought up to feel that all Catholics were in a plot to take over the country. He laughed so hard I thought he'd have a fit. Then he said, "Why don't you come with me and see for yourself? Nobody will eat you." I went to Mass with him and I was impressed.

"If you want to be a Catholic," Dan said, "you'll have to meet a priest and take instruction." He introduced me to a young priest, and I got so steamed up that I decided that I wanted to study for the priesthood myself.

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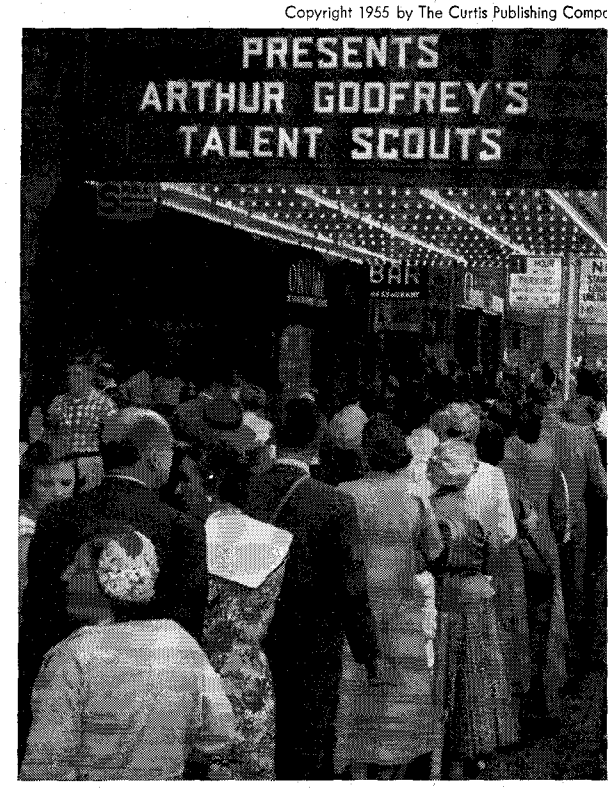

Crowds line up on Broadway to see a show by the man who used to be billed as "Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist."

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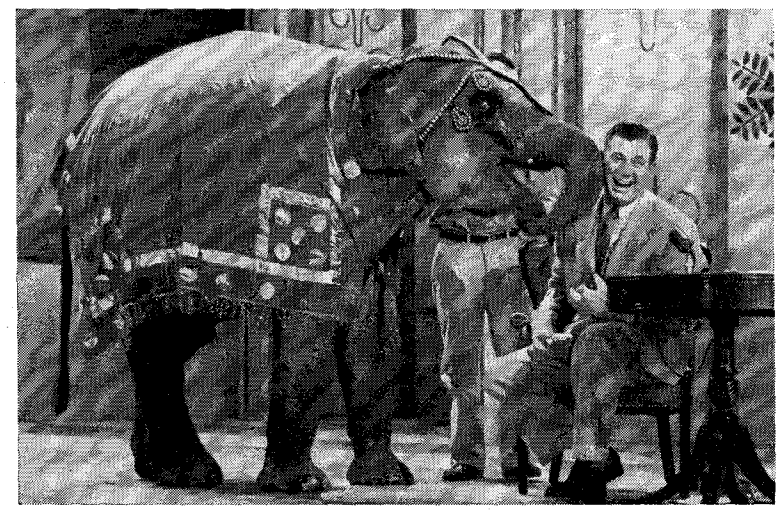
Arthur and his four-legged friends. Arthur's first radio program was sponsored by the Triangle Pet Shop, a Baltimore birdseed store. He's had a soft spot for all kinds of animals ever since. Here he's clowning with an assortment of scene-stealing talent on his TV shows.



But my priest adviser said, "You've got to get more education first." It was then that one of them—either Dan or the priest—said, "Why don't you join one of the armed services? They have their own schools. Maybe you could even go to the Naval Academy at Annapolis."

So I went over to the recruiting station and was sent to Cleveland to enlist. I told the Navy that I was born in 1901. That made me two years older than I was. But lie or no lie, as of May 11, 1920, I was in the Navy. While I was an Army typist at Camp Merritt, I'd learned how to handle rifles from the boys there. So when a chief petty officer gave me a rifle to see what I could do with it and I slammed it around good, he put me in charge of the awkward squad.

I went to the training station in Hampton Roads and spent twenty-one days in quarantine camp called Unit X. We drilled six or seven hours a day on a parade ground so hot it had heat waves (Continued on Page 136)

Arthur and his palomino, Catoctin Gold, perform for early arrivals at a Red Cross benefit in Washington.

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As Evan's hand came out of his pocket, the wicked curve of his knife flashed. George stepped back. "Drop it," he shouted.

A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

THE KNIFE AND THE LASH

Why did he choose to fight the coward's way, to draw cold steel against an unarmed man?

By VERNE ATHANAS

The shockheaded man swung out and down, over the high wheel of the freight wagon, and his booted feet made a softly plopping puff in the dust. His eyes went around the square with a stranger's curiosity. The plaza, they called it here at the Mills, a hang-over likely from the days of the Mexican pack freighters, before the wagon road was made over the Siskiyous. He took in the wool mill, the sawmill, the carriage shop, smithy, bank, stores; appreciatively he watched Letitia Harrington as she came out of a store, crossed by the Ashland House and went on up the street.

She was a big girl, Letitia, full-bodied, but not heavy, deep-bosomed and well made; the sunlight made a glory of her almost spectacular red hair. The shockheaded man was not alone in his watching, but if Lettie saw him or any of the others, she made no sign. She entered another doorway up the street, and the shockheaded man turned back to the wagon and reached up to accept the leather bag which the freighter strained to lift.

He thanked the driver, who accepted that with a careless wave of his hand, and the philo-

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sophic words, his eyes still on the doorway where Lettie Harrington had gone, "Now, there's the way it is with a travelin' man; he just sees 'em comin' and goin'."

Then, resignedly, he sent the long lash curling forward. The rawhide popper, softly fuzzed at tip and blade edge from a thousand such sounds, cracked explosively between the necks of his leaders, and the animals, not at all alarmed at the command, moved into the collars, their hame bells clashing musically, and the wide, iron-tired wheels cut their crushing track in the dust again.

The man trudged across the plaza toward the smithy, the heavy bag swinging easily at the end of his arm. His hair was light and fine, and though it did not bristle, it stood and lay in undisciplined clumps, much like a carelessly shocked stand of straw. He was a solid man, wide in the shoulders, thick in the chest; like many fair men, he paid for going hatless, for his nose and cheeks and ears showed the sun's painful penalty. He carried a coat slung over one shoulder, and a kerchief was knotted carelessly about his neck. His trousers legs were tied just below the knee with leather strings, bloused a bit above and hanging straight below to the instep of his heavy cowhide boots.

He stopped, just in the dimness inside the smithy doorway. "A'd be lookin' for the owner," he said. His voice was light, for so solid a man, almost musical, and oddly cadenced.

"You're lookin' at him," said Ed Obermann.

"A'm a smith. Could th' use a man?"

Quaker, thought Obermann. They used "thee" and "thou." "'Fraid not," he said aloud. "What do you do?"

"Edge tools."

Obermann's hired smith thrust a bar of iron into his fire and the apprentice hauled the bellows rope like a sexton tolling a bell. The hired smith lifted his attention from the forge, taking in the shockheaded man with a reserved, not-quite-calculating appraisal for what might be a competitor.

"Forge or finish?" said Obermann.

"Both."

"Got anything to show?"

The shockheaded man slid a hand into a trousers pocket. His hand came out and his thumb moved. From his fist snapped a bright and glinting blade, streaked with the doorway light behind him, tipped with red from the glowing forge before. He flexed his wrist, and the knife left his hand to cut a gleaming arc in midair. He caught the blade tip between thumb and finger and proffered the thing, haft first.

It was a work of art. Brass bolsters made an aureate glow against white bone fillets which finished the handle; the blade was four inches of wicked beauty, subtly curved and pointed; thick enough in the spine for strength, but delicately edged. Just below the left fore-bolster a silvery stud, where the thumb fell naturally, to lock or release the blade; a possession, an ornament, a tool to satisfy a craftsman or a connoisseur.

"Your work?" demanded Obermann, looking up sharply.

"Aye."

Obermann ticked the blade tip off his thick thumbnail, hearing the sound, feeling the vibration of released tension. "'Fraid there's not much call for this kind of work," he said finally.

The shockheaded man silently took the knife. He pushed back the cuff of his sleeve, raised his arm to his lips and with a quick red tongue moistened the fair thick hair of his forearm. With a single practiced stroke he shaved the wetted area, wiped the clump of blond hair from the blade and stooped to the floor. He laid a block of wood and a twisted horseshoe nail atop the anvil, took the hammer from Obermann's unresisting grasp. With the delicate knife edge across the nail, he struck one shrewd blow on the blade spine, and an end of the severed nail spun across the wide room to rap against the wall.

For the first time, the shockheaded man smiled. His features were blunt, heavy, almost brutal, but his smile was wide and white and genuinely humorous. He ran a thick thumb along the unmarked edge and closed the blade against its strong spring.

"A'll try another smithy," he said gently. "Mayhap they'll know a skill when they see 't."

Behind Obermann, the hired smith brought out his glowing iron bar and struck a hearty blow, and whistled three cheerful notes. The shockheaded man swung up the heavy bag and turned away.

Obermann hesitated. Then he said, "Just a minute."

The hired smith's whistling faded away. He struck four raggedly cadenced blows.

"We'll have a drink," said Obermann, and reached behind to untie his leather apron. "Unless," he said, still thinking Quaker, "you're against drink?"

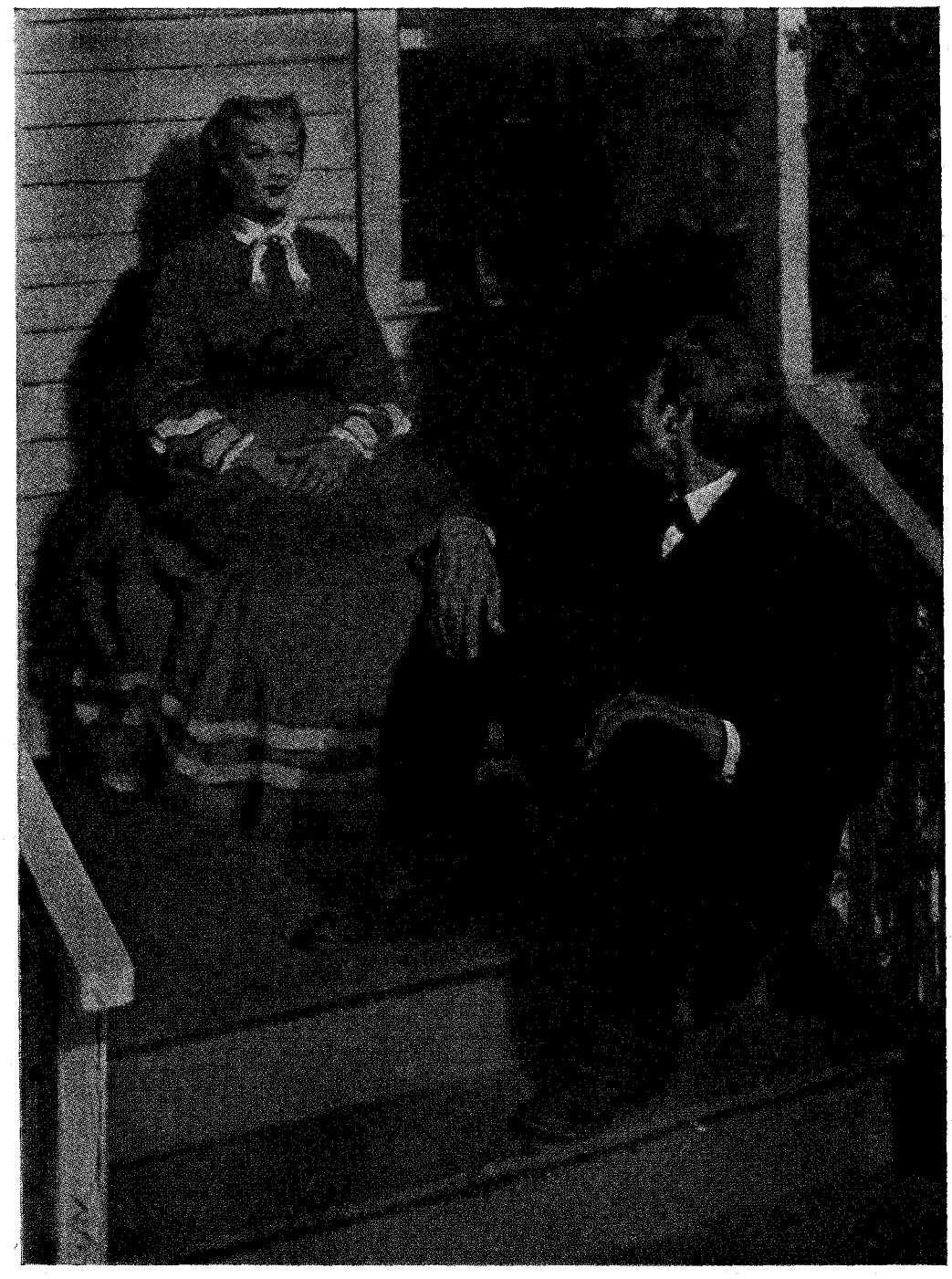
The man's shockhead tipped back and his laugh was a tenor shout of pure glee. "Again it! 'Tis a Yorkshireman th' talk wi', man!"

"Don't know about that," said Obermann, "but I'll buy you one."

They went out the wide doorway, and the hired smith struck three violent blows upon the cooling iron. "Knew it the minute I saw him," he growled. "Britches gartered up with string and that mushmouth talk. Cousin-jack, that's what he is. One of those crazy cousin-jacks!"

"What do you mean?" said the 'prentice.

"Mind me tellin' you I was smithin' down to the mines in California? Country's overrun with 'em down there. (Continued on Page 102)



Evan sat out on the Harringtons' porch, entertaining Lettie and her folks with his wry, humorful wit.

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The Face of AMERICA

NICE SWAMP

Southerners usually swear *at* their swamps. South Carolina's swampiest is called Hell Hole, Virginia's biggest is Dismal. But folks who know Okefenokee Swamp, in Georgia, swear *by* the place. Finest swamp in the world, they say. It drains itself. No stagnant water, few mosquitoes, and the alligators and snakes hardly ever bite anybody. Even the name has a pleasant sound, like a patent medicine you could swallow. That's because, like many patent-medicine names, it is Indian. It means "trembling land." Until halted by law, hunters slaughtered the swamp gators for leather. Now swamp patrolmen, such as the two you see here, scout for illicit gunners. Okefenokee has two claims to fame, thanks to people who never saw it. Walt Kelly made it the home of his comic-strip opossum, Pogo. Stephen Foster wrote a song which has been sung a billion times about a river that rises right here in the Okefenokee. Its name: Suwannee. ● Photograph by Robert E. Gerlach

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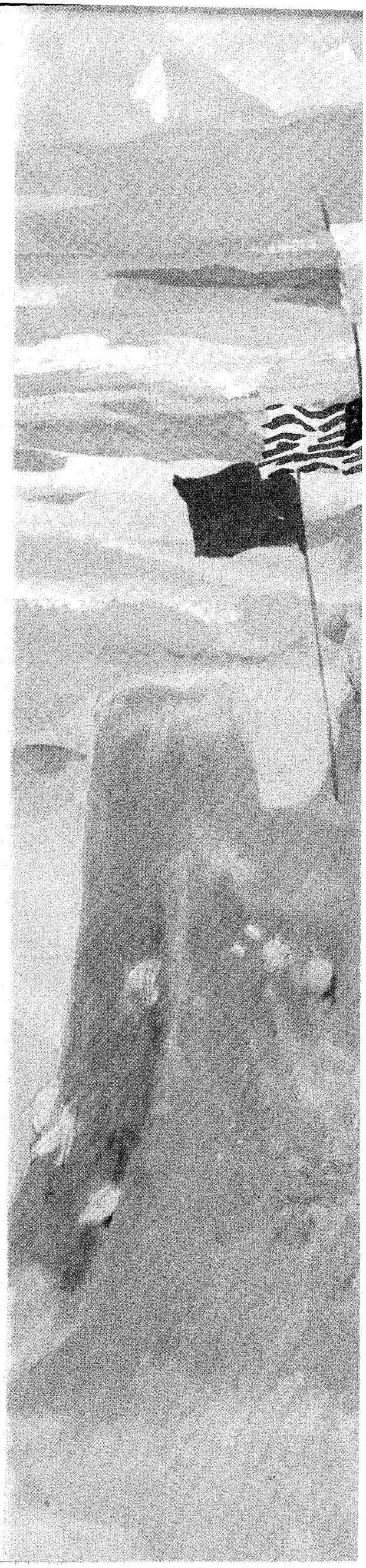
THE SECRET

He had tried very hard to

win the child's love.

What made her hate him?



By DANA BURNET

It was with mixed emotions that Mr. Wendel Courtney observed the outrageous chalk mark on his library wall. The wall itself was gray, with a faint tint of blue reflected through the windows from the waters of Lymington harbor, and the incriminating squiggle of chalk or crayon also was blue, so that it did not at once catch Mr. Courtney's eye. He'd come into the library to write a check for Jane's traveling expenses—with something extra for herself, he'd decided, to compensate for that melancholy look she'd worn at luncheon—and then, as he started to sit down at his desk, he saw the mark on the wall.

Barbara, he thought, mentally naming the culprit; and he leaned forward, frowning, to study the spoor of the child. Her handiwork was a single stroke of pastel crayon in the form of a loop that extended at a downward slant from the lower right-hand corner of Mr. Courtney's portrait, which hung in a massive gold frame above his desk. The portrait, a full-length oil painting by an obscure local artist, was of doubtful aesthetic value. But its subject esteemed it highly.

Wendel Courtney was a man of inherent and inherited elegance. He was also a remarkably homely man, and the portrait flattered his tall, thin, stiff-collared and granite-faced person. It also placed him permanently, if somewhat prematurely, among his male ancestors whose portraits also adorned this room in the old Courtney house—females were hung in the dining room—that had stood for more than two centuries in the old seaport town of Lymington, Connecticut.

So to Wendel the chalk mark was especially outrageous because it seemed to add a derisive flourish, a kind of pig's tail, to his treasured portrait. He was properly indignant. He was also definitely hurt. Turning, he walked to one of the windows that overlooked his back garden, his sea wall and the harbor beyond it.

But for once the loved view did not comfort his vision. What he saw was the swing he'd had built under the maple tree for Barbara, who, after all, was no kin of his, but the six-year-old daughter of Jim Bradley, Jane's nephew. "No kin of mine," he unconsciously said aloud. Yet he had not objected when his wife had first proposed taking the child, though he had uttered certain warnings as to the natural obstreperousness of children. But Jane had said it would only be for August, and that she felt she must do it, because her nephew, a young New York doctor, was unfortunately a widower. Also unfortunately he'd been called back into the Navy and was due to report in September.

Wendel remembered Jim Bradley's letter. "You have that big house," he'd written; and he might have added, "You also have plenty of money and no children of your own," though, of course,

(Continued on Page 97)

She said, "It's just a pretend castle,"
and then she kicked it to pieces.

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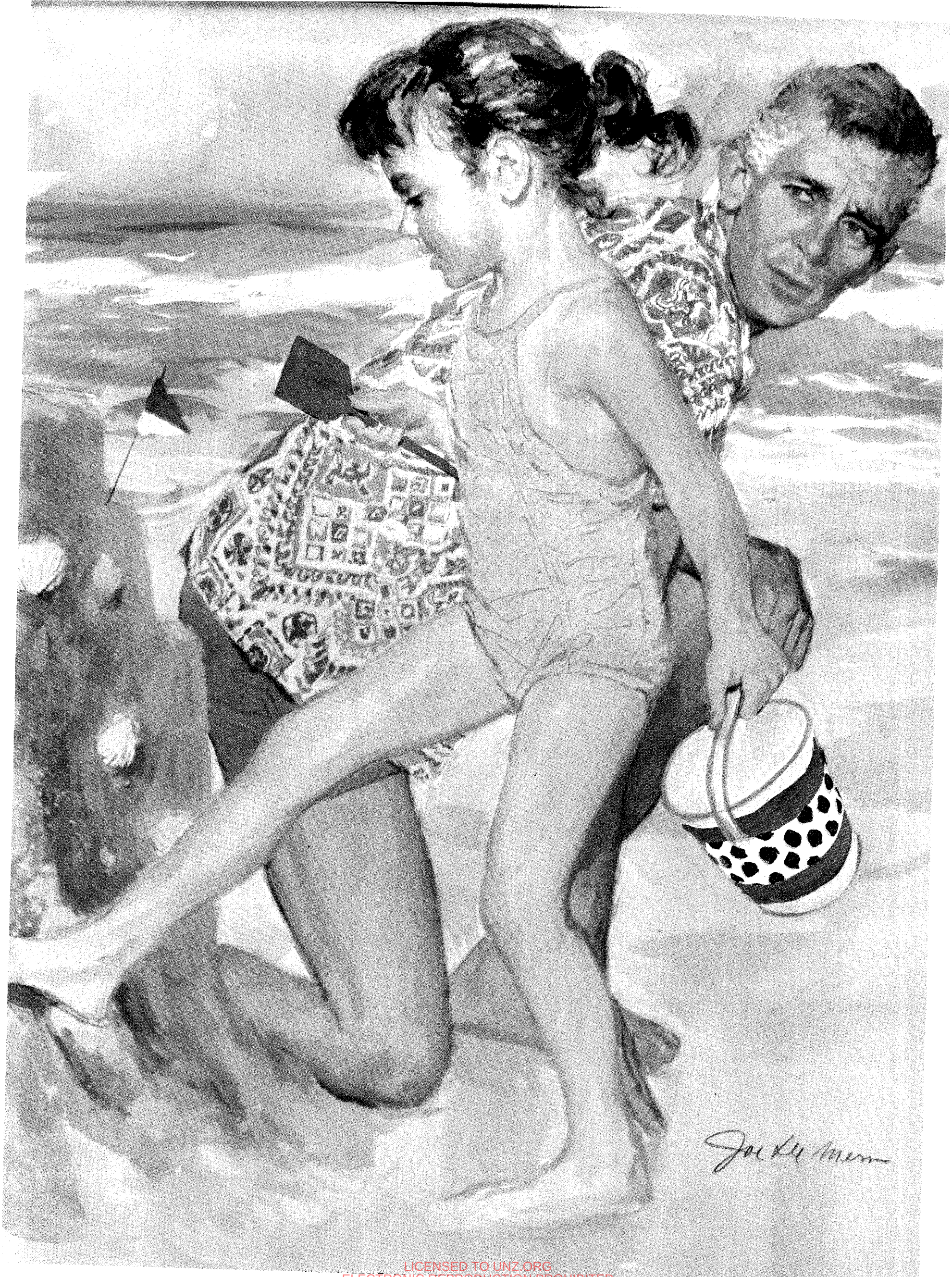

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Nuttall with model Frances Keyes, hired to glamourize the New York Antiques Fair, and Mrs. Nuttall.

M. Raphael shows a 1789 silver teapot ($550) to artist Ward Mount and Mrs. Walter Von Tresckow.

Dealer Robert Eldred (hat), who specializes in marine art, sets up a 1740 highboy, offered at $1500.

Mrs. Marguerite Leander (center) shows her American Victorian art-glass exhibit to two other dealers, Mrs. Dorothy Braham and Mrs. Rose Steinman. Glassware is the number-one seller at most antique fairs, Nuttall says.

How to Tell Antiques From Junk

By ASHLEY HALSEY, JR.

The sign above one gaudy booth in the big antiques show said, GENUINE AMERICAN ANTIQUES. A sandy-haired man in his fifties squinted at the display with growing distaste. Finally he snatched one piece of glassware and upended it.

"It's Americana, all right," he said, with a shriveling look at the dealer. "But hardly antique. Right here on the bottom is a ten-cent-store label. Why don't you take down that sign and put up one that says 'Five and Ten'?"

By curbing flagrant phonies and giving cash customers a fighting chance to get at least ninety-five-cents' worth for their dollar, the sandy-haired man, C. J. Nuttall, of White Plains, New York, has made himself an impresario in the growing field of antiques shows and has built four of them into "big business."

Every year, more than 150,000 persons pay seventy-five cents to $1.50 just to stroll through Nuttall-managed shows in the Armory on New York's Park Avenue and in White Plains, Philadelphia, and Asheville, North Carolina. The multitudes gander, study and appraise, and, if the price seems right, buy. Their purchases range all the way from fine old furniture—of

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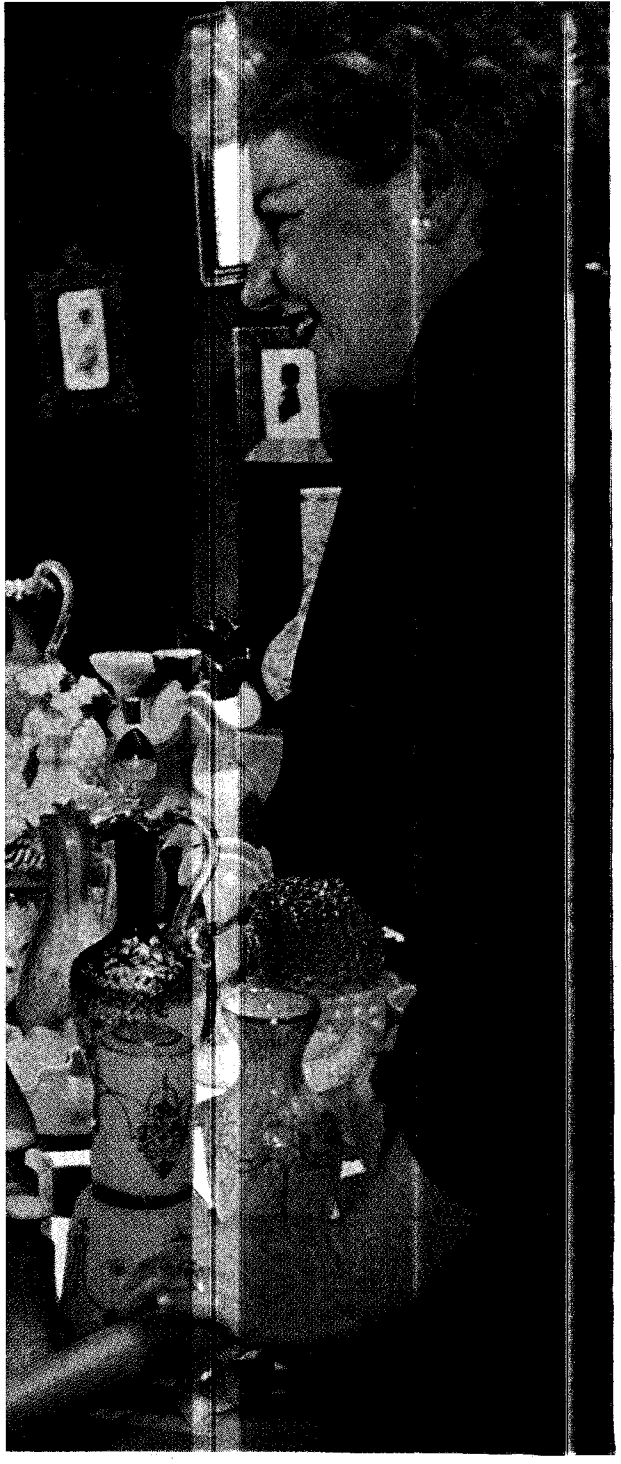

At the New York fair, a semiannual event which attracts nearly 20,000 visitors a day, Jimmy and Patty Sullivan feed a penny to a toy bank from the collection of the late auto magnate, Walter P. Chrysler.

C. J. Nuttall, Barnum
of the antique shows,
turned a hobby into a $250,000
business by curbing fakers
and giving customers a fighting chance
for their money's worth.

Richard Hartle and Barbara Potts examine an 1820 Staffordshire chocolate pot ($48) being offered by Margaret Zervas. Many people buy antiques for nostalgic reasons ("My mother had one just like it!").

which an estimated $200,000,000 worth will be sold this year in and out of shows—to toy cap pistols manufactured before the turn of the century and regarded by some as antiques.

The question of what constitutes an antique constantly plagues Nuttall. Federal law defines most objects made before 1830 as antiques entitled to be imported from abroad free of duty. The law was passed in 1930, and there is some question as to whether Congress meant to fix the 1830 date as a permanent line of demarcation or was just trying to say that an object more than (Continued on Page 68)

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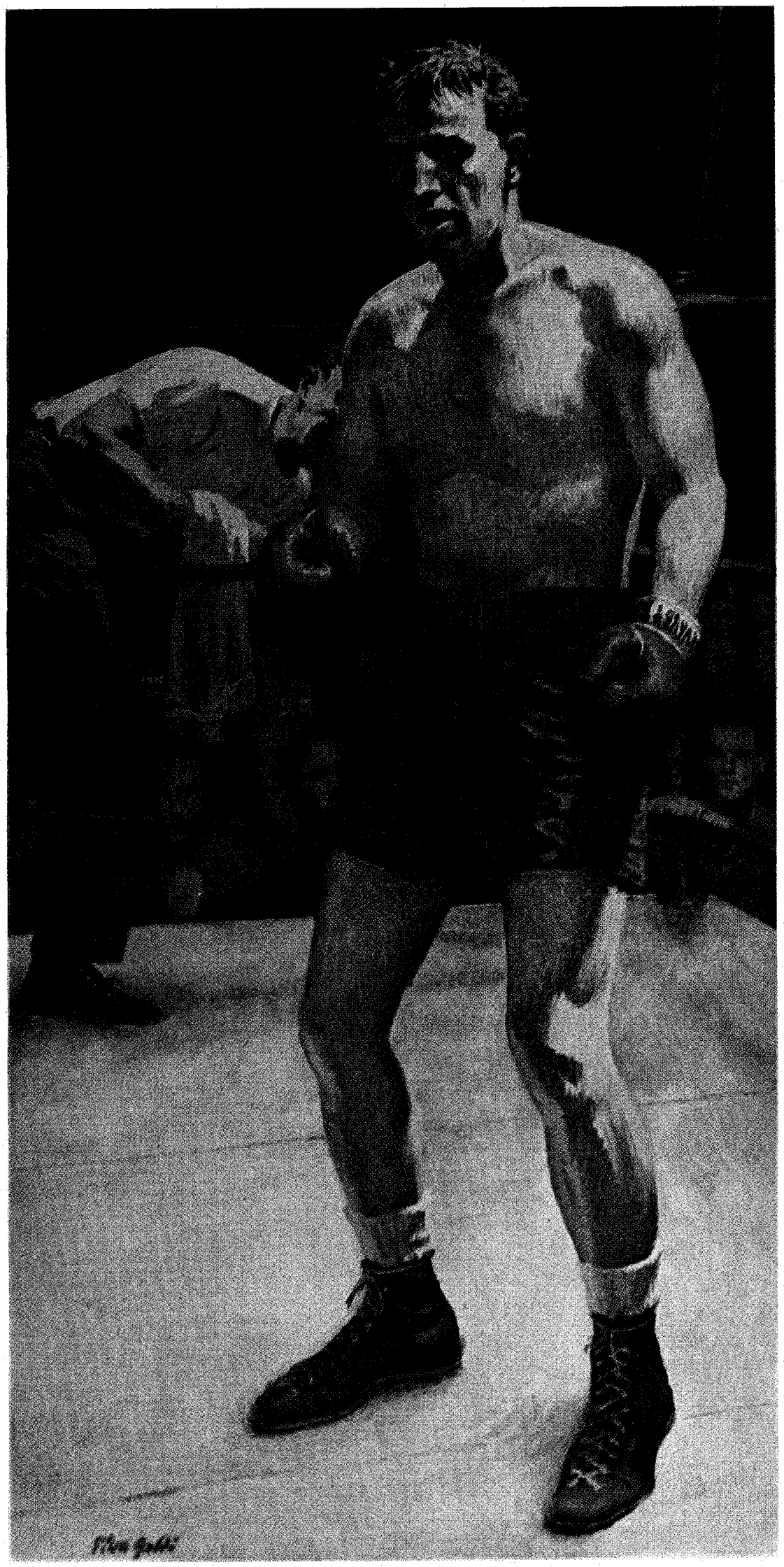

As the bell sounded, the men pushed him to his feet. And then the worst part of the nightmare began to repeat itself.

The Unexpected Battler

"No!" exclaimed the professor.
"It's utterly impossible!"
Yet here he was, answering the bell
in a prize-fight ring!

By PHILIP MACDONALD

As he reached the gates, he turned to look back at the deserted campus. The morning sun gilded the creeper-covered brick of the over-Gothicized buildings, and struck emerald shimmers from the trim lawns. Above the chapel a clock chimed.

There were six feet three inches and a hundred and ninety-five pounds of him, but his long, lean body looked awkwardly put together, as if the work of constructing him had been done in a hurry. He wore a dark, rigidly pressed suit too tight for him, and the sun struck glistening high lights from worn patches on elbows and knees.

It struck a high light, too, from the main feature of his face—which was a nose. No ordinary nose, but a jutting, grandiose affair, like the battle-winning beak of a Wellington, which threw the rest of the mild-eyed scholarly visage into disproportion.

He gazed his fill and then turned and shambled away, out through the wrought-iron gates and along the road which wound through thickly wooded countryside. He shambled because shambling was his natural gait, but this morning he shambled on air.

His name was Aurelius Brown, and the magic letters "Ph.D.," which for the past few months he had been entitled to put after it, were still etched into his mind in letters of fire. A week past his twenty-sixth birthday, he was now—hadn't the dean just told him so?—a member of the faculty at Washington Irving College. He held—he, Aurelius Brown!—the chair of Romance languages.

He wanted to walk. He always walked when moved—even farther and faster than he walked when unemotional. And so, instead of striking back to the little collegiate town of Irving, he found a woodland path going in the other direction and plunged along it.

A mile went by and the track grew narrower, the trees (Continued on Page 48)

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Dr. Pedro Joaquin and the other Filipino volunteers face a heartbreaking task in South Vietnam: There is only one Vietnamese doctor here for every 85,000 people.

A handful of
selfless doctors and nurses
are saving the lives
of one country's war victims–
for about twenty-five cents
a patient.

By DARRELL BERRIGAN

Operation Brotherhood

Cesar Climaco, director of Operation Brotherhood, uses candy to win the confidence of Vietnamese kids.

SAIGON, VIETNAM.

It was midnight and a big indifferent moon transformed the trucks and jeeps into angular gray ghosts. Behind them the big trees formed a black daub against the eastern sky. Ahead, the former battlefield had grown used to its silence and night insects cricked and hummed out of the mournful waste. The doctors and nurses stared tensely ahead. For Filipinos, they were unusually silent. But there was little left to say. They had not slept much the night before, nor during the day just past, nor in those hours of darkness which preceded this midnight rendezvous. They had been briefed again and again:

They were Operation Brotherhood. This forbidding pancake land was the Camau Peninsula, the black-mud creation of the Mekong River, and the southernmost province of new Vietnam. This territory before them was, at this hour, still in the hands of the communist Vietminh. At this very moment it was being evacuated under the terms of the Geneva Agreement. By eight o'clock in the morning Camau was to be part of the Free World. But fighting had been reported within the last few hours. No one could say what the communists would leave behind. No one could tell how a people, long isolated from the rest of the world, would react to noncommunist foreigners—even if the foreigners came bearing pills instead of bullets, and professed nothing more dangerous than a belief in the brotherhood of man.

For three interminable hours they sat there under the moon, waiting. Then the convoy moved out into no man's land. The road was a shambles, ditched every few feet by the communists to make it useless during the war. The vehicles bucked in and out of the obstructions. Their passengers searched the monotonous muddy plain ahead, their eyes resting on the clumps of thorny bushes that might hide an ambush and on the miserable wattled huts that might hide communist agents. No living thing stirred. Nothing disturbed the monotony of the five hours before they first saw the square brick town of Camau, rising out of the morning mists.

The town ahead was silent. Oscar Arellano, international chairman of Operation Brotherhood, pushed on to reconnoiter. By the side of a wide canal, fronting the palm-thatched public privy that hangs out over the water, he found the former (Continued on Page 146)

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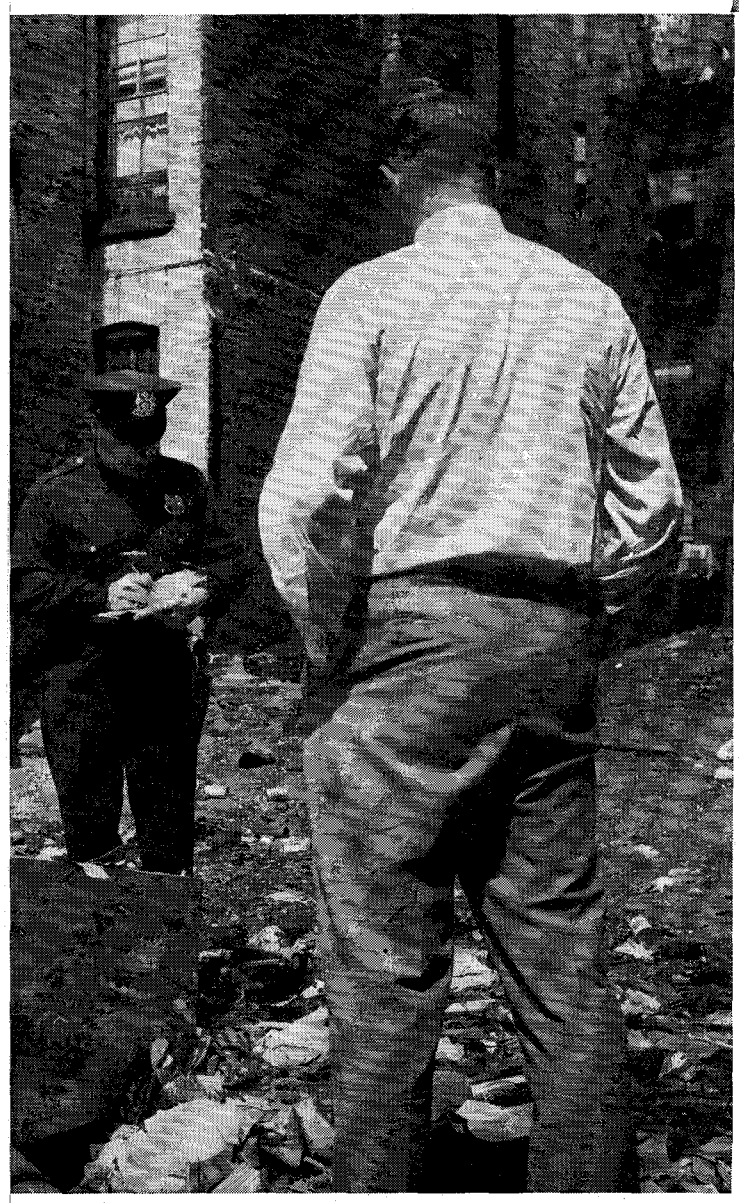
Commissioner Mulrain glows with pride as the Sanitation band blares the departmental anthem, Take It Away.

Andy Mulrain, world's champion garbageman, leads an army of 13,000 in an assault on one of the western world's dirtiest cities . . .



Crackdown on filth: A force of 250 Sanitation cops prowls New York for Mulrain, serving nearly 200,000 summonses a year for Sanitary Code violations.

Can This Man Clean Up New York?

By George Sessions Perry

In 1953, Miss Edna Ferber, returning from a European journey, declared New York was the filthiest city in the world. In 1954, The New York Times polled its correspondents around the globe to compare New York's cleanliness with that of other great cities. The results were not flattering. Indeed, the Times headline read:

CITY IS DIRTIEST OF WORLD CENTERS. Furthermore, many veteran New Yorkers, more resigned to than tolerant of the city's litter, never expect to see it really clean.

Yet there is at least one embattled New Yorker who continues to attack Gotham's dirt on every front. Thirty-four years ago, as a lad of twenty, he started cleaning the city's streets with a horse, a cart, a scoop, a broom, a tremendous determination and a winning Irish way. Today as commissioner of New York's Department of Sanitation he heads an army of 13,000 men, mechanized by 3600 pieces of mobile machinery. On this army and its work he spends each year twice as much money as the world spends on the United Nations.

This crusader for cleanliness, "New York's Five Star White Wing," is Andrew W. Mulrain, a member of the Flatbush branch of the Clan Mulrain of County Fermanagh, Ireland. This arrow-straight, 210-pound man is the only person I ever saw with gray hair which you invariably remember as being red. Perhaps it is an

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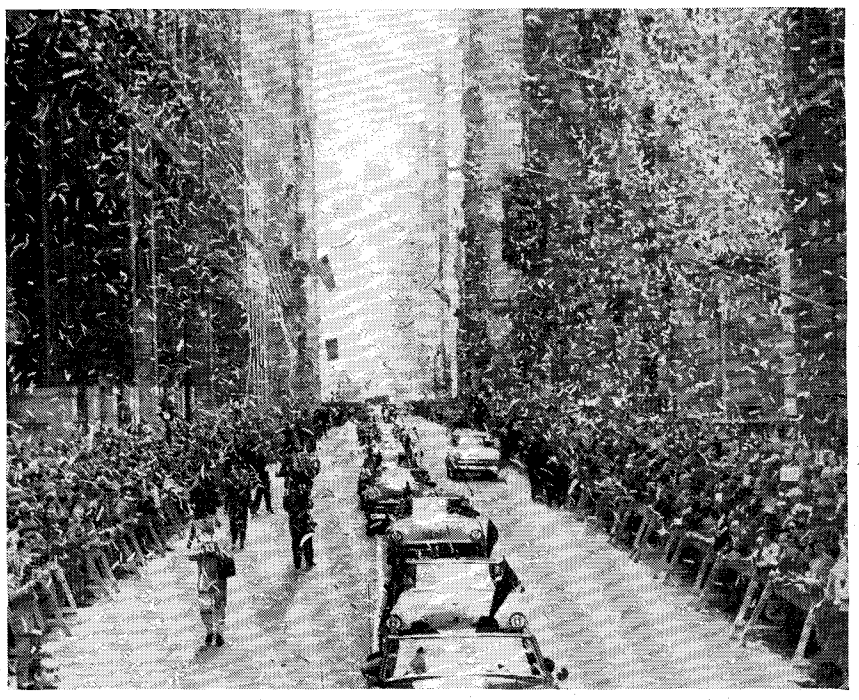
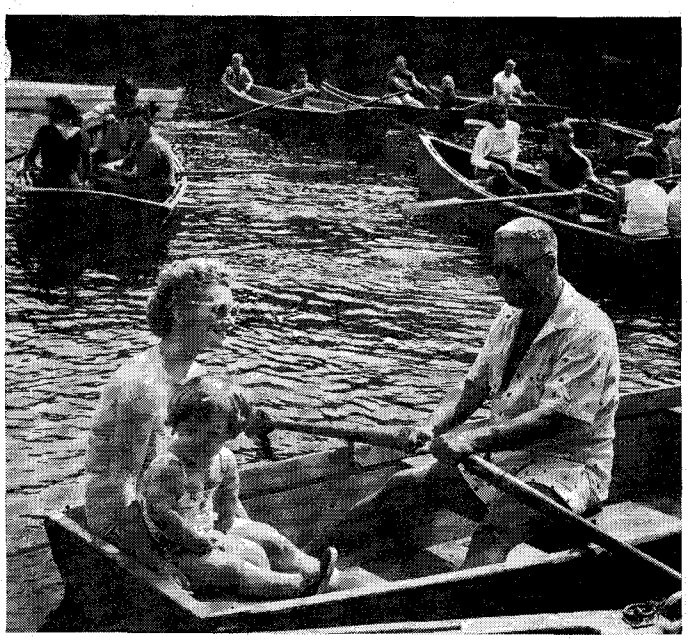


Three of Mulrain's greatest burdens are parades (above: the pennant-winning Giants of '54 come home), snowstorms (at right: Fifth Avenue during the '47 blizzard) and the disposal of refuse (as below, via net-covered barges).

emanation from his bright russet face. His blue eyes, not content to sparkle, seem to crackle with gusto and natural merriment. He likes good clothes, which he can afford on his $25,000 salary, and wears them with an air.

I am sure he would not trade places with President Eisenhower. "This is a really fabulous job," he reminds himself happily at intervals. He likes it because it's big and powerful and essential to the life of the city. He has a warm feeling for all the mayors under whom he's served, "Bill O', Impy and Bob," as he refers to Mayors O'Dwyer, Impellitteri and Wagner. One thing that makes him so happy in his work is (Continued on Page 118)



Mulrain and family on vacation at Sanita Hills, a litterless, 1100-acre summer resort for Sanitation Department employees.

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The Lady Was Off Limits

She was fair game for any man—if he could whip her brother.

By MICHAEL FESSIER

In the violent history of Buffalo Bend many duels to the death were fought, and widely varying lethal instruments were employed, including hatpins in the hands of two dance-hall girls quarreling over the affections of a one-eyed faro dealer, but never in the annals of the West did antagonists ever resort to such fearsome weapons and with such spine-chilling results as that day when Willis Verger and Saticoy Johnson met in mortal combat before the eyes of a horrified populace in the Chinaman's Chance Saloon.

The encounter was brought about by Willis Verger, but when he first hit town, a duel would have been the last thing Willis'd of had on his mind. He was a peaceful little guy who took a job as bookkeeper, hostler and all-around handy man at Pott Barr's livery stable,

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"I won't let you do it, darling!" she cried. "I know you're brave; you don't have to prove it to me!"

and the nearest thing to a weapon he ever carried was a pencil worn over his right ear. It is doubtful if Saticoy Johnson would have been aware of Willis' presence in town, if, one day, Willis had not met Ingomar, Saticoy's seventeen-year-old sister.

Ingomar was a dark-haired, violet-eyed beauty with the awkward grace and untrammeled spirit of a yearling colt, and she had been reared by Saticoy since the death of their parents when she was going on ten years of age. She rode a horse with all the reckless abandon of an Apache Indian on the warpath. She was able to shoot her initials in a barn door with a six gun before she had learned to read, and she was capable of taking care of herself under any and all circumstances, but Saticoy rode herd on her as if she were a motherless calf and, after her fifteenth birthday, he hadn't allowed a strange male to approach near enough to speak to her.

Considering the scarcity of marriageable maidens in our community, many local males felt that Saticoy's attitude was as downright unneighborly and antisocial as if he'd fenced off a water hole on an open range, and at least one of our female residents agreed with them. She was Montana Martin, current owner and operator of the Chinaman's Chance Saloon.

"You're unreasonable about that sister of yours," Montana told Saticoy one morning as she poured him his second four fingers of red-eye in a water tumbler. "I know she's the apple of your eye, but don't try to make her forbidden fruit, Saticoy. Right now Ingomar's full of juice and almost ripe for the picking, but if you let her hang too long on the bough, she'll be like an apple that's withered and dried up — no longer desirable in the eyes of any man and fit only for the birds."

Saticoy was a huge, black-haired man with shoulders an ax handle across; his face seemed to have been blasted out of rock and he usually wore the foreboding expression of a mountain peak staring down at you through a thunderstorm.

"Who's arguing?" he rumbled. "All I'm saying is that anyone that comes horsing around my premises after apples had damn well better be man enough to handle the assignment."

"What kind of man you got in mind, Saticoy?" asked Doc Whiddacker. "I hate to disillusion you, but (Continued on Page 61

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"Don't worry about us," says Woody Hayes. "We'll come back and play great football again."

PHOOEY ON POPULARITY!

By JACK CLOWSER

Coach Woody Hayes of Ohio State doesn't care what they say about him. He keeps on driving his team, and when people don't criticize, he figures something must be wrong.

If there ever was a football man who couldn't be neatly typed and classified, it is Wayne Woodrow Hayes, the dedicated coach of Ohio State University. Woody Hayes is a gentleman of beaming personality and eloquence. He has charmed innumerable gatherings of alumni and other constituents. Yet his career has been punctuated by episodes such as:

Driving his first squad at little Denison University so hard that authorities told him to ease up—or else.

Smashing a trophy in rage on the floor of his boss' office at Miami University, of Ohio, before the startled eyes of the local mayor and booster-club officials.

Blowing his top on two occasions at Ohio State last season in unsuccessful attempts to have the bands barred from the playing field on rainy game days.

In 1951, Woody's first year at Ohio State, his players came close to mutiny. They held grievance meetings and openly expressed dissatisfaction. Yet in 1954 his boys twice carried Hayes off the field on their shoulders after winning games. Athletes can pay a coach no higher tribute than that.

Hayes wound up last season with his squad behind him, not to mention a streak of ten consecutive victories. Ohio State won the Big Ten title, the Rose Bowl game, a national-championship award. Ordinarily, achievement on such a scale quiets all opposition and brings an era of harmony. But the usual formulas don't apply to Woody Hayes. There still is less than unanimous enthusiasm for Woody among his fellow coaches, the Ohio State official family, the alumni boosters and even the Columbus sports writers—a group fanatically devoted to the university's football well-being.

However, it is doubtful that Woody Hayes expects universal admiration or even wants it. He places a higher value on plain-speaking frankness than on calculating diplomacy. And he can take it as (Continued on Page 115)

Buckeye sparkplug is All-American halfback Hopalong Cassady. Here Cassady takes off on a 26-yard touchdown run in State's 21–13 conquest of California last year.

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"You're on your own," Charley said. "Don't get suckered into thinking anyone else'll really care what you do."

No Room for Love

By NORMA MANSFIELD

Charley didn't need—or want—her friendship. Why should he let himself be hurt again?

When Charley Bonutto saw the patrolman's car parked in front of the ramshackle house where he roomed he drove on past. He had spent twelve months in a reformatory five years ago. Since then he'd done honorable service in the Army, and he'd spent the remaining time at his trade as a mechanic, working his way West. His past was unknown in Seattle. He'd been here only a month.

He had no reason to panic at sight of a patrolman except that he hadn't been doing wrong the first time, either, back East, when he'd been nabbed. He had had the wrong friends, he admitted that, and he had made the mistake of trying to help one of them, the one who had stolen the car in which Charley had been picked up on his way to return it. So he'd paid for the other fellow's mistake. But the experience had taught him something. It had taught him never to put himself out to help anyone again.

These things can happen, his parents had told him. In Italy it might have been worse. They were in California, Mamma and Papa Bonutto, tending their few acres of grapes as they had in the old country where Charley had been born, but he didn't remember anything about Italy. In this country he had grown up in an area where his fists, not his allegiance, had established his rights. And his friends had proved what allegiance was worth. Nothing.

He circled the block and drove past once more. He could see Patty Weathered in the doorway, facing the cop. She was frightened. He saw that. But he owed her nothing. He hadn't even rented the room from her. He'd rented it from her grandpa, an old geek as ornery as a knot in wire cable. The devil had garnered him a

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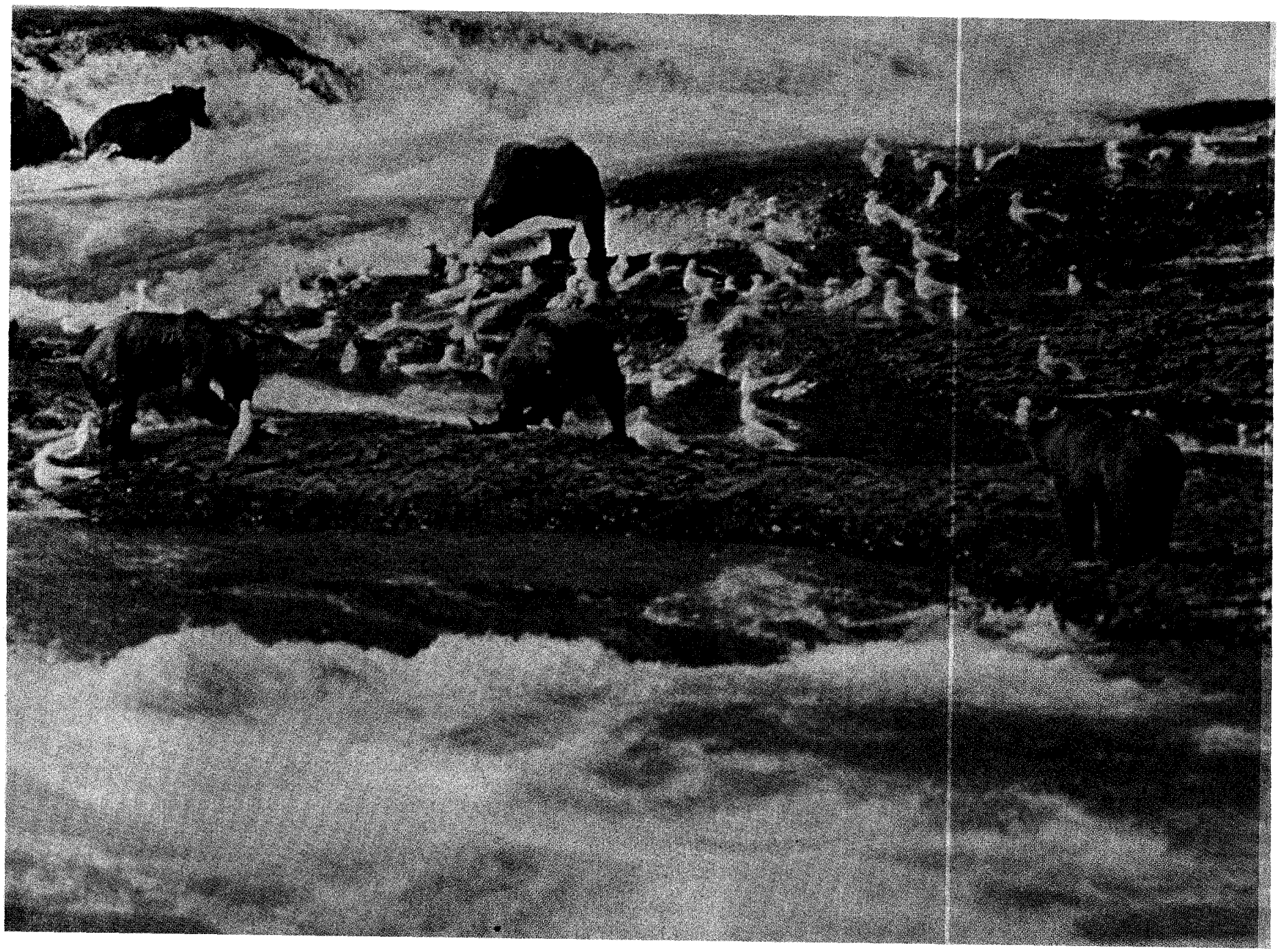

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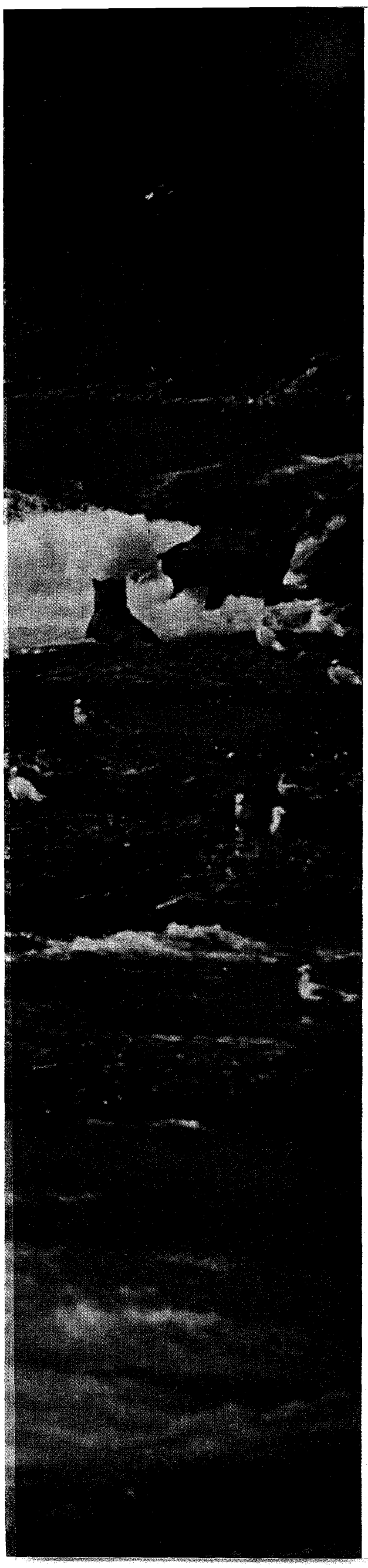

BIGGEST BEAR ON EARTH

By Corey Ford

The Alaska Kodiak weighs up to a ton, can bite a two-by-six beam in half and run like a leopard. But "all you have to do," says a guide, "is reason with the critter!"

Alaskans claim that you'll live ten years longer if you've never heard a brown bear roar. The spectacle of a prehistoric monster with cleavers for claws and a head the size of an overturned shovel scoop, the paralyzing glimpse of ears laid back and fangs bared and white foam slobbering from its jaws, the sound of its ear-splitting bellow of rage—these are enough to deduct at least a decade from your allotted span.

The giant Alaska brown bear, popularly known as the Kodiak, is the biggest carnivorous animal on earth. Look at the room in which you are sitting, and visualize a brownie rearing on its hind legs before you. Its head would thrust into the bedroom upstairs, and its forepaws would grab for the chandelier from which the frightened occupant would be swinging, yelling downstairs to you to stop visualizing bears.

(Continued on Page 110)

Hungry Kodiaks congregate along the McNeil River in the Alaskan wilderness for their favorite snack, freshly caught salmon.

A skillful fisherman returns to the riverbank to enjoy his catch. Only a foolish man or beast would think of disturbing him.

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Death in the Wind

What had the little Frenchman seen at Fawcett Point?

He was willing to tell—for a price.

By EDWIN LANHAM

While the hurricane raged, foreign correspondent Brad Davis disappeared in the Long Island Sound and his ex-wife, Ruth, was murdered.

Brad and Ruth had adopted an orphan named Pierre in France. Later, Ruth divorced Brad and married Porter Bellows. Brad had come to Menasset Harbor to take Pierre on a cruise. Ruth refused to let Brad see his son, and a fight ensued. The next morning, Pierre found Ruth's body beneath the sea wall. Brad had been aboard his yawl when the storm struck. Lieutenant Gray, of the state police, figured Brad had drowned after killing Ruth.

Actually, Brad had survived the storm. He made his way to an abandoned cottage at Oak Beach. He was found by Paula Trent, a young girl who managed the cottage rentals for her father. Brad wondered whether one of Ruth's admirers—Alex Fawcett or Mort Brewster—was guilty of her murder. Porter Bellows was in the clear, for he had been playing poker at the time of her death.

The killer was someone who knew the layout of Ruth's home, and who wanted to frame Brad. For Paula had found a watch of Brad's, which Ruth had kept hidden, in the water near where Ruth's body was discovered. It was estimated that Ruth died at 9 P.M., and the hands of Brad's watch were set at 9:04.

III

"Pierre will know about that watch," Brad said. "I remember on the way to the boat train Ruth let him strap it on his wrist and he was so proud of it that I told him to wear it to remember me by. I thought they'd be home in a few weeks then, but they never came back."

Paula shook her head slightly and said, "I never saw Pierre wearing a watch."

"It was an expensive watch, and I expect Ruth thought it was too good for a little boy to wear," Brad said. "Obviously Ruth put the watch away somewhere, and someone knew where to find it." His eyes had an angry shine and his voice was incisive as he said, "He put that watch there after I was reported dead. When would that be?"

"We knew last night your boat had sunk, but I suppose you weren't officially reported missing until after they searched Coot Island early this morning."

"Then he did it early this morning," Brad said.

Paula shook her head. "If you're thinking of Porter Bellows, he has an alibi. He was in a poker game at the time Ruth was killed. The reason he didn't know until next morning that Ruth hadn't been to bed was that he came home so late from the game that he went to bed in a guest room."

"Where was this poker game?"

"At my house. My father was in it."

He put his hand on the door handle. "May I get in?"

She nodded, and he opened the door. "If it wasn't Bellows it was someone who knew his way around. To know about that watch, a man would have to be close to Ruth. To find it, a man would have to have the run of the house. Who does, besides Bellows?"

"Joe Burns, the gardener; and Anna, the cook; and Pierre; and to a certain extent myself. That's all I can think of."

"There must be someone who saw the watch and knew where Ruth kept it," he said. "Some frequent visitor."

"There's Mort Brewster," she said. "I just saw him out on the road, with a light-company crew, and he mentioned that he had been out to the point this morning. He used to be Pierre's tutor."

"I remember," Brad said. "The fellow with the bad temper."

"But he's quite gentle. I wouldn't say he had a temper."

"Pierre told me he was strict and had a bad temper, and that Ruth fired him because he did something she didn't like."

Paula smiled. "What she didn't like was that he got serious about her and became a nuisance."

He stared off at the shape of Coot Island and said, "Tell me a little about Porter Bellows. How well do you know him?"

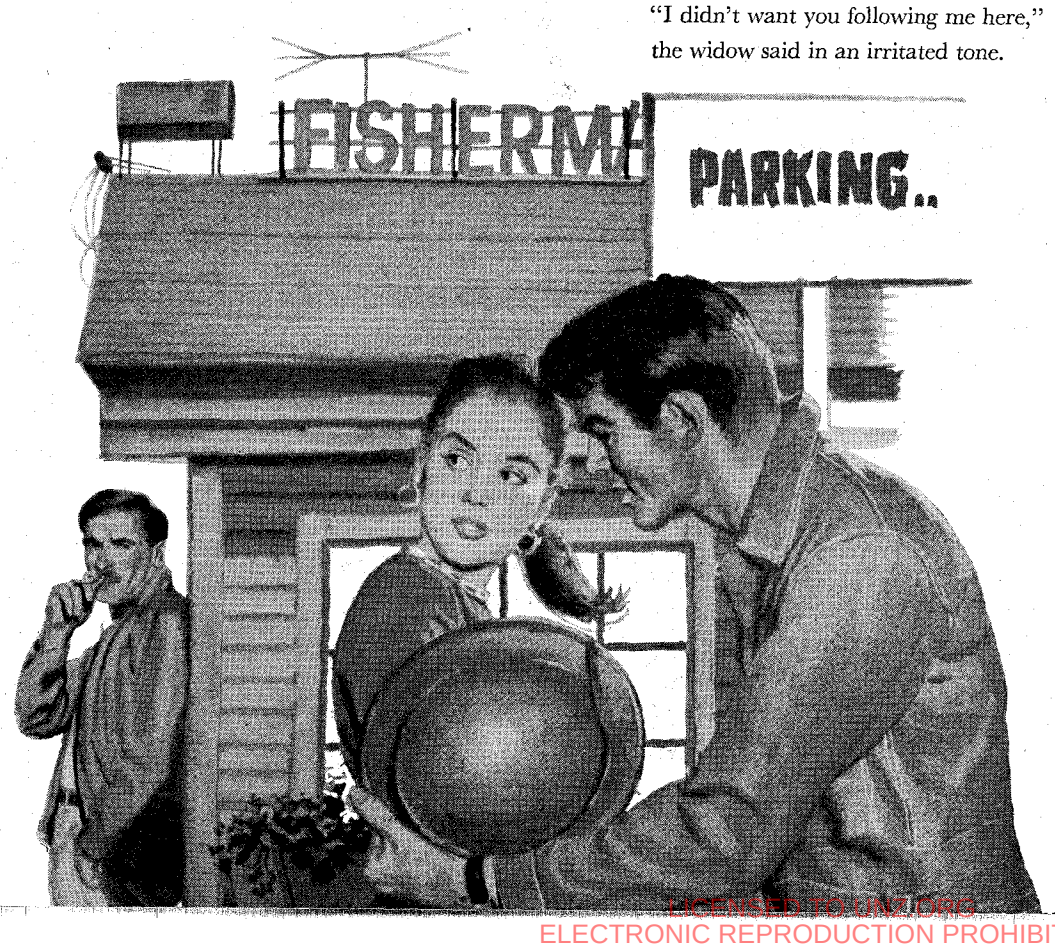
"He used to make regular trips here from Hartford selling securities," she said. "In fact, I introduced him to Ruth. Some people thought he married her for her money, and Alex Fawcett said once he was going to investigate Porter and find out what the mystery was."

"Mystery?" Brad said.

"He meant nobody knows much about Porter. He doesn't talk about his past, and not a single relative showed up at the wedding."

"Did Fawcett investigate him?"

"He never mentioned it, if he did," she said. "And I'm sure he didn't. The point of it was that he had his eye on Ruth before Porter



"I didn't want you following me here," the widow said in an irritated tone.

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married her. In fact, maybe you know him. A long time ago he went into a tailspin when you married Ruth, they say."

"He's the one Pierre calls Uncle Alex, isn't he?" Brad said. "He probably knows his way around that house and he was a disappointed lover. Twice disappointed."

Paula moved her shoulders in the faintest shrug. "Alex consoled himself," she said.

"With whom?"

She gave him a steady look, then said, "Currently with the widow in the cottage next door."

A certain dryness in her tone reminded Brad that Pierre had referred to his Uncle Alex as Paula's *jeune homme*. He had noticed the redhead next door, and knew she was a handsome woman, but here was something unusual. The widow was the sort you met in the cafés of the world, but Paula had an eager vitality that would remain after normal nerve ends had been dulled.

He shrugged and said, "You didn't mention who found that watch."

"I found it myself just a little while ago when I went to fetch Pierre. Joe Burns, the gardener, was sawing up the tree that fell in the hurricane and he saw something shining in the water. I fished it out." She opened her handbag. "Here it is."

He took it in his hand, inspected it, turned it over. "The man is thorough," he said. "He set the hands at four minutes past nine." He looked up. "I'm wondering where Ruth kept it. Pierre ought to know. Did you show it to him?"

"I didn't show it to anyone."

His eyebrows went up. "And you hand it over to me? Miss Trent, have I finally won your confidence?"

"I'm not handing it over to you," she said, and took it from his hand. "I'm going to hand it over to Lieutenant Gray."

"So nobody knows it's been found," he said slowly. "I like that. The guy is going to wonder why it hasn't showed up. He put it there, and he wants it found. O.K. What do you know about Lieutenant Gray? Is he a good man?"

"He's well liked around here," Paula said. "He's always willing to take time off to make a speech to the parent-teacher association or organize something for the kids. I suppose he's a capable policeman or he wouldn't be a lieutenant."

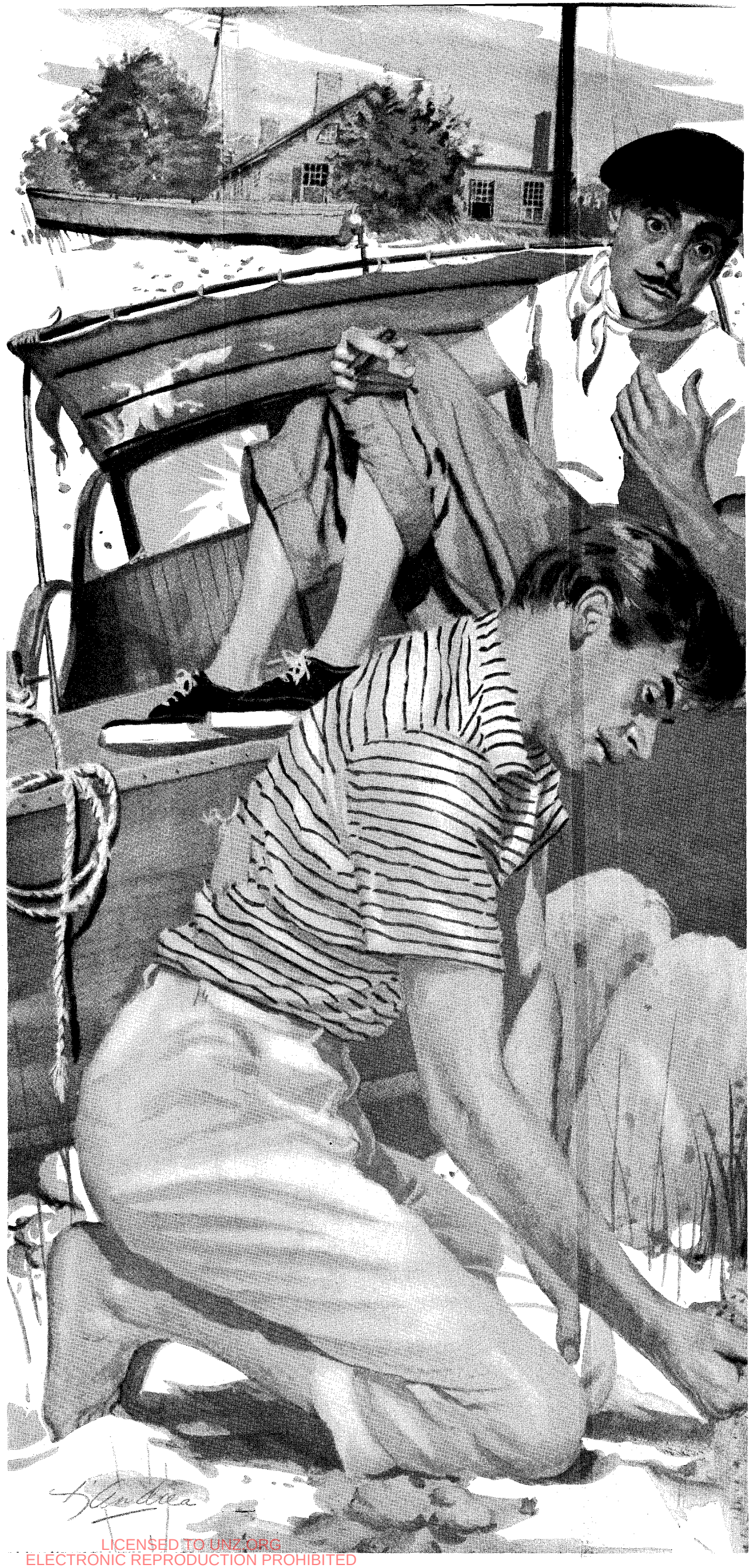
"That doesn't necessarily follow," Brad said. "Before I talk to him, I'd like to find out where this watch was kept and who knew where to find it. Maybe Pierre can answer that. I'd like to talk to Pierre, and then we'll lay this thing in the lieutenant's lap."

"I'll get Pierre and bring him here, as we planned before," she said. "Maybe while I'm gone you can find a razor and do something about that beard."

"I may look bad," he said, "but I never felt better in my life. We're going to get that guy, Paula, and I can tell you it will give me plenty of satisfaction." He got out of the car and closed the door. "O.K. I'll wait here," he said. "But hurry. I'm eager to see that boy."

She could not blame him for feeling vindictive, she thought as she turned the car and drove away. (Continued on Page 130)

"I could call the police,
you know," Brad said.
"I could have you picked up."



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Doctor Sosman—who has been called the foremost X-ray diagnostician in America—reads the cryptic shadows on an X ray of a woman's skull.

The Doctor Who Sees Through You

To Doctor Sosman, pictures of your insides reveal more than your diary would. In those X-ray shadows he finds the truth about cancer, TB, heart trouble—even your private life.

By GREER WILLIAMS

The X-ray department of the 280-bed Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, one of the Harvard Medical School family of hospitals in Boston, may be found in the basement, just beyond the pharmacy and next door to the out-patient department. On one side of the hall you note a short corridor leading to the examination rooms. There is much going and coming of patients. On the opposite side is a little business office and the X-ray-record room, where every patient's films—named, numbered and dated—are filed. Through an adjacent door you see a large and pleasantly illuminated X-ray-interpretation-and-consultation room. Here are little gatherings of white-coated doctors discussing black-and-white negatives clipped against translucent glass panels on viewing boxes which occupy the wall space on all sides.

Immediately, amid these scenes of sickness and serious intent, you run into a touch of the humor that has made the chief of this depart-

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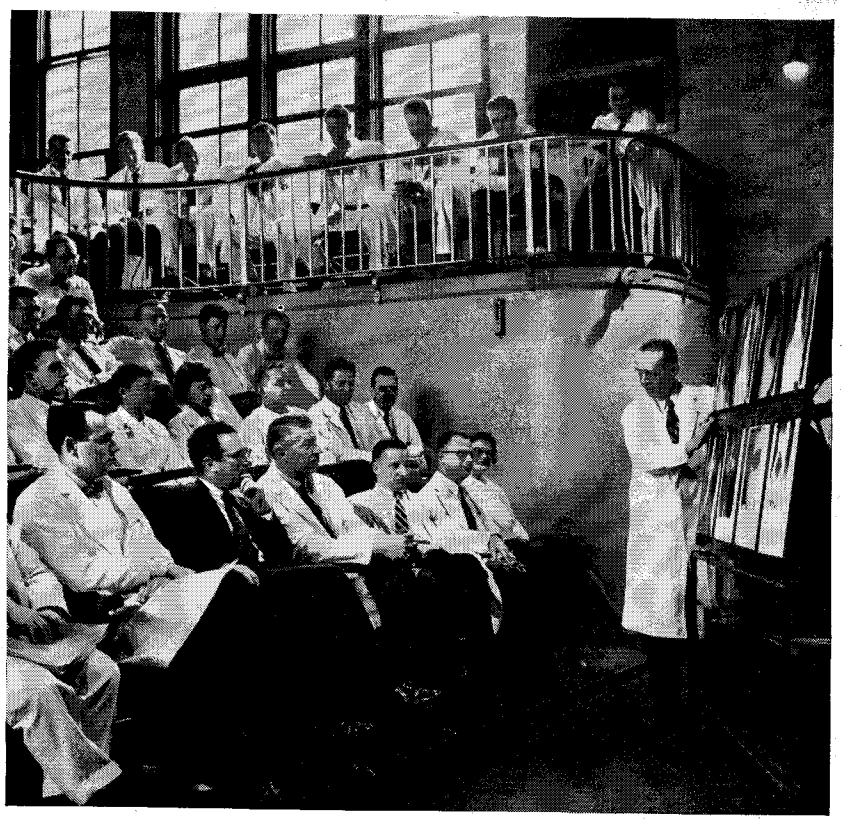
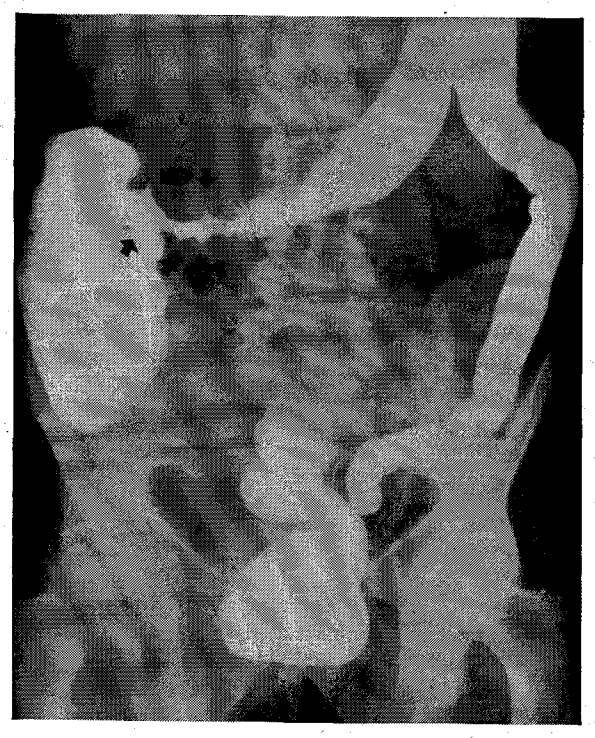


Doctor Sosman, a Harvard Medical School professor, teaches radiology to doctors and medical students at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.



Picture of a patient's large bowel (above) filled with barium to show up clearly, reveals the presence of cancer. A tumor was successfully removed from the transverse colon at the indicated point. At right, the arrow points to a gallstone in a 54-year-old woman.

Wearing protective clothing because of his frequent exposure to X rays, Doctor Sosman prepares for an X-ray and fluoroscopic examination. The patient is drinking his "barium cocktail," which will profile his stomach on the screen.

ment, Dr. Merrill C. Sosman, a happy legend among Harvard medical graduates. On a pillar near the middle of the X-ray viewing room is the word *Lux* in gold paint, with an arrow pointing to the left. Just beyond is another pillar inscribed *Veritas*, an arrow here pointing to the right. These words, from the Harvard motto, are Latin for "light" and for "truth." Doctor Sosman, who is the professor of radiology at Harvard, explains: "The residents in training read their films over there. There they find light. But over here the professor does his work. Here you find truth."

Seeking Sosman's inner office and, presumably, greater truth, the visitor enters a second consultation room, shared by a pretty secretary, a medical-record (Continued on Page 141)

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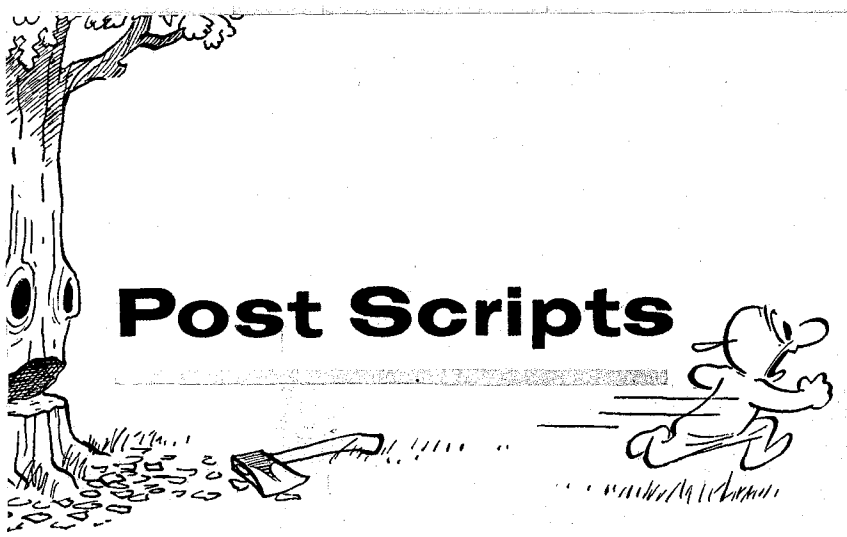


Post Scripts

Heinrich Schnibble and the Public-Opinion Poll

"Good afternoon, sir. My name is T. Walter Bordus, and I represent POPA, Public Opinion Polls of America."

"Meinself ist Heinrich Schnibble, Herr Bordus."

"Pleased to know you, Mr. Schnibble. We are conducting a survey to determine rural attitudes toward our Federal Government. Now ——"

"Ich ben liken das Government."

"Um-m, h'm'm. You like the Federal Government. Any particular reason why you view it with favor?"

"Ach, ja! Der Uniten Staters ist needen ein Government."

"Uh—I'm afraid you misunderstood me, sir. Naturally, all of us are in favor of having some form of government. What ——"

"Goot. Meinself also."

"But, Mr. Schnibble, we are trying to find out what you think about the people in Washington—what they're doing, how well they're doing it—things like that."

"Himmel! Ist meinself ben watchen mit ein longisch peepenscoper?"

"Oh, no. Of course, yourself don't ben—I mean, well, surely you know something about what's going on in Washington—in Congress, for example."

"Ach, ja! Meinself ben visiten und watchen das Congress outengespouten der goofisch talken und loafen und readen der newsenpapers und fussen mit upraisen der taxen!"

"Aha! Then I take it you view das Congress mit—I mean, with some disfavor?"

"Himmel, nein, Herr Bordus! Der Uniten Staters ben needen das Congress!"

"Please, Mr. Schnibble, please! I don't ben talken about needen das Congress. We ben got it whether we need it or not."

"Goot!"

"What I'm trying to do is just get some definite opinions about things you either like or dislike on the Washington scene."

"Ach, du lieber! Meinself ben disliken der schtunken chargencabbers!"

"Well now, that's bett —— Yourself ben disliken der what?"

"Der automobilers mit clickenmeters gechargen der riders und ——"

"Oh, chargen—you mean der taxicabbers?"

"Himmel, ja! Der cabbers ist schnorten und honken und stoppen mit waiten und upstarten mit jerken und ——"

"Ja, ja, Mr. Schnibble! They sure do ben. Und der clackenmeters ist runnen und der drivers ben shouten mit shooken der fist und ——"

"Ach! Ist Herr Bordus also disliken der ——"

"Himmel, nein, Herr Schnibble! Nein! Der Uniten Staters ben needen der schtunken chargencabbers!"

DAVE MORRAH

Old Faithful!

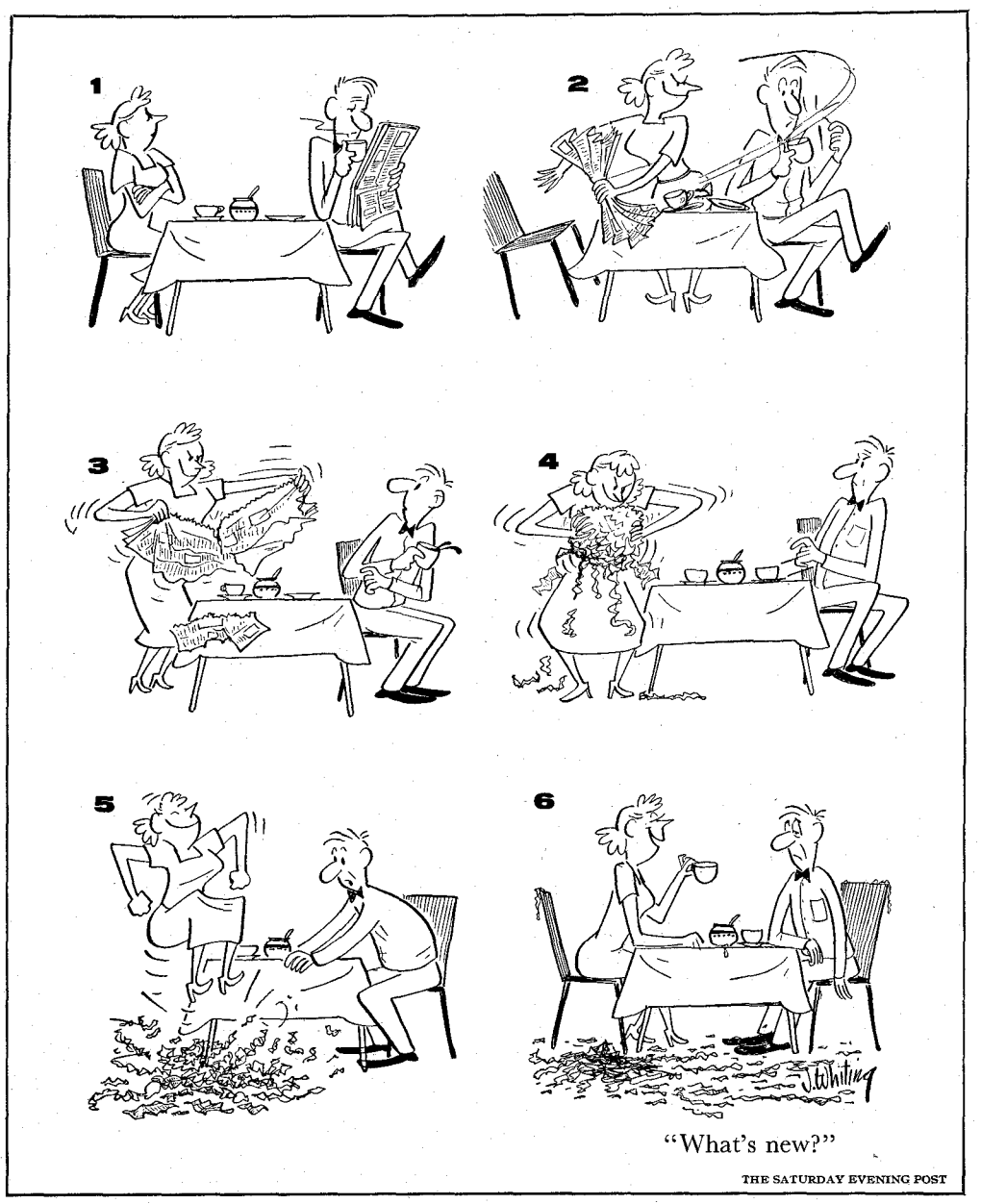
Children innocently think
Parents give money as pens give ink,
As faucets give water, as stoves give stew—
And, oh, they do! They certainly do!

VIRGINIA BRASIER

Site Plight

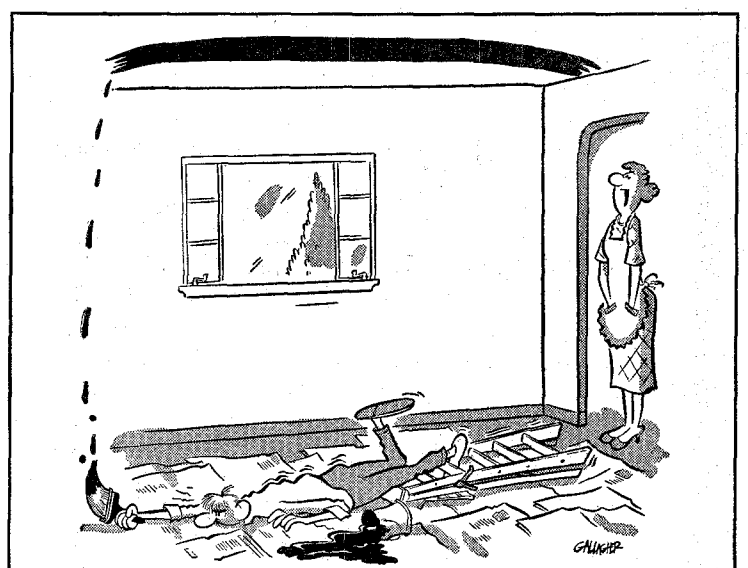
Than me, when there is falling snow,
Few persons are forlorner;
I'm twice as sad as most I know,
For I live on a corner.

DICK EMMONS



"What's new?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Fifteen more strokes like that ought to do it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

. . . For Services Rendered

Last Saturday afternoon our neighborhood enjoyed a small but gay party in honor of Grace Philpott, our star newshen.

She was quite excited when we all burst in on her, but she accepted our best wishes with humility. We had a small gift for her, and I was chosen to make the presentation.

I told her, in behalf of all of us, that we recognized her as a pioneer in her field, and that she had been tapping in on party lines long before they thought of it down in Washington.

Then I went on to tell of her many famous by-lines—how she cracked the Melroy case, for instance. I recalled how Grace climbed a twelve-foot ladder under the guise of removing a bird nest from her east gable, and saw Mr. Melroy walking around in his living room when he was supposed to be laid up with a sprained ankle.

"I'd never try that again," laughed Grace. "Getting too old." Then I retold her brilliant exposé of the Bridenbaughs, who left the neighborhood last winter.

"Those four-flushers!" said Grace. "I just knew they were living too high for what he made, and when Mr. Bridenbaugh told me he sold his TV set because his eyes were bad, I did some leg work, that's all. You know, he owed more than two hundred on the set when they repossessed it."

"Grace," I said, "this gift is from all of us, for services above and beyond the call of duty. Think of us when you spend those long hours behind your sun-porch curtains."

She unwrapped the gift with trembling hands. "A pair of field glasses!" she gasped, pushing back a tear. "Thanks—thanks to all of you!"

It was a lovely party, and everyone was there but the Wilhelms in the brown shingle. Grace said she wasn't surprised, and if what she heard was true ——

A. R. SWINNERTON

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FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Si, Signora! If you want real Italian-style Spaghetti Sauce—this is it!

IT'S HARD to imagine anything that tastes more *Italian* than the rich, savory Spaghetti Sauce prepared for you by FRANCO-AMERICAN.

This one is made with meat—lots of meat. And it has the same tantalizing fragrance and slow-simmered flavor that you usually expect to get only from an Italian kitchen.

The recipe for it is quite complicated. It contains no less than fourteen homey ingredients. Meat, of course—*fine quality beef*, in juicy bits. Also onions, parsley, garlic, tomatoes and spices.

Imagine cooking a sauce like this at home! It would take you hours. But the only thing you have to do with our Spaghetti Sauce is heat it. Three minutes—it's ready to serve.

Everybody's sure to ask you where you got the recipe for this delicious sauce—so won't you be the proud cook! And all for a new low price—7¢ a serving.

Spaghetti Sauce with Meat by Franco-American

NEW! *Try this one, too! It's meatless Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms!*

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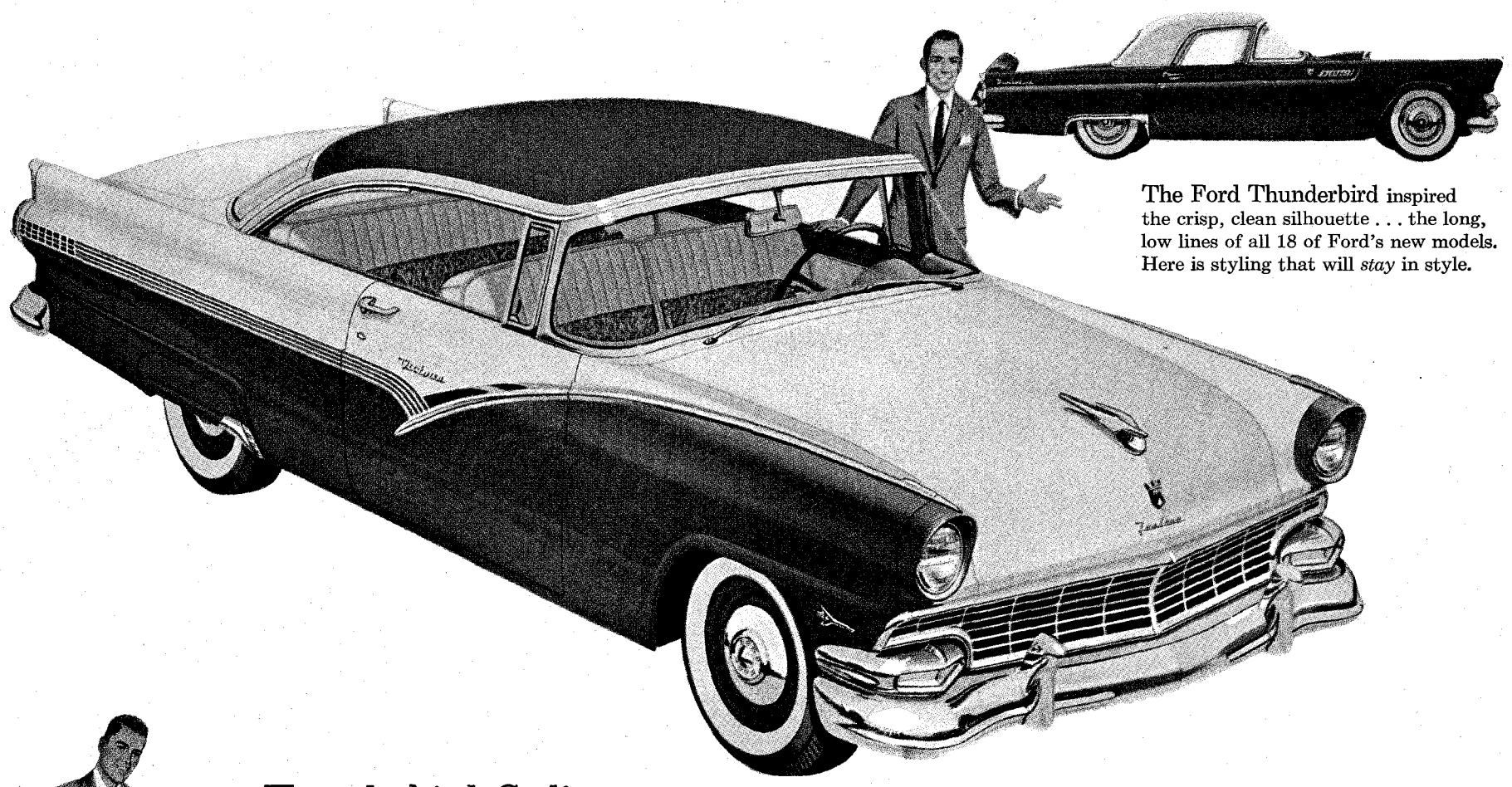
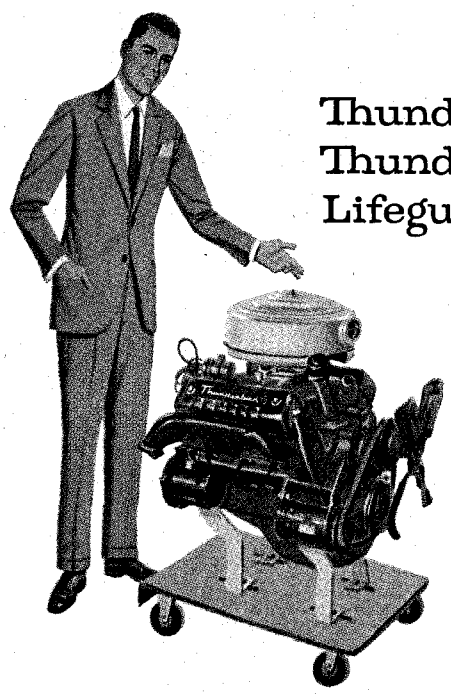


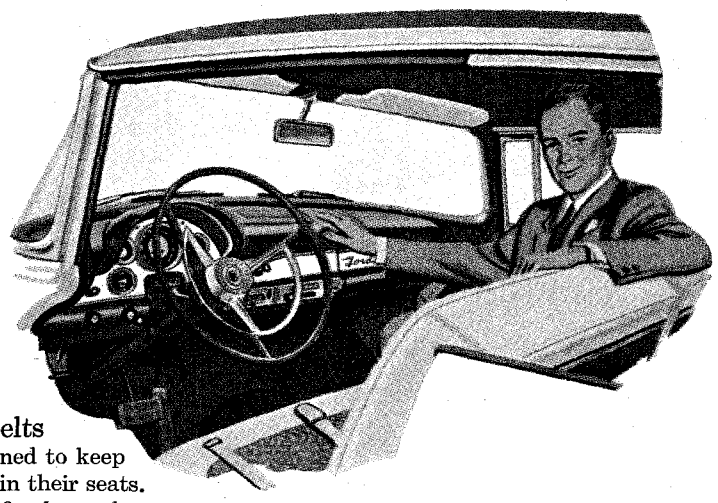
The Ford Thunderbird inspired the crisp, clean silhouette . . . the long, low lines of all 18 of Ford's new models. Here is styling that will *stay* in style.



Thunderbird Styling
Thunderbird Power
Lifeguard Design.... You get them only in the NEW '56 FORD...

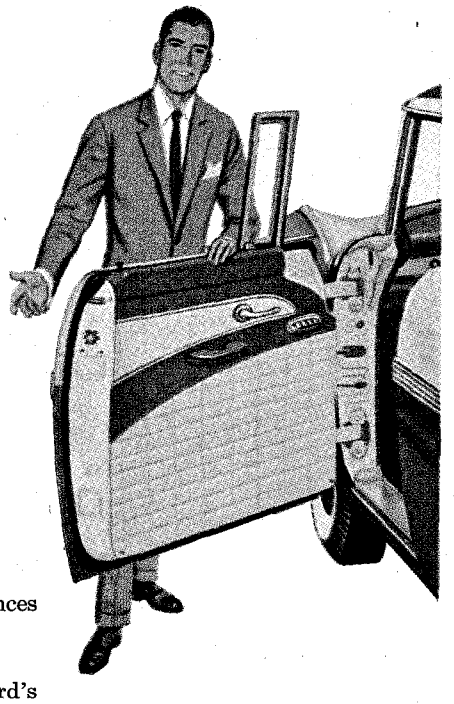
THE PRIDE YOU FEEL in the long, low Thunderbird lines of your '56 Ford . . . the confidence you get from the new 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 engine purring beneath the hood . . . the reassurance you enjoy, knowing that you have given your family the added protection of Lifeguard design . . . *these satisfactions can be yours in Ford and Ford alone!* Let's look, now, and see what they can mean to you and yours.

The 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 with all its mile-melting magic, all its split-second passing power can be yours in any of Ford's Fordomatic Fairlane or Station Wagon models.



New Ford seat belts (optional) are designed to keep occupants securely in their seats. They are anchored firmly to the floor and can resist up to 4,000 pounds' pressure.

New Lifeguard cushioning for instrument panel and sun visors (optional) helps to prevent or lessen injuries from impact.



New Lifeguard steering wheel has a rim mounted high above the recessed steering post on three equally spaced spokes. This deep-center construction acts as a cushion in the event of an accident.

Ford's new Lifeguard door latches have a double-grip design to reduce chances of doors springing open under impact.

But this is only the beginning of Ford's story for '56. At your Ford Dealer's you will see new colors, new interiors, and many other fine-car features . . . quality materials and workmanship throughout. You will learn why Ford is truly—

the fine car at half the fine car price!

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THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

The miracle had occurred—
Anne was walking.

Medicine must now be given, read the note Doctor Hertzog sent from the delivery room. *Her suffering will be greatly eased or nonexistent from this point on. But what we hoped would happen will not now occur.*

As Paul Devereux stared out the window of the hospital waiting room, he was filled with a dull despair. Anne's chance to walk again was lost. The labor pains she suffered had not released the nerve block that held her paralyzed.

Anne's father, James Kirkland, was utterly depressed by the news, even when he heard she had biven birth to a fine baby boy. To give Anne this chance to walk again, he had, without her knowledge, arranged her marriage. He promised to use his influence as state boss to support Paul's career in politics, provided Paul would stay with Anne for a period of three years. Kirkland seemed run-down after Anne's ordeal in the hospital. A doctor told him that he had high blood pressure and that he must avoid excitement.

Paul's love for Anne grew steadily and he had become increasingly fond of Kirkland. His campaign for a state senatorship was rolling along successfully, but he was troubled that the head of his law firm, old Harrison Hartwell, distrusted Kirkland. This doubt crystallized one evening when Kirkland's henchman, Arno Malotte, mistook Paul for Kirkland over the phone.

"Listen, chief," Arno had said; "we've run into something with C. Those men of his we bonded have skipped."

This could mean but one thing: There was a direct link between Kirkland, the political leader, and Camponelli, kingpin of the numbers racket.

VII

For the first time in his campaign Paul felt himself less than forceful on Saturday night. His voice was hoarse, for one thing, and his heart was heavy, for another. Though it was late when he was free, he drove on up to camp that night. He felt physically wretched and as though he might have a temperature, but he longed to see Anne and the baby.

He let himself quietly in with his own key, snapped on a light and made his way across to the large first-floor bedroom fraught with all the sweet memories of the honeymoon. He opened the door softly and spoke.

In a second, Anne roused, startled, at his voice. "Paul, is that you?"

"Yes, darling. I drove on out as soon as I could get away. I don't dare come near you, for I'm full of this beastly cold. I just wanted to get here as fast as I could. I'll go upstairs, dear, and see you in the morning. How's the baby?"

"Good as gold! Wait a minute."

She had rung as she spoke, and Miss Davis appeared almost at once in her wrapper from the smaller room beyond.

"Look at this fellow, Davy! I think he needs some medicine. He turns up at this hour of the night white as a ghost one minute and scarlet the next. He thinks he should go upstairs. Will you look after him and dose him up?"

Davy took charge at once. "Come right along," she said to Paul, "and I'll have you fixed up in no time."

Paul still stood in the doorway after Davy had started upstairs.

"Good night, darling! I wish I could kiss you!"

"So do I! You're sure there's nothing wrong, Paul? Besides the cold? Your eyes look—I don't know—worried."

"Just bunged up, I guess. Now get back to sleep. It was a shame to wake you. Here's the best I can do at the moment" —blowing a kiss.

Anne returned it and then called after him softly, "I love you."

He turned back. "I'm better already. Did I ever tell you you look beautiful in bed?"

It was much easier, Paul decided next morning, to remain upstairs. He could not have endured a whole day spent in Kirkland's company. How was he to meet him with the accusations which were now burning his own heart? For he, more than he had realized, had affection for this man, so relentless in his ambitions and so completely without principle or conscience in the execution of them. How could he make the attack upon him which he knew now he must make? How sever the link which he cherished and which he felt would be irretrievably broken? He groaned within himself and buried his face in the pillow. Anne—Anne. What of

(Continued on Page 121)

Arno backed away from her as from a ghost. "My God! My God!" he kept muttering.

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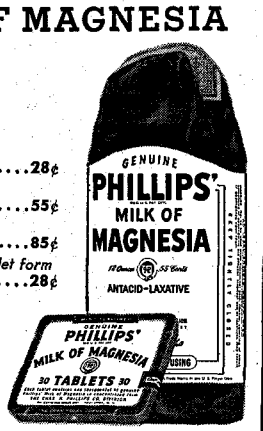
Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than single-purpose laxatives which have no effect on the acid indigestion that usually accompanies constipation. For Milk of Magnesia relieves *both* conditions. Two to four tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work leisurely—without embarrassing urgency. So, when morning comes, you start the day feeling wonderful. Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

Liquid or Tablets

The convenient 4-OUNCE SIZE.....28¢
The economical 12-OUNCE SIZE.....55¢
The money-saving 26-OUNCE SIZE.....85¢
Also available in tablet form 30 TABLETS.....28¢



The Unexpected Battler

(Continued from Page 30)

closer together. But Aurelius plowed happily on until Fate sent fluttering across his path a vari-plumed, blue-crested bird of a species he didn't know. It alighted on an oak high above his head.

A passionate spare-time naturalist, Aurelius stopped, clapping an automatic hand to his side for his camera. It wasn't there, but that was no reason he shouldn't see if there was a nest. He cast an experienced eye over the oak, leaped for a bough above him and, regardless of the dark suit, began to climb.

And the bird flew away—so calmly that it was immediately apparent there was no nest here. But by this time Aurelius was some way from the ground, and, having his large feet planted firmly, he leaned back against the trunk, forgot the bird and surveyed the country spread out below him.

He noted, with a mild surprise, that a sunken road wound its way through the trees only a few yards from the rough track he'd been following, and then saw something far more surprising—a girl; a young and shapely female, who lay upon the grass of the bank which sloped down to the road. Her gaily colored dress showed vivid against the greenness, and she lay upon her side, with her hands pillowing her face. She slept.

She made a charming addition to the landscape, and Aurelius wished he could see her face, hoping it was as beautiful as the rest of her. Paralyzed in the immediate presence of young femininity, he was, when alone, quite the cavalier. He relapsed, up in his tree, into a practiced and familiar daydream in which, armor-clad and charger-mounted, he did battle for the lady, routing her oppressors singlehanded and then, exhausted and faint from wounds, was nursed by her back to health. He had just reached one of the best parts—where the lady raised the visor of his helmet, and showing no surprise at all at the prominence of the nasal organ thus revealed, kissed him upon the lips—when the dream was shattered by the sound of an approaching engine.

He looked around and saw a car coming along the road—an old car, moving slowly in low gear. In front of it, oddly, was a man on foot, trotting. He was big and burly in a heavy gray sweater. A cap was pulled over his eyes. There was something menacing about him; something alien to the trees and the sunlight and the sleeping beauty.

But she slumbered on—and, seeing her, the trotting man halted, throwing up his hand in a signal. The car stopped and, turning back to it, the man said something to the driver—a smaller, hatless, white-haired male—and took something from the rear seat. His movements, Aurelius thought, were stealthy—beyond doubt stealthy. . . .

The man straightened, unfolding a dun-colored blanket.

Aurelius, staring, leaned outward at a dangerous angle, and when he saw the man throw the blanket completely over the girl and then stoop and sweep the shrouded bundle up into massive arms, he came down out of his tree with a crackling rush and a staggering slide down the bank, which brought him face to face with the abductor. He grabbed the fellow by the shoulder and tore him loose from his now-struggling burden with a wrench which sent him reeling back against the car. The girl lurched as the blanket fell from her. The man who had been driving the car climbed out of it and came running.

And there was borne in upon Aurelius the staggering, the frightful, realization that he had made a fool of himself. Because the girl—no doubt about it—was laughing! She seemed to be trying to tell him something, and so did the white-haired driver. They made such a noise that he couldn't understand them very well. But the one word "joke" told him all he needed.

And it was all he had time for, anyway. Because Gray-Sweater straightened from crashing contact with the radiator and strode toward him. The fellow was in a towering rage.

The girl said quickly, "Bert! Now hold it, Bert! Hold it!" but he cut her short. A growl came from him, and then, "Nah then, Boko, keep it outer other people's business, can't yer?"

With the speech his right hand shot forward and a thumb and finger clamped themselves over Aurelius' nostrils and twisted painfully.

To beginning students in psychology seeking an example of "conditioned reflex," the result of this action would have been illuminating, especially if they had studied the purgatorial history of Aurelius Brown's school days.

For Aurelius' whole body tensed, his eyes blazing with a feral, blue-hot light. And his right hand, bunched into a ham-like fist, cut a short, swift arc in the still air and came into explosive contact with his tormentor's face.

The sound of the blow was like three pounds of steak being slapped down on a butcher's block. Its recipient swayed, buckled at the knees and fell as a tree falls. He didn't move, and Aurelius, the flame of instinctive wrath dying to bitter ash, regarded the limp figure in dismay.

"Oh, dear!" said Aurelius Brown.

The girl and the white-haired man knelt by the burly body, the girl raising its head and the man rubbing at the back of its neck. They didn't speak, but kept looking up at Aurelius in a peculiar sort of bewilderment.

Gray-Sweater's eyes opened, stared cloudily for a moment and cleared. He sat up. He started to speak, but his face contorted in pain and he put a hand up to a rapidly swelling jaw. The white-haired man felt at it, and then looked at the girl and said, "Seems like it might be dislocated!"

Gray-Sweater climbed to his feet, and the girl said, "Better get him to a doctor," and Aurelius stammered, "I—I am most sorry. I—I wasn't aware I was striking so forcibly!"

The girl's gray eyes stabbed him through, and forgot him. The white-haired man opened the car door and the girl shepherded Gray-Sweater into it and climbed in beside him. The white-haired man came back to Aurelius with quick little steps, like a fighting cock.

"Nameunaddress!" he barked.

"Oh, my n-name—and address ——" stuttered Aurelius. "Oh, of c-course." He fumbled in pockets and found paper and pencil and began to write.

The white-haired man watched him belligerently. "Don't go thinkin' you'll get away with this!" he said, and snatched the paper from Aurelius' hand. "Takin' the bread outta people's mouths!" he said, and pranced back to the car and jumped behind the wheel.

The engine started and the car shot away, spraying Aurelius with a cloud of dun-gray dust.

He stared miserably after it. "Oh, dear!" he said. "Oh, dear me!"

He spent the rest of the day in apprehensive misery, mostly in the small room—upper back—he had rented in Mrs. Bixby's boardinghouse in Irving. At one o'clock he went out for a cup of coffee and a sandwich he couldn't taste. At two he started to unpack. From three onward, he brooded.

Six o'clock came—and he had to get ready to visit the dean's house in answer to the inescapable invitation that he should "Drop by about seven for a meal; nothing formal, you know, just a Sunday-evening pickup affair."

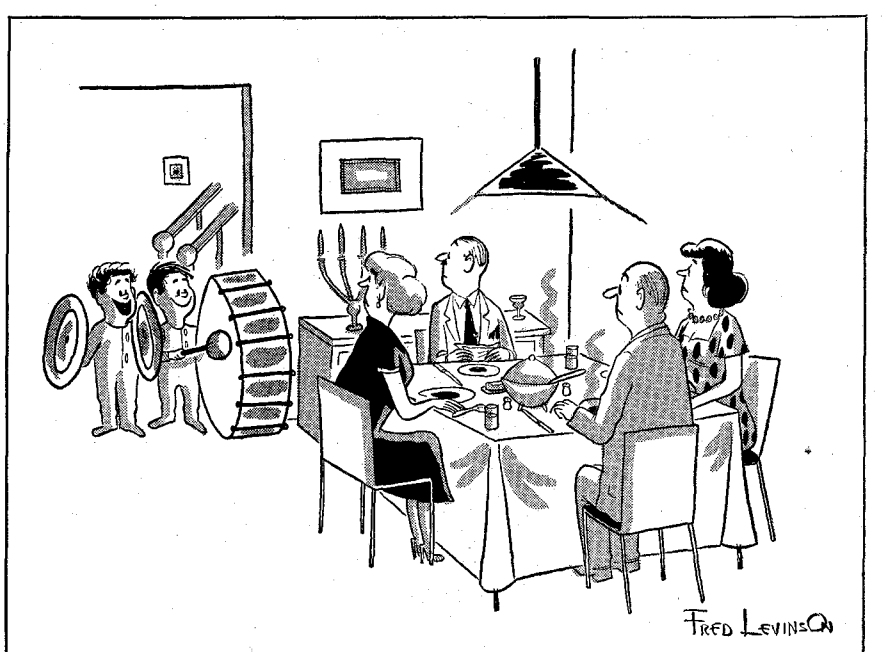
He shaved, trying not to look at his nose, the cause of all the trouble; trying to ignore the prophetic headlines which insisted on unrolling behind his eyes—COLLEGE PROFESSOR IN BRAWL. FACULTY MEMBER SUED FOR BATTERY. THE FIGHTING PH.D.

He groaned aloud and began dressing, and was faced with another reminder in the shape of the dark suit. It was torn and stained, and he bundled it away and had to resort to gray-flannel slacks and a tweed jacket, noticeably ancient.

The dean's ivy-covered house made him feel shabbier—and somehow guiltier—than ever. And when he was shown into a comfortable room inhabited by several comfortable people, he felt all the more uncomfortable himself, because he couldn't help wondering how they'd be treating him if they knew. His only solace came from the senior history professor, whose shabbiness more than matched his own, and the fact that even the dean wore flannel slacks and a tweed coat—a coat, incidentally, which was loudly and heartily checkered.

He found himself with a glass of sherry in one hand and a sardine in the other. He was miserably juggling them when he was taken under the maternal wing of his hostess, a large and determined woman who seemed to regard the dean as a pampered child, and was—it became clearer and clearer as the evening

(Continued on Page 53)



"How about some dinner music?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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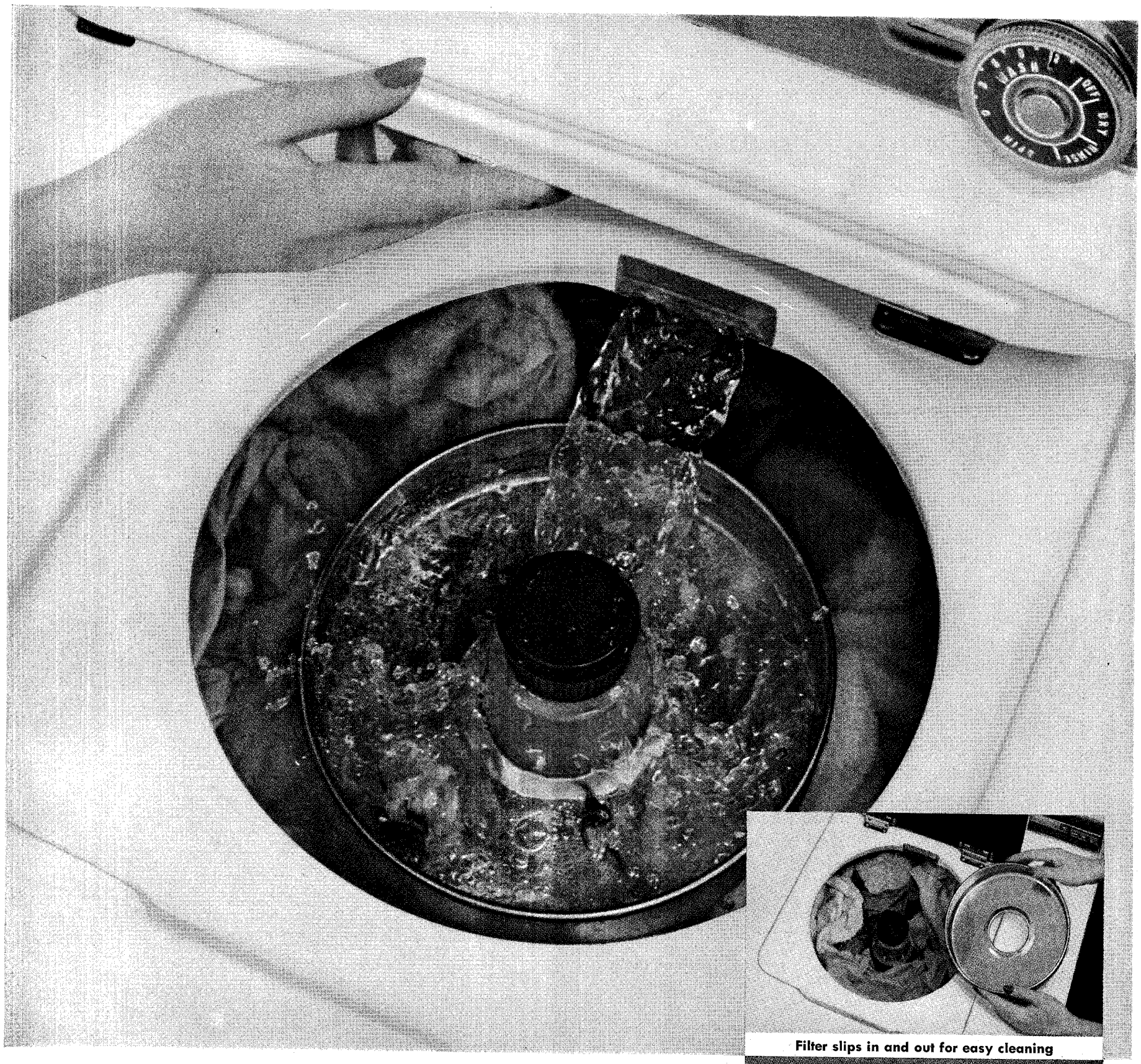


Filter slips in and out for easy cleaning

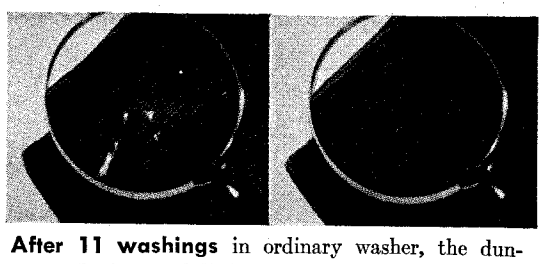
NEW 1956 G-E FILTER-FLO WASHER GIVES YOU CLEANER BRIGHTER CLOTHES—NO LINT FUZZ

General Electric's new Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans wash water . . . removes lint, sand and soap scum.

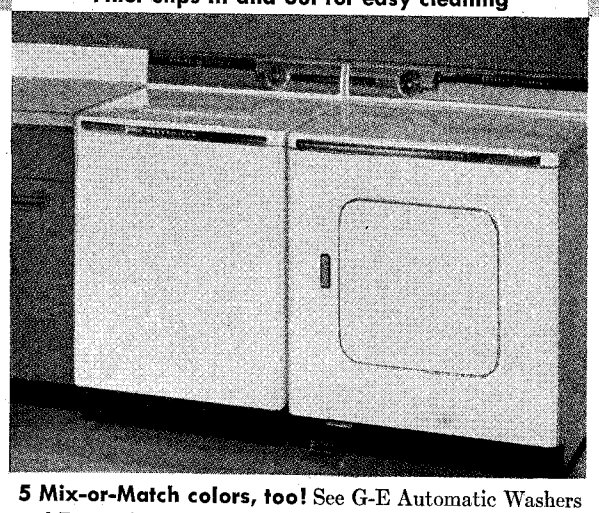
As you wash, this G-E Washer circulates and filters the water at the rate of six gallons a minute. Sand settles out the bottom. Soap scum floats away. Lint is trapped in the removable filter which lets only cleansed sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

With 50% more clothes capacity than many automatics, it's today's best buy. About $2.90* weekly. General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

**See your dealer for his prices and terms*



After 11 washings in ordinary washer, the dungarees (left) were dulled by lint. After 11 washings the G-E Filter-Flo way, an identical pair showed no lint.



5 Mix-or-Match colors, too! See G-E Automatic Washers and Dryers in canary yellow (shown), turquoise green, petal pink, cadet blue, woodtone brown. Also white.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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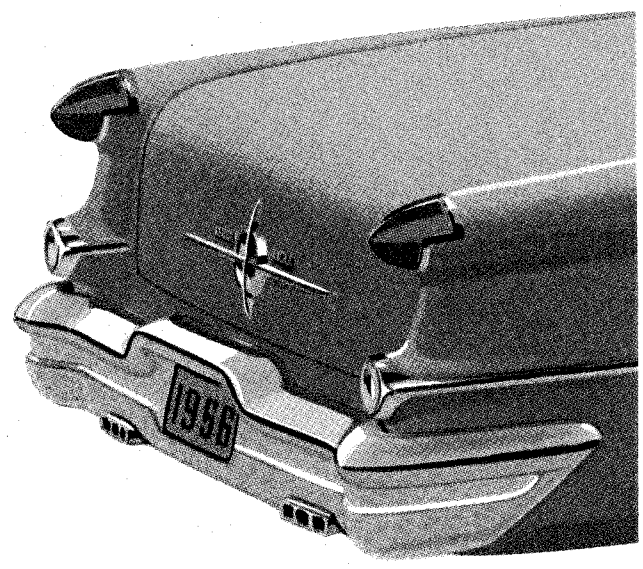
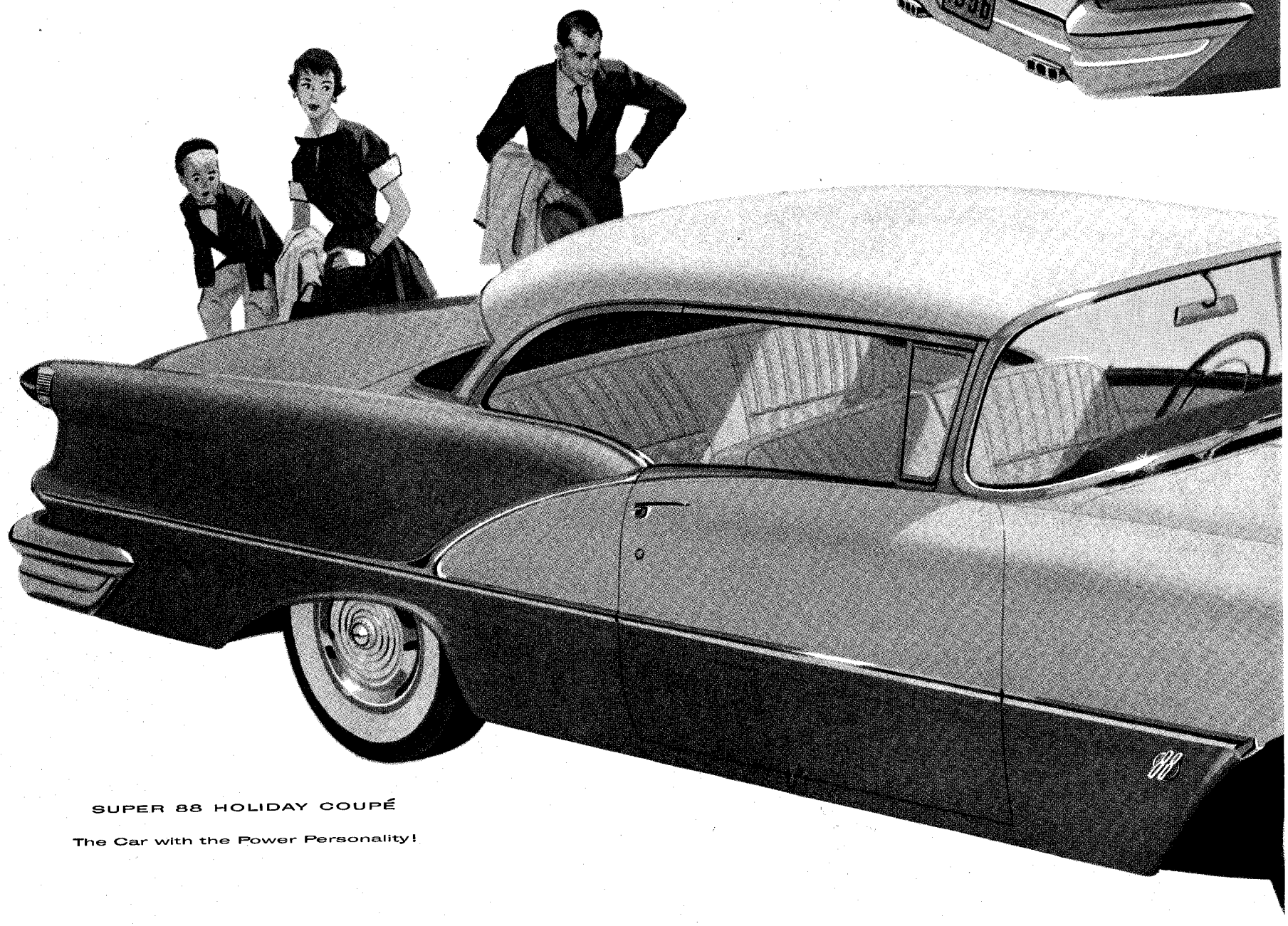
Oh-h-h! THOSE '56 OLDSMOBILES!





SUPER 88 HOLIDAY COUPÉ

The Car with the Power Personality!

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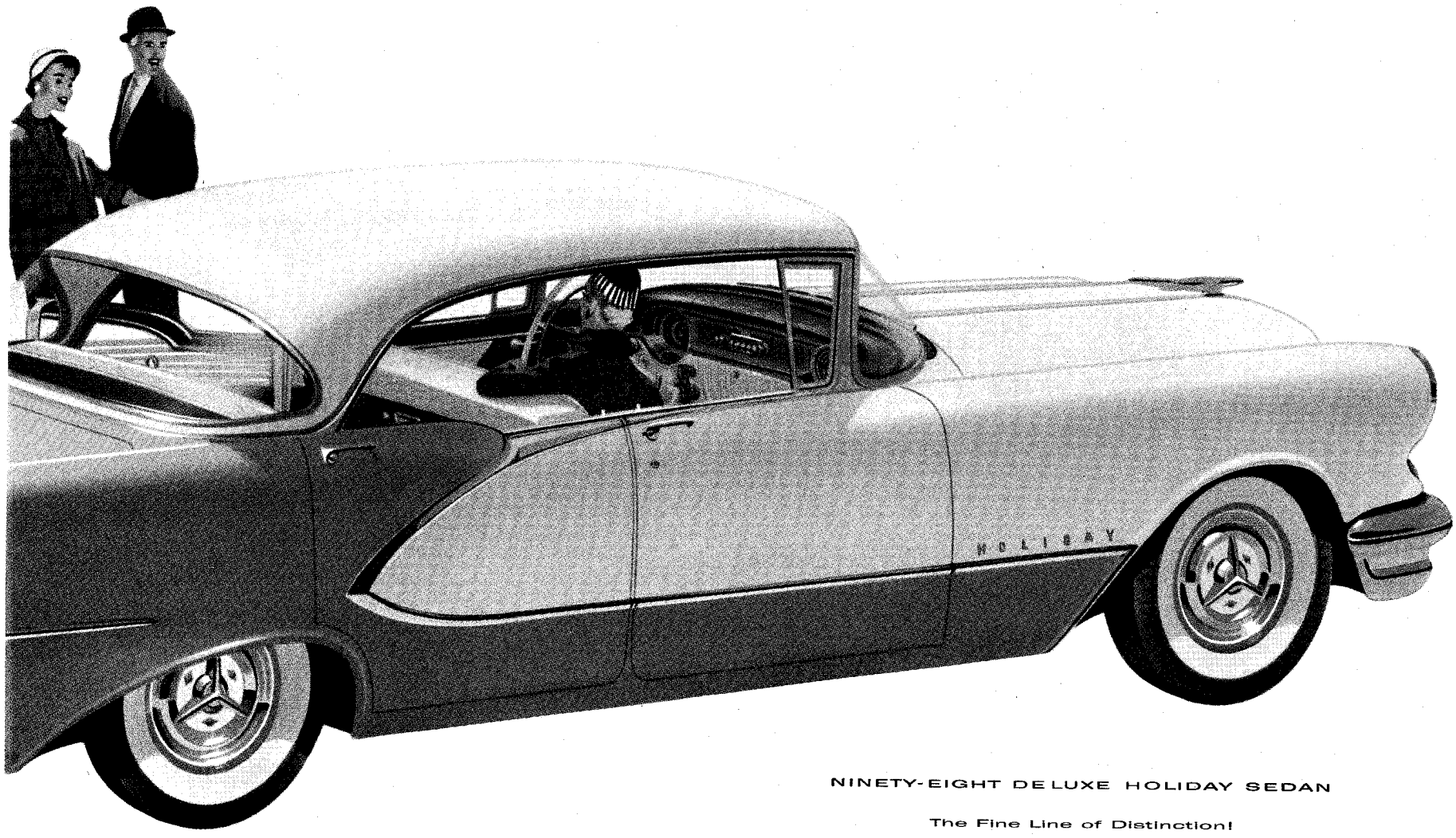
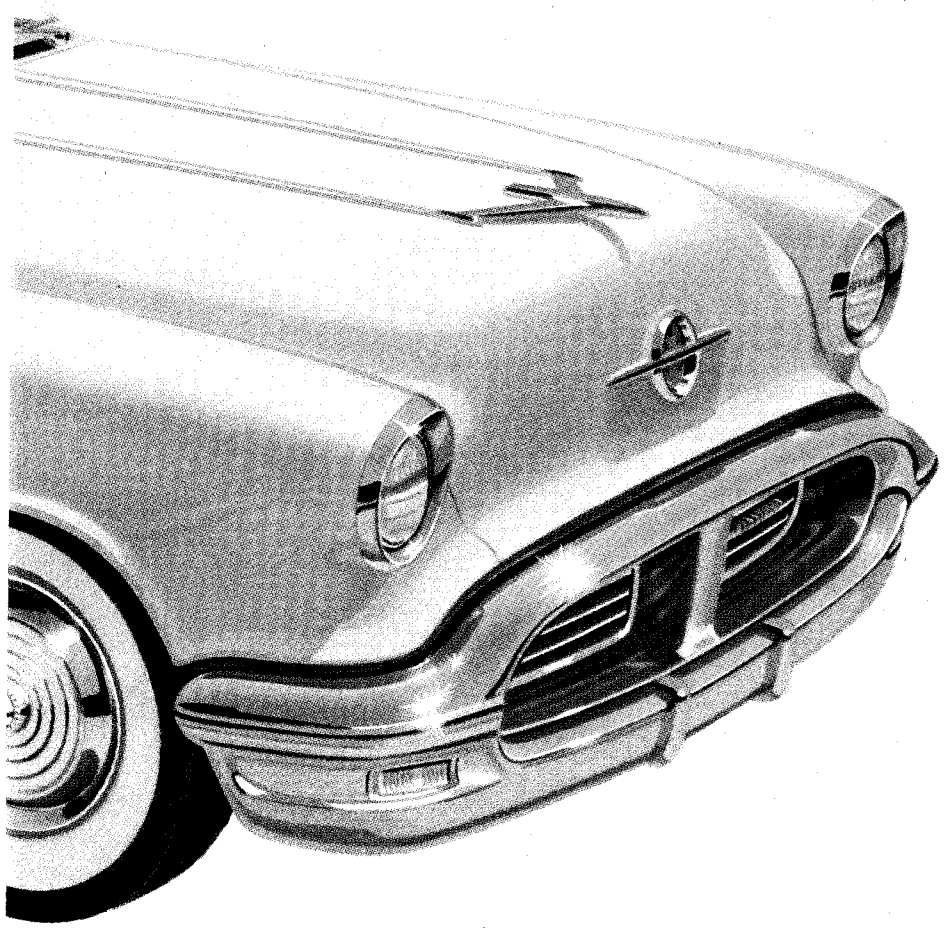


NINETY-EIGHT DELUXE HOLIDAY SEDAN

The Fine Line of Distinction!



Suddenly it happens! Suddenly a new car flashes into the scene to capture America's heart! *This is it!*

This is Oldsmobile for '56, a daring, dazzling Oldsmobile—*brilliantly new from every point of view!*

New . . . with inspired Starfire Styling—fresh, radiant beauty that is Oldsmobile's alone! *New* . . . with revolutionary Jetaway Hydra-Matic for liquid-smooth, lightning action-a new concept in smoothness and performance! *New* . . . with Rocket T-350—a Rocket to top all Rockets in torque, compression, horsepower action! Come see America's future favorites! And come see the magnificent new Oldsmobiles for 1956!

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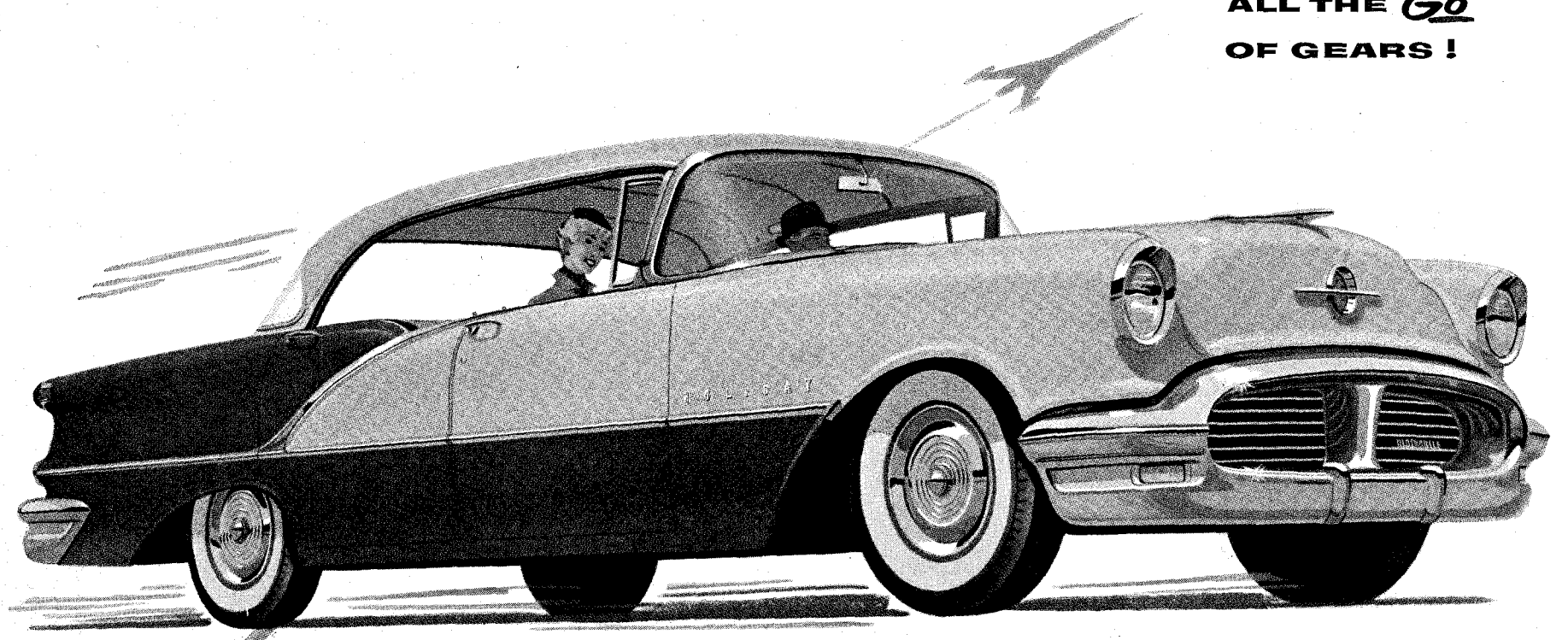
Oh-h-h! those '56 OLDSMOBILES!

with new *Jetaway*

HYDRA-MATIC

ALL THE *Flow*
OF FLUID . . .
ALL THE *Go*
OF GEARS!



1956 SUPER 88 HOLIDAY SEDAN

Paired with the Rocket T-350 for the smoothest action ever!

Liquid-smooth and lightning-quick! Oldsmobile's new Jetaway Hydra-Matic gives you the flashing action of "going" gears plus the velvet smoothness of *two* fluid couplings. The result is almost an air-borne feeling—quiet, swift and incredibly smooth. In fact, the dazzling new Oldsmobile will outperform, outgo, outstrip any "Rocket" model before it . . . *by far!* And in appearance, the new Olds is a standout, too. With inspired new Starfire Styling—bold new airfoil grille—sweeping new body lines—a *daring*, *different* look from every angle! See the cars that are out ahead to *stay ahead* . . . Rocket Oldsmobiles for '56!

OLDSMOBILE

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(Continued from Page 48) wore on—delighted with Aurelius' earnest lack of worldliness.

She reminded him irresistibly of his Aunt Martha, and he would have basked in her protective aura if it hadn't been for the fears which kept thrusting themselves into the front of his mind. But the dinner was good, and he actually drank with it a glass of wine. And the fears grew dimmer and mistier. Until, after the meal, he found himself telling Mrs. Dean that he was not, he regretted, fond of athletics.

She beamed on him and, deploring the modern tendency toward violent sport, proceeded to relate shocking details concerning a young and recent professor of English literature. So devoted had this unprincipled youth been to "the so-called sport of fisticuffs" that he carried his passion beyond the confines of the gymnasium, and "actually—actually, Mr. Brown!—became involved in a—a public fracas in the village here! Of course, he didn't stay with us very long after that, but wasn't it disgraceful?"

And that was the end of the evening for Aurelius. Terror crowded back, reinforced, and all he wanted to do was to get away.

He got away, in fair shape. The dean himself saw him to the door, the checkered jacket vivid under the hallway light, and the dean waved him a cheery good night.

He managed to wave back, and set off on the half-mile walk with a sinking heart which was justified the moment he let himself into Mrs. Bixby's. For Mrs. Bixby met him in the hall and said, "Surprise, Mr. Brown. You have visitors!"

> The trouble with some arguments that have two sides is that they have no end.
>
> CY N. PEACE

Aurelius swallowed. "Visitors?"

"They're in your room. Your uncle and your sister, Mr. Brown. What a charming young lady!"

Twenty-four hours earlier, Aurelius would have told her that neither of these relationships existed in his family tree. But now he just swallowed again, and ran up the stairs.

The girl was in his one chair, the man with white hair on the edge of his bed. Neither of them moved when he came in. They just sat looking at him.

Aurelius gave them a ghastly smile. He said, "I—I —— You wanted to see me?"

The girl didn't speak. Her gray eyes were studying him.

The white-haired man said, "Yeah."

Aurelius said, "How—how is ——" and stopped. He wanted to sit down, but there wasn't any place. He leaned back against the door.

"If you're askin' about Bert Widgeon," said the white-haired man, "he ain't so good." He looked at the girl.

The girl said, "His jaw's broken. Double fracture."

Aurelius felt as if he were choking. He said, "I—I'm awfully sorry. Is there—anything I—I can do?"

"Sure is," said the man. "Pay up."

The girl said, "There's the medical expenses, to start with. Then there's the purse." She looked from Aurelius' bewilderment to the white-haired man. "Show him the paper, Pop."

The white-haired man stood up and held out a newspaper, and Aurelius found himself staring at the sports page of the Steelburgh Herald. He knew dimly that Steelburgh was only a few miles from Irving, but couldn't conceive any connection ——

And then he saw the headline, FIGHTER INJURED—"IRONMAN" WIDGEON TO HOSPITAL—and under it a paragraph which ran:

Bert Widgeon, British heavyweight scheduled for ten rounds against Freeway Joe Mastrami next week at the Achilles Club, was in an accident today ——

"Bert won't be fitta step in a ring f'r three-four months!" The white-haired man pranced the way he had this morning. "So all we wanta know's are you goin' to ante up? Or you wanna go to court? The tab'll be around twenty-five hunnerd."

Aurelius found himself saying, "This is preposterous!" He heard his voice rising and tried to lower it. "I was attacked. I—I was insulted!" His hand started a movement, sternly checked, toward his face.

"Jest a minute—jest a minute! You was not attacked. You come down outta that tree like a bat outta hell an' grab Bert ——"

"O.K., Pop!" said the girl suddenly. "Skip it!"

The white-haired man started to protest, but she cut him short. "I'll take it from here," she said, and stood up and walked him to the door. "See you at the motel," she said, and he was gone.

She closed the door. She said, "Sorry about that. Pop gets sorta carried away, I guess." She smiled at Aurelius, and he saw that she was very, very good to look at. She sat on the edge of the bed, and somehow he found himself in the chair. She said, "Say, what's your name? What's that 'A' for in front of the Brown?"

Aurelius told her. He thought she blinked, but he couldn't be sure. She said, "O.K., Aury; I'm Toni-Mae, and here's the picture. Bert Widgeon's my brother."

"Your brother! You don't sound British!" said Aurelius in surprise.

"I came over here when I was just a kid," she said, "to live with my Aunt Mae. That was after mum died. Bert stayed home with Uncle Fred. They had to sorta split us up." She glanced down for a moment, and Aurelius felt lost without the gray eyes.

But she raised them again. "Well, cut a long story short, Bert goes in the fight game back home. He's a pretty fair heavy, but there's just not enough fights, and he gets no place fast. So he writes me, and I scrape up some dough and contact Pop——"

Aurelius heard himself speak again. It was only one word, but it expressed all the puzzlement he was feeling. "Pop?" he said.

She laughed—a sound which wrought yet further havoc within Aurelius. She said, "Christmas! That old phony isn't my dad! His name's Pop—Pop Costello. He's been managing fighters—and robbin' 'em—since you and me were in didies. My dad was Benny Widgeon, the best English welter ever laced on a glove!" The laughter died out of the gray eyes, but they stayed steady on his. She said, "Well, I get Bert over here, and Pop lines up a pretty fair schedule for him out on the Coast. But it doesn't start till summer, and meantime, this bout in Steelburgh's all there is. And I mean all, brother! No purse for the Widgeons, no eats for the Widgeons. It's that bad, Aury!"

"Oh, dear!" said Aurelius huskily.

"Look, Aury, I know it wasn't your fault. I know we couldn't get a dime outta you if we went to court." She hesitated. "But how's chances of putting the bite on you for a few hundred? I mean like a loan?"

Aurelius said miserably, "I—I haven't any money," and then found himself telling her all about everything—a long story which ended, "And, of course, I won't be receiving any salary until after the semester begins. And that isn't until the fifteenth. And then—well, it isn't very much."

He told her how much, and after a silence, she said, "Oh, well, it was just an idea"—and got to her feet.

Aurelius stood up too. He saw she was tired. He said, "I wish there were something I could do—some way I could help!" so despondently that she managed a smile for him. (Continued on Page 55)

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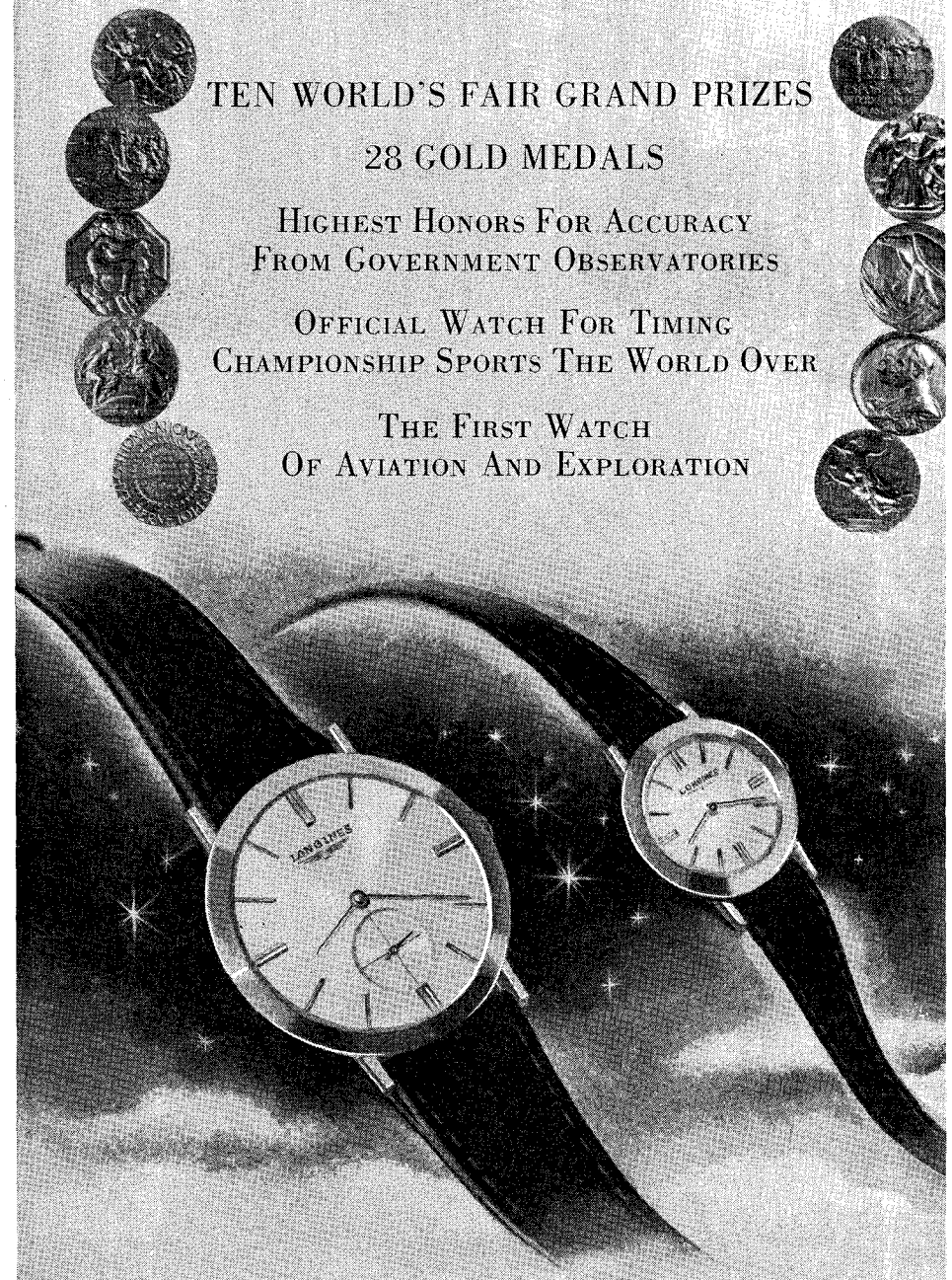

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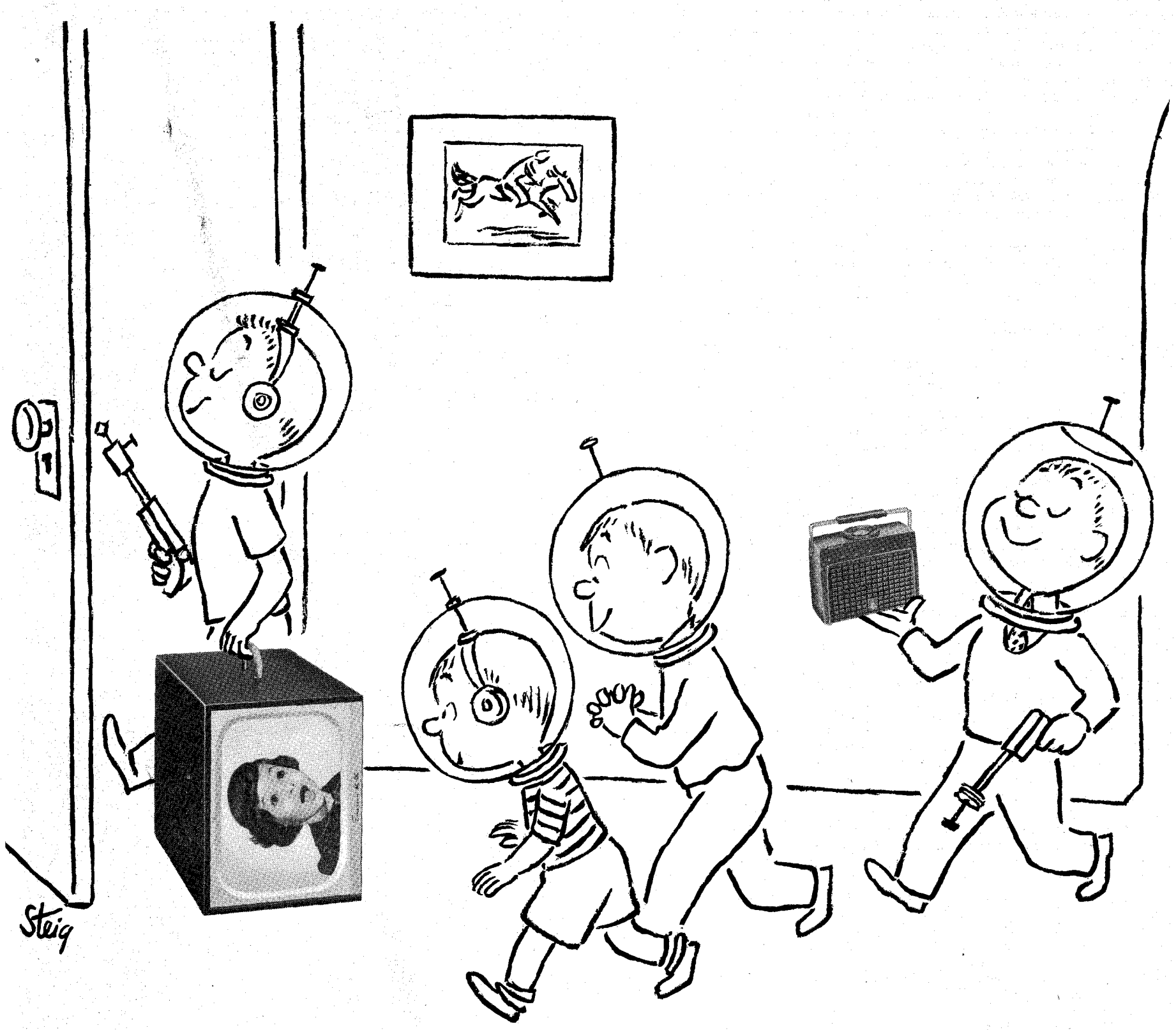

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(Continued from Page 53) She said, "Don't you worry, old-timer; it wasn't your fault."

Aurelius said, "I think it was. I—I was hasty. Far too hasty! If he had done anything but—but what he did ——" He stopped and drew a deep breath. "I am acutely—ah—sensitive about my—my nose," he said.

She gave him another tired smile and went to the door. He started to open it for her, and then said, "I trust that your brother doesn't—doesn't bear any grudge."

She shook her head. "Not Bert! You take away his looks and you gotta real sweet guy there, Aury."

Aurelius said, "He called me something—a name, was it?" It had been worrying him.

The girl said, "Boko. That's limey slang for nose. Like we say 'sniffer,' or 'schnoz.'" She smiled.

"Oh, I see," said Aurelius. He said it very stiffly, and the girl, looking up at him, suddenly raised her arms and put one hand on each side of his face and pulled his head down.

She said softly, "You're crazy. It's sorta cute!"—and, without warning, dropped a kiss on the very tip of the object under discussion.

And when she was gone, Aurelius—a man in a daze—turned slowly back into the room and slowly, automatically, began to get ready for bed; and then, with something of a shock, found himself in pajamas and not wanting to go to bed at all, and sat himself in the chair and stared into space and relapsed into the daydream again.

But this time the dream had variations. He was still in armor, of course, but the lady, instead of flowing robes, wore a gaily patterned slip of silk. And her eyes were gray. And when she raised his visor and kissed him, she kissed him not only upon the lips but upon the main feature of his face as well.

It should have been a very successful dream, but somehow it wasn't. It kept being interfered with by realities—realities which eventually ousted it altogether.

He gave up—and, sighing heavily, was starting toward his bed when he heard a rattle of gravel against his window. Startled, he threw it open, to see the lady herself standing on the grass below, making urgent signals for admission. Torn by conflicting emotions, he pulled on his robe and hurried downstairs. He didn't notice the change in her until she was safely up in the room, but then he saw it, even before she began to speak. The tired look had been replaced by one of vivid excitement.

She said, "Aury, listen! I just had an idea! Terrific! This screwball contract we got—it's a flat five hundred for the bout—then ten per cent of the gate if we stay five rounds! If we win, we get thirty-five, but we don't have to worry about that!" She drew a deep breath and was off again, "And your school doesn't start till the fifteenth—and the bout's on the twelfth! And Steelburgh's twenty miles from here, and nobody'd ever know! So what you say?" She shook his arm.

Before the bewildered Aurelius could answer, she had backed away and was looking him over from head to toe. It made him feel rather like a horse, and he eyed her in astonishment.

He said, "I—I'm afraid I don't understand ——"

She said, "Hold out your arms sideways," and Aurelius found himself obeying. She said, "Brother, that's a reach!" and then stepped close to him and, without any form of warning, smote him hard, with a small hard fist, just below the breastbone.

Subconsciously, he set the muscles to meet the blow, and the gray eyes widened in momentary awe as she dropped her hand with an exclamation.

"Say!" she said, rubbing her knuckles. "You're really in shape!" And then, before he could attempt to organize his swirling thoughts, "Look, Aury, you ever done any boxing? Back in college? Anywhere?"

Aurelius found himself saying, "Well, a very little. It was in high school and ——" He stopped abruptly, his mind taking charge. He stared at her in horrified amazement. "Are you—you couldn't be!—are you suggesting that—that I should *pose* as your brother and ——"

"No, no! You'll be something Pop's been keeping under wraps! From—from Australia, maybe. We'll fix up a name—and a record!"

He gazed at her in deepening, incredulous horror.

Watching his face, she said, "Oh, Aury, it wouldn't be all that bad!" The gray eyes were wide. "And they wouldn't find out, Aury! How would anybody find out?"

"No!" cried Aurelius. "It's utterly impossible! *No!*"

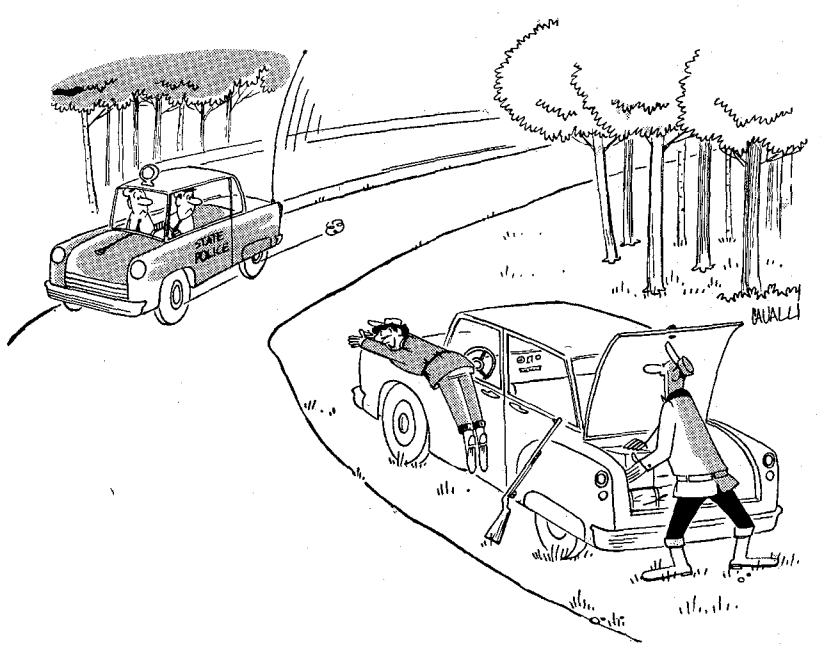
He saw the vividness fade from her face.

"Well, it was just an idea," she said. "To get us off the hook. Silly, I guess."

She turned slowly to the door, and Aurelius stared at her miserably. She faltered. Her shoulders seemed to sag, and then she straightened them, almost angrily. She reached out for the door handle ——"

"Wait!" said Aurelius hoarsely.

That was on the Tuesday night. On Thursday, The Steelburgh Herald sports



"I told you to cut that out!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Your Quaker State sign reminded me to check my oil!"

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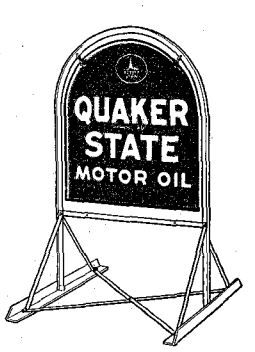

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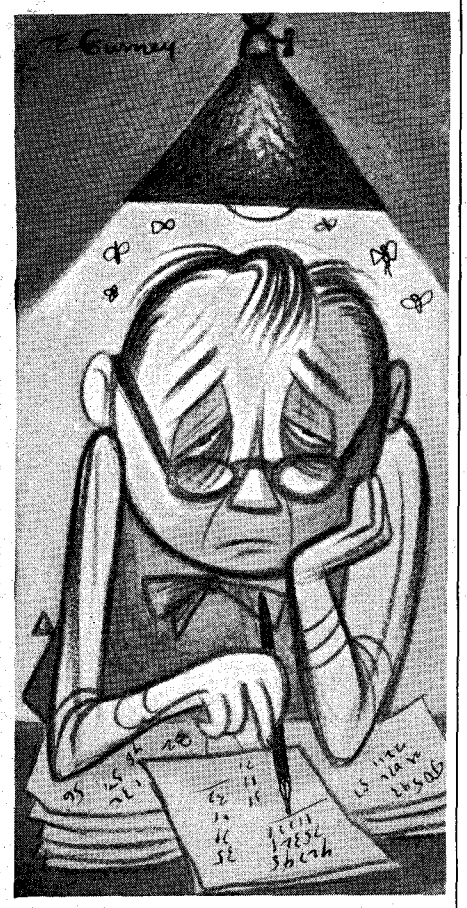

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section carried the news that Britisher Bert Widgeon wouldn't be able to meet Mastrami, but that Promoter Monty Flugel had secured a substitute—another member of Pop Costello's well-known stable—in the shape of the Australian knockout flash, Charlie (Boko) Jackson.

On Friday the Herald's rival, the Clarion, sought out Mr. Costello, who again quoted Jackson's record, and added the titbit of information that at home in Sydney he was called affectionately the Big Boko. Mr. C. would not, however, permit newsmen to talk with or photograph his boy—who, he said, was too busy working up a fighting edge. Bert Widgeon, interviewed later in St. Francis Hospital, couldn't talk, owing to facial injuries sustained in his accident, but, when asked about his stablemate's abilities, obligingly penciled the following message: "Blimey, what a right!"

There was an article in the Sunday paper, too, and, after that, paragraphs every day. None of them, fortunately, reached the eye or ear of Prof. Aurelius Brown, of Washington Irving College, whose nature walks, his landlady noted with concern, seemed to start earlier and earlier, leaving him more and more exhausted at the end of each day.

By the afternoon of Saturday, four hours before the fight, Steelburgh's interest had mounted to unusual heights, and the odds on Mastrami had plummeted, standing at only 5 to 4. But by ten-fifteen that night they had suffered a remarkable reversal, and ringside betters were offering 25 to 1, with no takers. Because now two rounds of the great bout had already been fought, before an audience growing more restive every minute.

In his corner, the Pride of the Antipodes (see program) was doubled up on his stool, gasping in a nightmare. Pop and two other men worked over him feverishly. Though his face was completely unmarked, his torso was a mass of purple-red blotches, and it seemed as if every rib in his body was broken.

The bell sounded, and the men pushed him to his feet, and snatched away his stool, and disappeared through the ropes. And the worst part of the nightmare began to repeat itself. The squat enemy was on him again, evading his flapping blows, weaving closer and closer, resting that jutting chin in the same sore place on his shoulder, pounding away.

The crowd shouted and whistled and catcalled, and someone bellowed, "Wyke up, Orsetrylia!"

Pop Costello, leaning on the apron of the ring, felt a plucking at his arm and found Toni-Mae beside him. She said, "Pop, I can't stand this!"

And he groaned, "Me neither! Thinka my reputation!"

She said, "Your what?" mechanically, and glanced up at the ring and then quickly down again. There were tears in her eyes. She whispered to herself. "Oh, I shouldn't have done it!"

Pop eyed her sourly. "You want I should tell him ta lay down?"

"He wouldn't, and you know it!" she said indignantly, and then, when she'd forced herself to look at the ring again, asked quickly, "You figure Mastrami's *ever* going to shift to the head, Pop?"

"Why would he wanta reach way up there?" Pop said. "He's doin' O.K. downstairs, ain't he?"

The shouting of the crowd changed to a roar. Boko Jackson, doubled up, had slipped and fallen backward through the ropes. The referee waved Mastrami off, and then, as he started to help Jackson disentangle himself, the bell sounded for the end of the round.

Pop was starting to climb into the ring when he heard Toni-Mae's voice in his ear again. "Pop!" She was excited suddenly. "Pop I got an idea! Listen!"

In a haze of pain and exhaustion, the Pride of the Antipodes sank down on his stool, vaguely aware that this time only the two strange men were ministering to him. But then Pop was here, bending over him.

Pop was saying, "You wanta keep this guy outta your ribs, son?"—and he nodded violently. "O.K.," Pop said. "When he dumps his head on ya shoulder thataway, you put your head on toppa his, see? And bear down, see? Get it? Put your head on toppa his—and bear down!"

Which instructions resulted in one of the most astonishing sights ever witnessed in the Achilles Club or, if it comes to that, in any boxing arena anywhere. Because, when the fourth round started in the now-familiar pattern, the Big Boko was seen to fold his long form down over his short opponent's, and then to rest his whole face heavily upon the dark-haired pate. Whereupon, in the subsequent words of the Clarion's reporter, "Mayhem was unleashed in the hempen arena."

For Mastrami, never one to miss an opportunity, backed up and raised his bullet head sharply, bringing the toughest part of his tough skull into violent and nicely accidental-seeming contact with his opponent's nose. . . .

There are ringsiders who will swear to this day that a roar of rage burst from the lips of the Australian flash. Whether this is true or not, there's no possible doubt that some sort of magical metamorphosis did come over him. To quote again from the Clarion:

. . . and Jackson, who had shown us a hundred per cent of nothing up to this moment, really went into action. Instead of backing up and trying to cover, he went berserk, rushing Mastrami and pumping in a stream of leather the like of which this reporter has never seen. Wild though some of the punches were, there was no withstanding them. The end came soon—only a few seconds after the whirlwind flurry had begun. Helpless under the storm of leather, Mastrami dropped his guard and a terrific right caught him on the chin. He fell on his face, and it was all over, bar the shouting, of which, let me tell you, there was plenty.

And there was. It raged around Toni-Mae's head in furious waves of sound. She sat very still, gripping the arms of her chair, staring straight at the ring. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. The referee was still counting, but that didn't matter he could have counted to a hundred ——

A hand was tapping her on the shoulder insistently, and she turned to see a middle-aged man, very dignified, who wore a tweed jacket of quite remarkable checks.

He said, "Excuse me, young lady, but might I have a word with you?"

In the ring, it was no longer the Big Boko, but Aurelius Brown, who looked down at the prone and motionless figure over which the referee was tolling the fatal tenth second; looked down and shook his head in self-reproach.

"Oh, dear!" said Aurelius. "Oh, dear me—dear me!"

And then the beginning of a new kind of nightmare. Men and voices. His gloves pulled off, the Big Boko robe pulled on. A long trip through a sea of faces, all shouting. The bare dressing room again, and men rubbing him painfully all over, and holding him under a shower, and talking.

And then a sort of mad peace as—dressed once more in the slacks and the old tweed coat—he was somehow sitting in a corner, alone with his throbbing face and aching body.

Alone, and trying to relate daydreams to actuality. And failing, because, although he had very definitely done battle for the lady, she wasn't here! In confused misery, he felt that perhaps the dream was better after all.

But when he'd conquered the Oppressor *and* all the churls and men-at-arms, the whole flimsy structure collapsed. Here he was, so to speak, faint from wounds and lying on the so-to-speak sward, and the lady still didn't appear.

He slumped lower in the chair—he hurt less that way—and tipped up the back of his hat until the brim almost rested on his nose. It felt like the visor of a helmet.

And there was a rustle of movement behind him. And a white hand lifted the visor, and soft lips were pressed against his lips, and there was a soft voice ringing in his ears. A voice with sweeter words than any of Sir Thomas Malory's. A voice which murmured, "Aury, Aury, you were sensational, kid!"

He should have stayed in bed all Sunday, because he could hardly move. But he was in love, and had a tryst with his loved one. And so, in the late afternoon, he crawled out of bed and into clothes, and sallied forth, shambling cautiously and not quite erect, but definitely sallying.

And, as on his first day in Irving, he shambled on air. Until, turning into the street by the church, he ran into Disaster. It wore the ominous shape of Mrs. Dean. The dean in tow, she rounded the corner under full sail, and nearly knocked Aurelius over. A groan burst from him, and he clapped a hand to his ribs and, bent over.

Mrs. Dean stared at him in keen-eyed tight-lipped surprise. "Why, Mr. Brown!" she said. "What's the matter? Why are you standing like that? And your nose! Whatever have you been doing with yourself?"

Speechless, all his air castles tumbling about his ears, Aurelius looked wildly around, even upward, in hopeless appeal for help. And it came—from a source which seemed miraculous. From the dean, in fact—today clad soberly in dark blue.

"Ah, these nature lovers!" the dean said jovially. "I heard all about it, Brown!" He looked at Mrs. Dean. "This young man, my dear, is not only an ornithologist, but the best of Samaritans! Restoring a fledgling to its nest, he fell from the tree he had climbed."

Mrs. Dean, now all solicitude, cooed over Aurelius maternally, and the dean looked at him and said, "It was a rare species, wasn't it, Brown? A British bird, I believe—a white-breasted Widgeon, did they say?"

And Aurelius saw the dean's left eyelid flutter unmistakably. THE END

Winter Wheat

By Harvena Conrad Richter

Here is a perplexing thing:
Field of autumn, strip of spring.
Near where stubble lifeless lies,
Shoots of tender green arise.

Such a youthful atmosphere
It gives the gray and aging year
That all November souls *might start*
To clasp an April to their heart!

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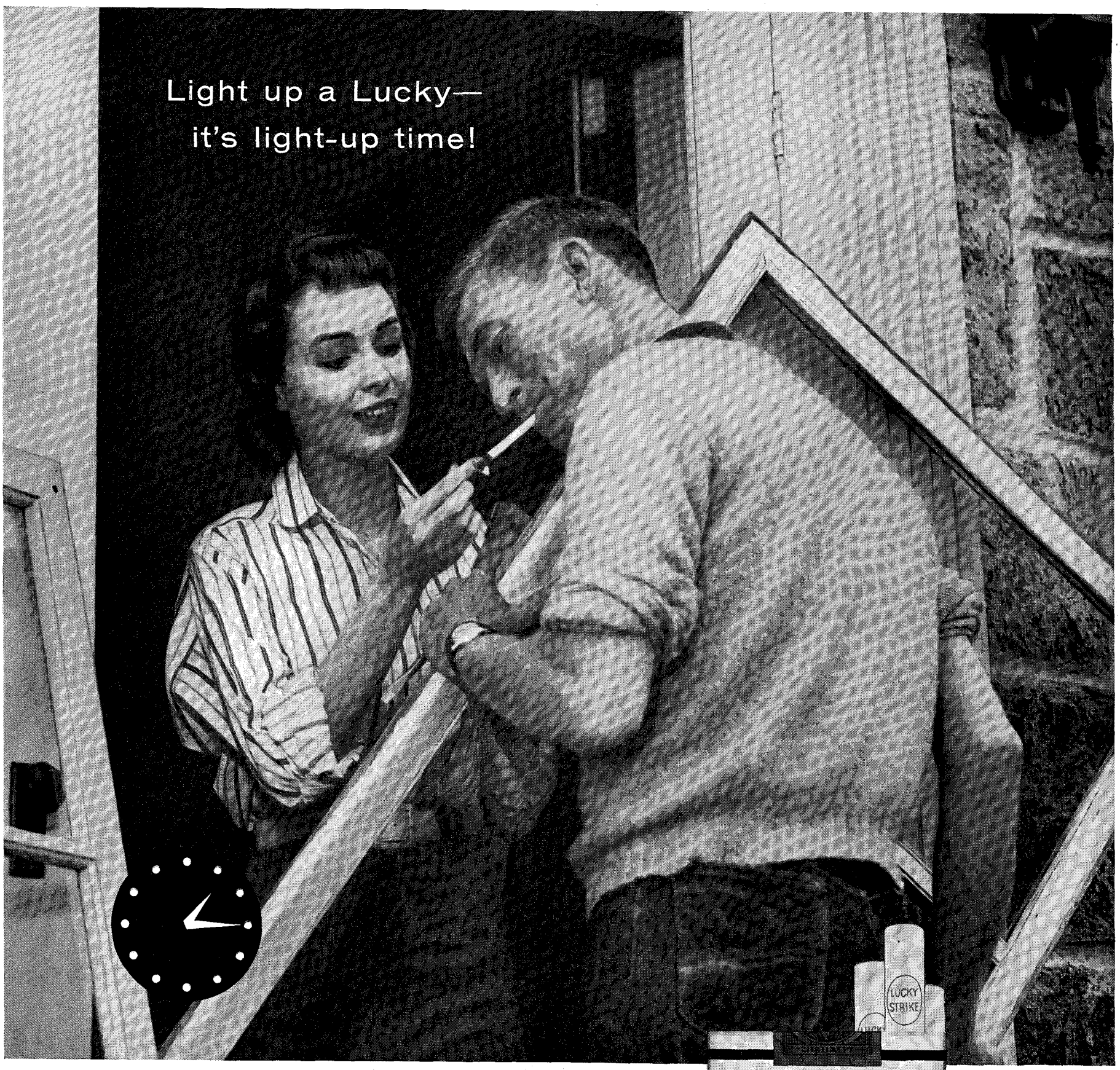

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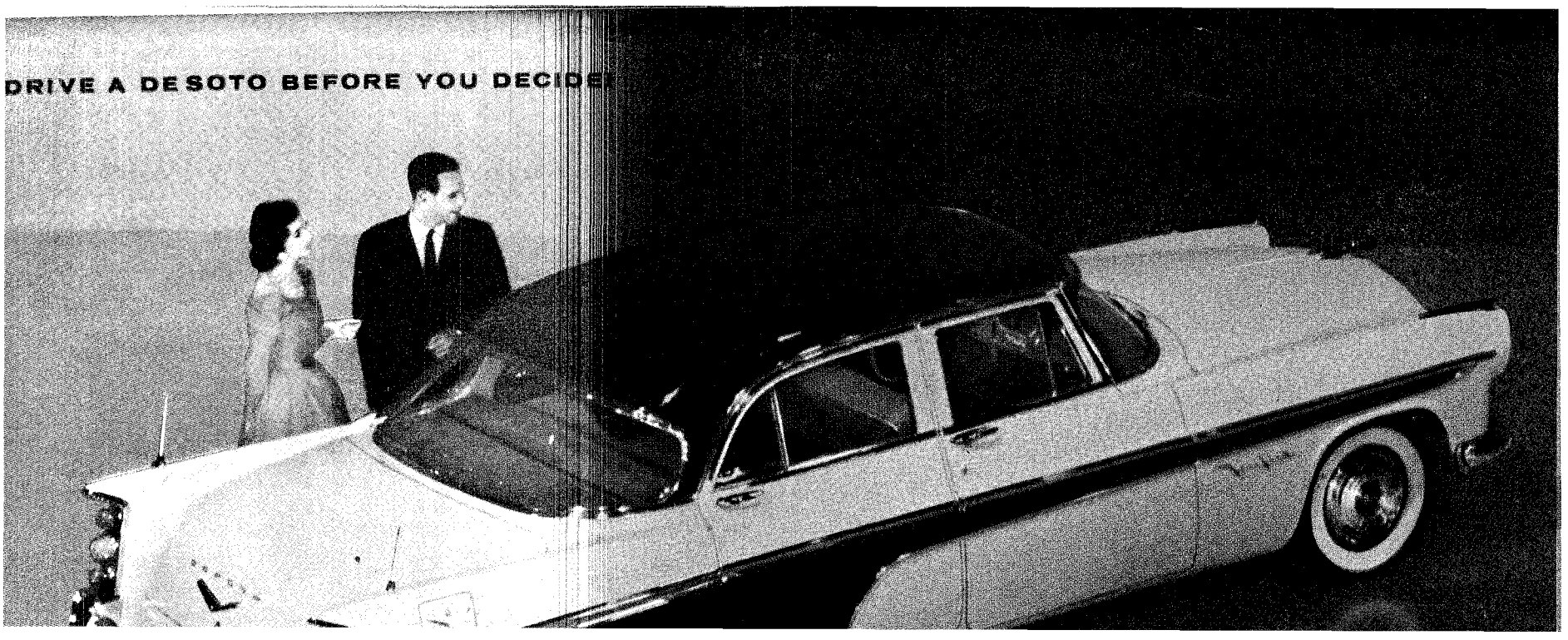

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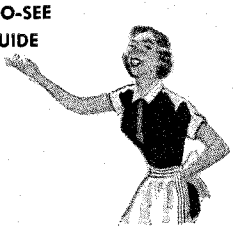

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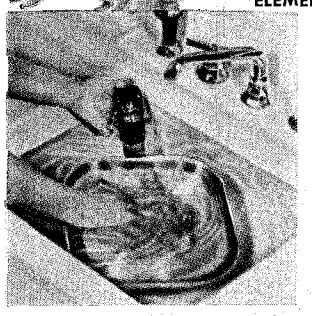

You can immerse the entire pan in water up to the control panel for quick, easy washing.

Your bacon is like this every time in the Sunbeam set at 340°. Looks better—tastes better—every time.

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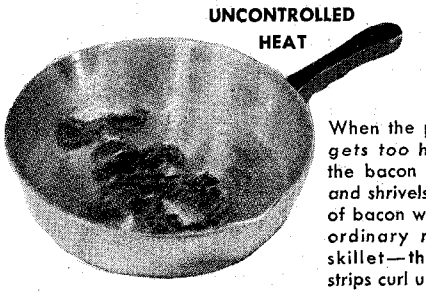

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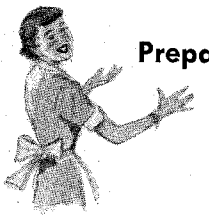

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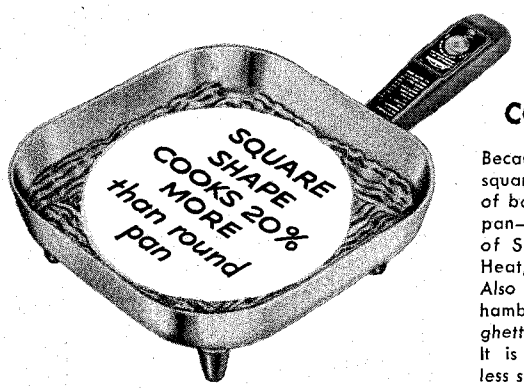

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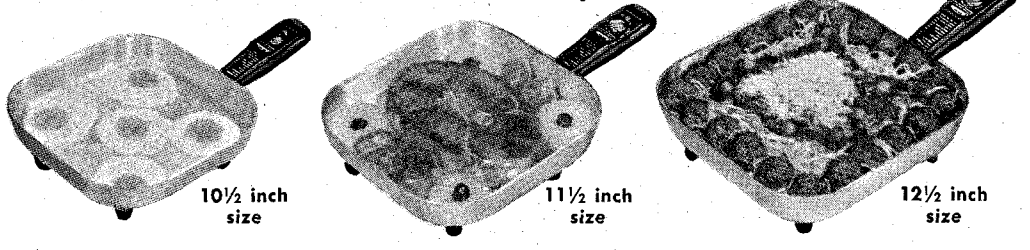

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The Lady Was Off Limits

(Continued from Page 35)

the last time I tabulated the male census hereabouts, I found out that they were all born of woman, made of flesh and blood."

"Oh, I ain't saying that he has to be anything special," said Saticoy. "All he's gotta be is the kind of man that can outdraw, outshoot, outrun, outwrestle, outfight and outlast me in any form of physical encounter that happens to appeal to me at the moment, such as the first man to run out of teeth is a dirty word."

"What if he flunks the test, but still has a taste for apples?" asked Bud Conyears.

"Oh, in that case," said Saticoy, "I merely blow his head off."

"Which, if you ask me," said Billy Feeney, our pony-sized local troublemaker, "the birds can have Ingomar."

So, although Ingomar was the most luscious unpicked Winesap that ever grew in the Buffalo Bend district, no man ventured a try at shaking the Johnson family tree until Willis Verger came along. Shortly after his arrival in town, Willis, not having heard of either Saticoy or Ingomar, rode his pinto pony onto the Johnson property, a small, tow-headed young man with mild blue eyes and the trusting air of a puppy that hasn't as yet discovered tomcats. About a mile from the ranch house, the pinto shied at a rolling tumbleweed, arched his back and sent Willis flying into the air to land some six feet away smack in the middle of a clump of cactus.

Willis was sitting there uncomfortable and contemplative as to what should be his next move, when Ingomar rode up and dismounted. She was attired in a scanty buckskin riding skirt and her legs were bare, excepting for the high-heeled boots that reached to the plump curve of her calves.

"You," she said, standing spraddle-legged and eying Willis disdainfully, "ride a horse like a Plymouth Rock hen trying to hatch doorknobs."

"You," said Willis, staring adoringly at her and speaking with the simple-minded candor of youth, "are as pretty as a bed of violets growing in a spring pasture."

"I bet," said Ingomar, "I could outride you, bareback, sidesaddle and without a halter."

"You," said Willis, continuing to stare at her, "should see how the sunlight's playing in your hair, like heat lightning in a dark cloud."

"I bet," said Ingomar, blushing a little, "I can give you a ten-foot head start and beat you to that cottonwood tree, on one leg and with my hands tied behind my back."

"Your voice," said Willis, getting up and walking painfully toward her, "is what cold water tumbling over mossy rocks would sound like to a man dying of thirst on a desert. I," he added, "never could run very fast."

"How," asked Ingomar, "about spitting for distance?" But there was no real challenge in her voice. It had taken on a softer, almost caressing quality.

"Will you," asked Willis impulsively, "kiss me?"

"Sure," she said. Then she gave him a gentle shove. "But first lie down and roll over, and I'll see can I get some of those cactus spines outta your hide."

A week later, Saticoy Johnson came into the Chinaman's Chance and up to the bar and stood beside Billy Feeney.

Billy scrutinized him carefully. "You," he said finally, "don't look like you'd been in any fight."

"Considering the scarcity of he-men hereabouts," said Saticoy arrogantly, "what makes you think I've been in a fight?"

"It's strange that you ain't been," said Billy, shaking his head, "in view of what you said you'd do to the guy that took liberties with Ingomar."

"What," asked Saticoy dangerously, "do you mean by that?"

"What I mean," said Billy maliciously, "is that somebody's been raiding your orchard, Saticoy. Didn't you know that?"

Saticoy rumbled like a volcano, grabbed Billy by the shirt front with one hand and lifted him to eye level. "Who," he demanded, shaking Billy savagely, "is the man?"

"Which his name's Willis Verger and he's keeping books down by Pott Barr's livery stable!" chattered Billy. "Please let me down, Saticoy! I can't stand high altitudes!"

Lava started to boil and splash and bubble in the deep caverns of Saticoy and the smell of brimstone emanated from his nostrils, and finally he erupted, throwing Billy some twenty feet through the air and shattering a wall on the opposite side of the saloon.

Billy picked himself up and started feeling himself for splinters, and he glanced over just as Willis Verger came through the swinging doors.

"In case you don't believe me, Saticoy," Billy yelled, pointing toward Willis, "there he is, acoming in to confront you face to face!"

"Where?" demanded Saticoy, looking about six feet above Willis' head.

"Right down there!" screamed Billy. "About my size and with the cold-blooded look of the born killer in his eyes!"

Saticoy lowered his gaze a foot at a time and finally dropped down to Willis' level. Willis came toward the bar unconcernedly, entirely unaware of the excitement he was creating.

"I'll have a small beer," he said to Montana Martin, who was serving.

Saticoy stared at Willis and then at Billy. "Are you claiming that this little bitty bunny of a brush rabbit's been a-taking liberties of my sister?" he demanded. Then he turned back to Willis. "Of course, you ain't," he said indulgently.

"Ain't what?" asked Willis.

"Been taking liberties of my sister," said Saticoy. Then he looked closer at Willis. "You ain't, have you?" he asked.

Willis glanced up at Saticoy and shuddered. "Not if she looks anything like you, I ain't," he said. "Meaning no offense, of course," he added politely.

"What do you call sitting on a rock underneath a cottonwood and kissing a girl in the face, if it ain't taking liberties with her, you liar?" demanded Billy Feeney, coming closer.

Willis' look was one of shock and incredulity. He stared, horrified, at Saticoy and then turned to Billy. "Do you mean," he gasped, "that that lovely child, my Ingomar, is even a distant relative of this great big ugly man?" Then he studied Saticoy and the truth began to dawn upon him. "I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings," he said, "but you are ugly, you know."

"Which, seeing's you might not have much longer to live," said Saticoy with deceptive calm, "I freely forgive you for your inimical attitude toward my physical appearance. But," he added, "before I do something I might later regret, I'd like to make sure my ears ain't been deceiving me. Did I hear you refer to my sister as your Ingomar—kinda casually and possessively, as if she was something you'd already put your brand on?"

"If she is your sister, yes," said Willis, still clinging to a forlorn hope to the contrary. "But not in the tone of voice of putting my brand on her. I have the honor to love Ingomar and the double honor of having her love me, and I intend to marry her at the earliest ——" Then he stared apprehensively at Saticoy. "What do you mean, saying I might not have long to live?" he inquired.

"Don't worry," said Billy Feeney, licking his lips in anticipation. "We always bury Saticoy's victims in style, after which there's a barbecue and athletic contests for young and old."

As the rest of us withdrew to a safe distance, Saticoy stepped back and his hands fell to his sides. "So's not to disappoint these fun-loving gourmets," he said, and his voice was

(Continued on Page 64)

The Perfect Squelch

The small, bespectacled clerk had hardly got on the elevator at the twentieth floor when a large, buxom woman bustled in. He stepped politely back. At the next floor more people got on and the woman backed suddenly toward the clerk. He had a narrow escape from having his toes mashed by her heavily laden heels.

As the elevator filled, the woman pressed the poor man against the rear of the elevator, so that he scarcely dared to take a deep breath. His mild "Please, lady," went ignored.

Once more the elevator paused to admit passengers. The big woman shifted heavily, as if ready to move backward again.

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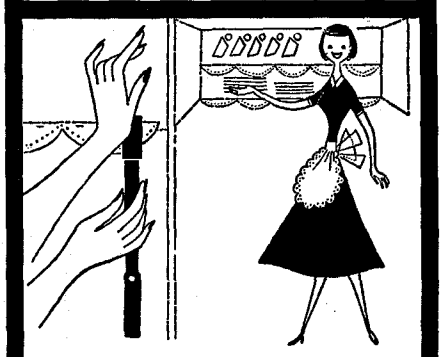

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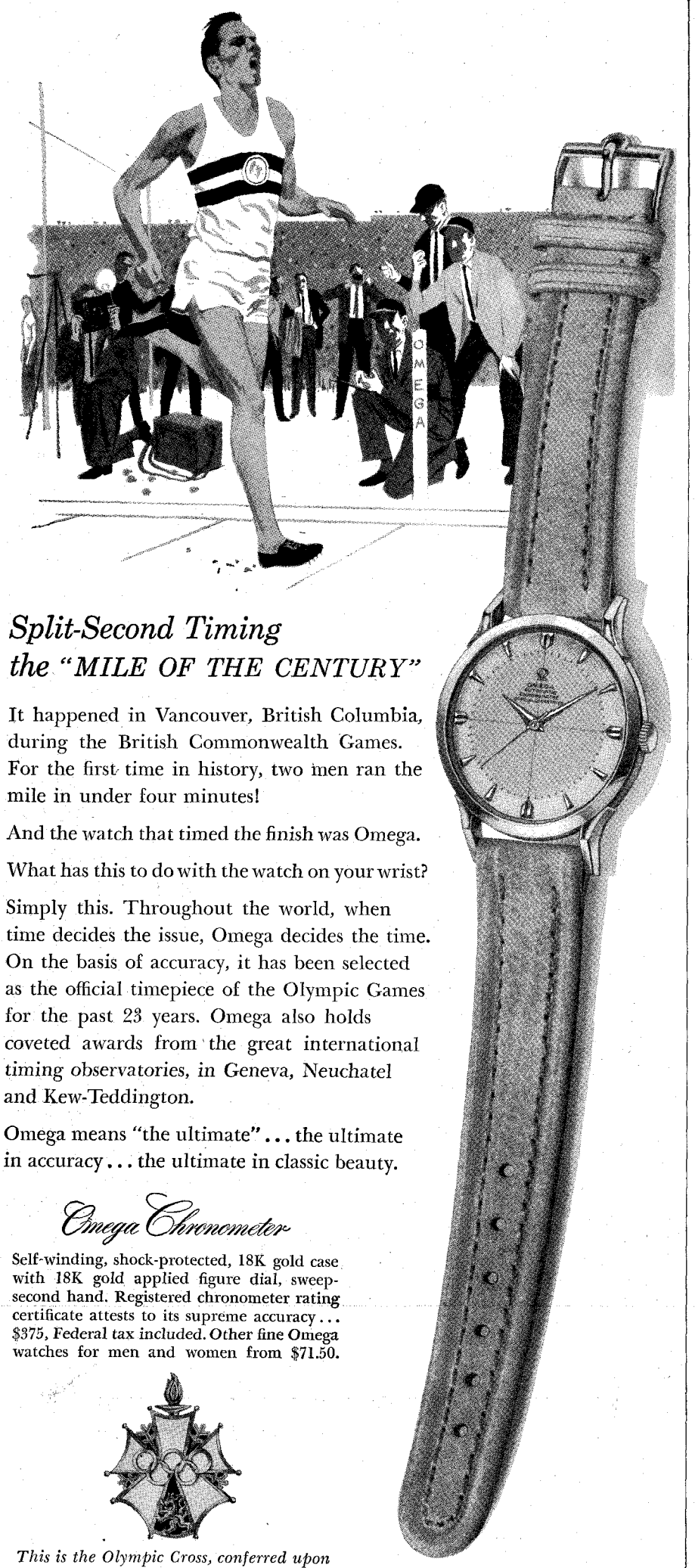

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THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

(Continued from Page 61)

as cold as wind blowing out of a tomb, "will you kindly draw, sir?"

"Me?" gulped Willis. "Draw?"

"Yes, you," said Saticoy impatiently.

"Draw what?" asked Willis.

Then Saticoy bent over and peered incredulously at Willis. "What kind of man are you, arunning around in public half naked—without your six gun?"

"I," said Willis, "haven't got a six gun."

Billy Feeney hastily unstrapped his gun belt and held it out to Willis. "In which case you can borrow mine," he said generously. "Here, put it on."

"No," said Willis decisively.

"Why not?" demanded Billy.

"If I do," said Willis, "this great big ugly man'll shoot me."

Montana Martin leaned over the bar and laughed in the great big ugly man's face. "So what are you going to do about it, Saticoy?" she asked. "You wouldn't kill an unarmed man, would you?"

"No," said Saticoy ominously, "but there's nothing to stop me from breaking both his arms and legs and cracking his ribs and pulling his teeth out one by one, and then ——"

As he advanced toward Willis, Pott Barr, the livery-stable proprietor, stepped in front of him. "I'll stop you," he said. "I mean," he added hastily as he looked around for help, "me and the rest of the boys. Bookkeepers are hard to come by, Saticoy, and I ain't gonna let you spoil mine in no unequal contest."

Bart McCormack, Bud Conyears and several other big men formed a circle about Saticoy. "Which," said Bart, "we will aim to back Pott's hand, Saticoy. Not," he went on, glancing contemptuously at Willis, "that we hold with any Jasper that ain't man enough to pack a six gun for self-protection, but you ain't gonna murder a defenseless man in cold blood, even if he is a lily-livered coward."

And Saticoy, realizing that he might be able to outshoot two or three of us, but that the rest of us would eventually get him, rumbled and seethed with rage. "He's been ataking liberties of my sister without my permission," he declared. "I got my rights." Then he turned to Willis. "I'll make you fight," he said, "or else I'll run you outta town. I'll do things to you that even a coward won't stand for. Every time we meet, I'll spit on you, I'll tromp on your toes and pull your nose and spill my liquor on your hat. And, if you still won't fight, what will Ingomar think of you then?"

This last remark seemed to disturb Willis, but he stood stanchly by his lack of guns. "I," he said, "don't think Ingomar would want for me to hurt you." And then he walked out of the place with as much dignity as a small man can muster when he knows he's being followed by the contemptuous gaze of a saloonful of people.

The next day Ingomar managed to escape Saticoy's surveillance by climbing out a window of the ranch house, and she met Willis beneath the cottonwood tree.

"My brother means well," she said, "but he's awfully uncontrolled and intemperate, Willis. That's why I didn't tell you about him. I thought I'd sort of let you both find out about each other by easy stages, but now that he knows about us, what'll we do?"

"Saticoy," said Willis gloomily, "is plumb hell-bent on one of us getting killed—preferably me—and, no matter how it turned out, I don't think it'd make you very happy."

"That's right," sighed Ingomar; "I love you both." She pondered for a moment. "Saticoy isn't very fast with a gun," she said finally. "Maybe if you practiced, you might be able to beat him to the draw and shoot him a little bit—not fatally—just enough to make him respect you."

"When I was a kid," said Willis, "I saw my father meet another man in the middle of the street, and the other man was faster on the draw and he killed my father. I can't help it, Ingomar, but ever since then I've been scared to death of guns. I can't stand even to touch one."

"How," asked Ingomar, "about a knife? Maybe you could just cut Saticoy up a little bit."

"That's what my brother used to kill the man that killed my father with—a knife," said Willis. "I saw that, too, and ever since then I've felt the same way about knives as I do about guns."

"Did you," asked Ingomar, "ever see anyone killed in a fist fight, Willis? Maybe, if I trained you, you could outbox Saticoy and beat him up a little bit." Then she stared at him and shook her head dejectedly. "No," she said, "that wouldn't work. I don't think you could lick even me with your fists, darling."

"Neither do I," admitted Willis.

Then Ingomar put her arms around Willis and kissed him and reassured him. "Don't worry, darling," she said soothingly, "I won't let him hurt you. If the worst comes to the worst, I can beat Saticoy to the draw the best day he ever lived."

On his way home, Willis' pinto pony shied at a rattlesnake and threw him into another cactus patch. Before he could get to his feet, Saticoy Johnson rode up with two of his cow hands. While the cow hands lassoed Willis, dragged him out of the cactus and then roped him hand and foot, Saticoy sat on his horse and shot the rattlesnake. As alarmed as he was at his predicament, Willis could not help but notice the peculiar expression on Saticoy's face as he pumped bullet after bullet into the already dead serpent. After he'd emptied two revolvers, Saticoy joined the others, and they threw Willis across a saddle and took him to an abandoned cabin and began to strip the clothes off him.

An hour later, Saticoy lounged in front of the Chinaman's Chance, behaving as nonchalant and innocent as if nothing had happened. Then, accompanied by yells and hoots and waves of derisive laughter, Willis Verger came riding down the street, wearing a Mother Hubbard dress. As the laughter increased and small boys started throwing pebbles at him, Willis rode up to where Saticoy stood with a complacent grin on his face. Willis' features were drawn and white and there was the wild look in his eye of a man who had been goaded beyond endurance, but he spoke quietly.

"Even though you and those others stole my clothes," he said, "I suppose I ought to thank you for at least leaving me this dress to wear, and I guess maybe I owe you something in return. I'm going to let you have your way, Saticoy. I've decided to fight you."

"When?" asked Saticoy eagerly. "Where? What with?"

"Inside the Chinaman's Chance," said Willis. "At noon tomorrow. Seeing's I'm the challenged party, I've got the right to choose the weapons. I'll bring them with me."

Most of the population of Buffalo Bend was crowded into the Chinaman's Chance at noon the next day. Saticoy exuberant and confident, was pacing the cleared space in the center of the room when the swinging doors

(Continued on Page 66)

Matrimony is a process by which a grocer acquires an account the florist had.

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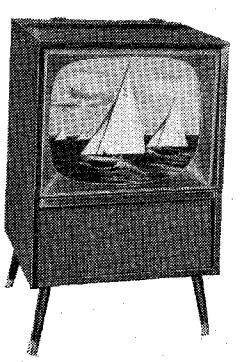

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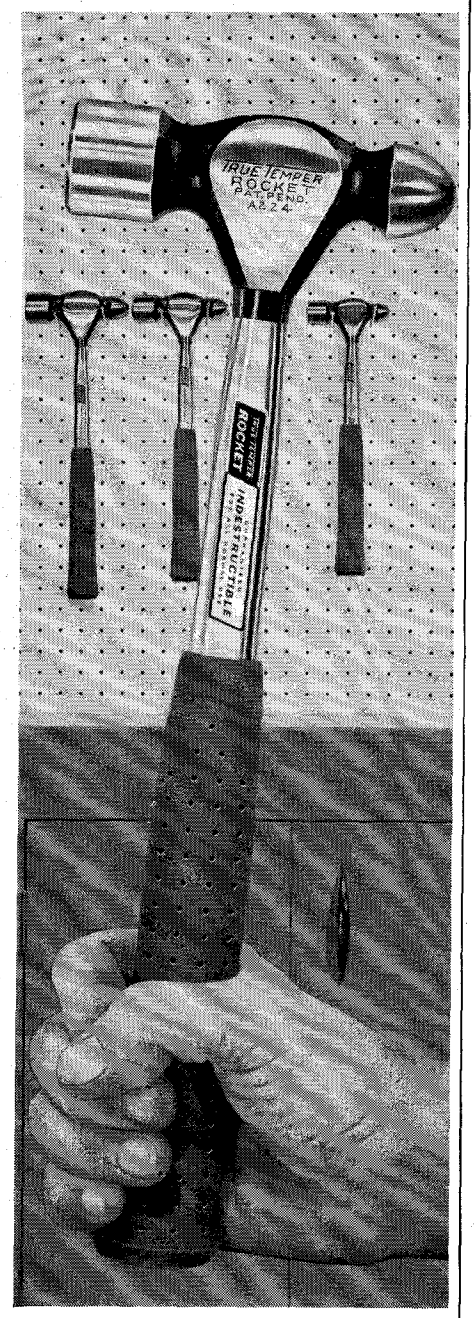

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(Continued from Page 64)

opened and Willis Verger came in, carrying two bulging gunny sacks in his hands.

Saticoy stared in astonishment at the sacks. "What you toting there with you, Willis?" he demanded.

"These," said Willis with composure, "are the weapons, Saticoy."

He placed the sacks on a table; then skinned the material down to expose two wire cages at the top of which were small openings a little larger than a man's hand. Inside the cages were two of the maddest rattlesnakes you ever saw—nasty little sidewinders with flat heads, beady black eyes and flicking forked tongues—the most deadly of their species. Saticoy took a step backward and a slight quiver went over his huge frame as one of the snakes reared its head, looked him in the eye, hissed and then spat at him.

"Them things," he gulped, "is dangerous."

"Only one of 'em," said Willis calmly. "I removed the poison sac from the other."

"Just how you gonna fight a duel with two sidewinders?" asked Bud Conyears. "Beat each other to death with 'em?"

"We each put a hand in a cage and hold it there until we're bit," said Willis. "The one that draws the snake that hasn't had its poison sac removed is the loser."

"Of course, I know you ain't got the guts to go through with this," said Saticoy without too much assurance, "but, if you do and you lose, Willis, you'll die a slow, horrible death. You know that, don't you?"

"Not necessarily," said Willis. He pointed to Doc Whiddacker, who was standing aside with a little black bag under his arm and an interested look on his face. "Doc Whiddacker'll treat both of us after it's all over. I'm giving you more of a chance for your life than you ever offered me, Saticoy."

And then Ingomar Johnson, who'd entered the saloon and remained in the background just long enough to realize what this was all about, ran up to Willis and threw her arms around him.

"I won't let you do it, darling! I know you're brave; you don't have to prove it to me!" she cried. "And besides, don't you realize that half the livestock and men Doc Whiddacker treats for snake bite die anyway?"

"That," said Willis grimly, "is the chance we'll have to take."

"In addition to which, I resent this young lady's remark," declared Doc Whiddacker. "I never lost a snake-bite patient in my life, man nor beast. Maybe some of 'em die of gangrene or blood poisoning, but not from snake bite. I must warn you, however," he said to Willis, "that even those who live suffer something awful for a while."

"Hear that, Willis?" said Saticoy, who had been staring with grisly fascination at the snakes. "Now I'll make you a proposition, son. You just apologize for what you done to me and promise never to see my sister again, and we'll forget the whole thing. I'll let you off this time."

"Are you," asked Willis, "afraid?"

"No, I ain't afraid," growled Saticoy. "But I don't trust you, you little sneak. How do I know you ain't stacked the deck on me by marking the rattlesnake that's got its poison sac removed?"

"I'll go first," said Willis. "Blindfolded. And while my back is turned, you can shuffle the cages, so's I won't have any way of knowing which is which."

Then he turned his back and, while Bart McCormack blindfolded him, Ingomar pleaded with him to desist from his foolhardy purpose, but Willis was obdurate. It seemed that he was dedicated to the proposition of getting himself bit by a rattlesnake, and nothing could dissuade him. Bud Conyears gingerly moved the caged snakes about on the table and everything was ready.

Willis turned and, with his right hand held in front of him, felt his way to the table; then he started groping about for the cages.

"Are you sure," Saticoy's voice cut through the deathly silence, "that you wouldn't prefer to settle this thing man to man, with guns? I'll give you first shot, Willis."

Willis shook his head. His fumbling hand finally found a cage, felt for the top; then, after only a moment's hesitation, Willis thrust it through the opening. As we all stared in hypnotized horror, Willis began to make stirring motions with his hand. The rattlesnake seemed to regard the situation with utter amazement. It appeared that it simply couldn't bring itself to believe that any human being could possibly have the audacity to take such liberties with it. It raised its head, ducked and weaved away from the hand and sounded a sharp warning with the rattles on its tail. When the warning wasn't heeded and Willis kept batting at it, the snake finally lost its temper and its head flicked out and it hung for an instant to the heel of Willis' hand. Willis' face was white beneath the bandanna that covered his eyes and his features twitched, but he didn't make a sound. He shook off the snake, stepped back and removed the blindfold.

"It's your turn," he said to Saticoy. Then he swayed a bit, and he might have had trouble keeping on his feet if Ingomar hadn't come up beside him and placed her arm around him.

Saticoy looked at the snake that was reserved for him, then at the bright beads of blood on Willis' hand, and he licked his lips, which were all of a sudden cracked and dry. He took two steps toward the cage and then slowly reached out his hand. The snake darted its head forward and its tail lashed back and forth and the room was filled with a deadly buzzing. Saticoy leaped six feet backward and landed facing Willis.

"I ain't gonna do it!" he yelled. "I ain't gonna stick my fist in there and let that bell-tailed varmint gnaw on it! What kind of a man are you, you murdering little monster, you cold-blooded fiend, you baby-faced assassin, to stand there and look on while your future brother-in-law, the uncle of your children, gets himself chawed to death by a poisonous reptile?"

"What's this talk about in-laws and children?" said Bart McCormack. "I thought you was plumb adverse to having Ingomar marry anybody whatsoever, Saticoy."

"Unless he's a better man than I am," said Saticoy. "And that's what Willis is—a better man than me—the bloodthirsty little butcher. Did you see him poke his hand in there and let that sidewinder fang him—and him as calm and composed as if he was feeding milk to a baby sheep outta a bottle?" Then he took a step toward Willis. "I apologize for speaking ill of you, son," he said, and there was the look in his eyes of a man who had decided nevermore to browbeat and bully his weaker brethren. "And I freely admit that it's me that's a lily-livered coward," he conceded.

"You," said Willis generously, "ain't a coward. You've just realized your limitations, that's all." Then he turned to Doc Whiddacker and held out his hand. "You better give me the antidote now, Doc," he said. "I think I can feel the poison kinda meandering through my veins already."

Doc applied a tourniquet and started to lance Willis' hand. "How do you know that the snake that bit you didn't have his poison sac removed?" he inquired.

"Because," said Willis, wincing a little, "I didn't get around to removing either one of the poison sacs."

"What?" yelled Saticoy.

"I just told you that to encourage you," said Willis. "In the first place, I don't know how to remove a poison sac. In the second place, it was all I could do to make myself touch these sidewinders with a noose on the end of a long pole. If I'd 'a' started to fooling around with any poison sacs, there was a very good chance I might 'a' got bit, and I'm scared to death of snakes."

And as Ingomar held her arm around Willis and proudly surveyed the audience, Saticoy fainted, his vast bulk sliding to the floor like black slag flowing down a mountainside. Then, having outlasted and outgamed his opponent, Willis also fainted. But he was in luck. He was one of the fifty per cent of old Doc Whiddacker's snake-bite patients who survived; healthy and robust enough to make Saticoy Johnson an uncle many times over. THE END

"Aren't you rather thinly disguised?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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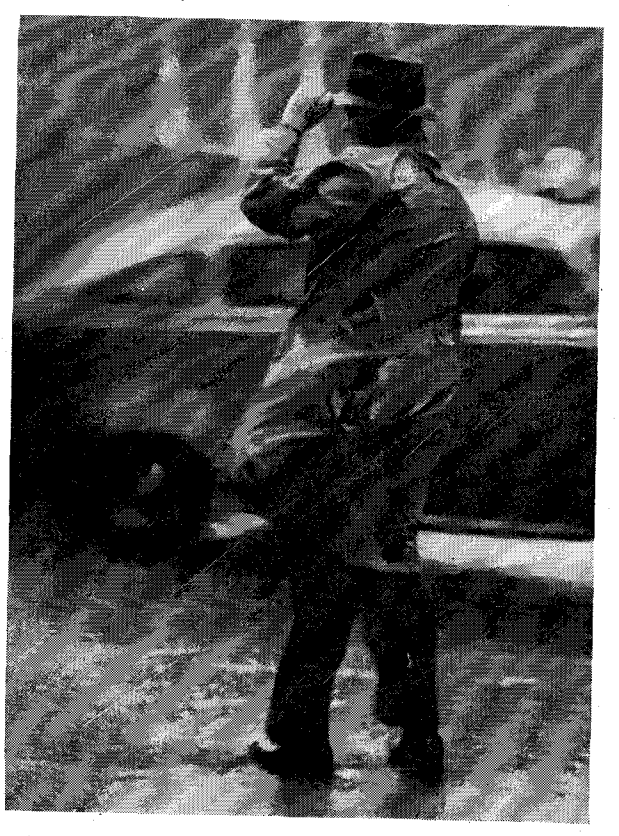
WAKE UP FEELING RESTED—It's wonderful to get up feeling rested and ready for a good day. Bayer Aspirin helps millions do this . . . for sleeplessness is often due to a low level physical distress—something so minor you can't put your finger on it. Bayer Aspirin gives you the quick relief you need to sleep naturally . . . *restfully!*

Here's How Bayer Aspirin Helps Millions

FEEL BETTER FAST!

FOR ACHING JOINTS—In later years, almost everyone feels a difference in his arms and legs. That's why so many older folks wouldn't know what to do without Bayer Aspirin. Used for temporary relief from minor pains of bursitis, arthritis and rheumatism, Bayer Aspirin brings a great degree of comfort and ease.



RELAX AFTER A DAY'S WORK—Here's the way millions beat that tired, headachy after-work feeling. You just take two Bayer Aspirin tablets to ease your headache . . . sit down for a few minutes . . . put your feet up . . . and *relax!* This makes you feel better—*fast!*

WHEN YOU FEAR A COLD—Whenever you feel a cold coming on after being out in a storm or on a chilling day, you should take two Bayer Aspirin tablets right away. This not only gives you *fast relief* from the discomforts of a cold, but it reduces fever, too.

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because no one has ever discovered a safer, faster, and more effective pain relieving agent. It is used by millions more people than any other pain reliever—without stomach upset!

Feel Better Fast—Get BAYER ASPIRIN

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you'll live in...
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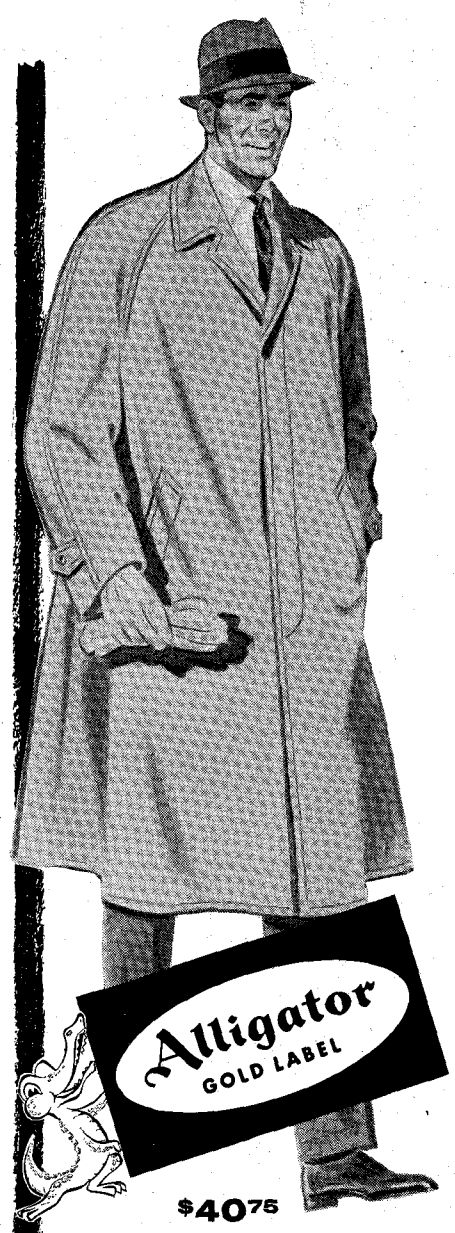

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. . . the Best Name in Rainwear
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How to Tell Antiques From Junk

(Continued from Page 29)

a century old at any given time is antique. Nuttall is inclined to hold the line at 1830. "After that came the beginning of the machine age," he says, "and when you get away from handmade things you lose some of the individual craftsmanship associated with fine antiques. On the other hand, pressed glass is regarded as a form of antique, and yet the soap people were giving it away free into the 1900's. So it depends."

Nuttall puts up a running fight, although not always a winning one, against one sales-happy-dealer definition: "An antique is anything a person will buy as an antique." With fine old antiques getting scarcer and shows becoming more numerous all over the country, Nuttall reports, "I have seen 'antique glassware' which was made between 1945 and 1950 A.D.; also odd-shaped perfume bottles, which can be bought complete with contents for a dollar and a half, have been served up without a trace of fragrance as quaint antiquities—price, five dollars."

One of Nuttall's worst moments, by quite a margin of worry, came when several disconcerted dealers at one of his big fairs informed him that a certain lady purveyor of glassware was offering no fewer than twelve Westward Ho! goblets. These are early pressed glass, with three Indians peering from around the base presumably at a westward-bound wagon train. As one such goblet is rare, Nuttall said, "I knew at once that twelve in one lot simply don't exist outside a museum—that she must be offering reproductions, although they were not so marked. So I decided to act before the situation caused embarrassment. In my politest way, I said to the lady, 'Do me a favor—put those goblets away for me.' I felt sure she'd understand that I meant to get them out of sight. After the show, however, she came over and announced, 'Mr. Nuttall, I have your twelve goblets that you asked me to save for you.' Her price on them would have paid for a Florida vacation too. So I explained the facts as gently as possible. It was all very painful."

At one Nuttall-managed show, James Maguire, a Philadelphia collector of circus antiques, came across a picture of Buffalo Bill such as the great showman used to sell ringside at ten cents. These usually bring a dollar or two now. This one, however, was priced at five dollars.

"Too high," said Maguire.

"No," said the dealer, turning over the picture. "Look. Buffalo Bill's own autograph."

Sure enough, there were the penned words, "William F. Cody," and beneath, in parentheses, "Buffalo Bill."

"That's not genuine," Maguire declared.

"How do you know?"

"Because," Maguire said calmly, "Buffalo Bill didn't use a ball-point pen."

Crestfallen, the dealer withdrew the picture from the sale.

Nuttall, informed of the incident later while in his New York office at 660 Madison Avenue, heaved one of his infrequent sighs of relief and remarked, "That's fine!" The hour having arrived for the office coffee break, someone called out, "Coffee or milk, everyone?" Nuttall answered, "Coffee."

Mrs. Nuttall, his close colleague in business, countered firmly, "Dear, you'd better have milk."

"All right, milk," said Nuttall grimly. "See what this business does to your nerves?"

Looking back upon a quarter century of nervous travail, Nuttall can scarcely believe that he first regarded antiques as a form of recreation. As a boy in boarding school, sent away to escape the unaesthetic atmosphere of the small Pennsylvania steel town where he was born, he traded a cap "not worth fifty cents" to a Syrian fellow student for a Chinese teak god which, like all Oriental gods, was supposed to bring good luck. It did. He swapped it for a Hitchcock chair, and that in turn for a maple table and a small primitive oil painting of a Connecticut winter scene. "And from then on," he says, "one antique led to another."

Nuttall's personal taste as a collector—he never has been a professional dealer—runs rather richly to early American furniture. "To me, a piece is either good or bad," he says. "Grand Rapids furniture of fifty years ago was very bad, and I am delighted that it fell apart too fast to become antique. On the other hand, an authentic old piece with well-aged color, lines and craftsmanship establishes the feeling of a real home. It bespeaks permanence and stability through the years, in contrast to the rushed, cubbyhole existence of people who live in apartments and hotels."

In the late 1920's and early 1930's, when he traveled through New England and Eastern Pennsylvania as an advertising-space salesman for trade journals, Nuttall says he "automatically stopped at every Antiques sign" and soon crammed his home in White Plains with his prizes. When the Westchester County Recreation Commission asked him to put on a hobby show as a public service, he naturally included antiques. Competing for interest with a whizzing archery range and fly-fishing demonstrations, the antiques booth flopped. "Give us a show all our own," the dealers told him later, "and we'll do all right."

The dealers proved to be true prophets. With their encouragement, Nuttall founded the White Plains fair, which draws nearly 25,000 cash customers a year from the swanky suburban stretches around New York City. That led to the Armory shows in New York, which attract some 110,000 persons into the intriguing world of aged bargains. The fair at Asheville, North Carolina, aimed at summer vacationists, has a gate of 8000, and the Philadelphia show each fall draws about 10,000. All this has become a full-time business which nets Nuttall a five-figure income from admissions and floor-space sales. He, his wife and a partner, Mrs. Dorothy Hazen, direct a staff which they expand from five to fifteen persons during the events. There are at least thirty other operators of chains or circuits of antiques shows, with a total attendance in the millions. The big-city fairs include Los Angeles, with 45,000 attendance, and Chicago, Boston, Denver, Atlanta, Cincinnati and Louisville.

What sells best and most?

"Glassware," Nuttall explains, "and for a very good reason. It is one of the few antiques which can be genuinely useful, as a table centerpiece or for other purposes. The other biggest sellers, in approximate order, are stamps, coins, rare china, antique firearms, prints and engravings. But you can't mail letters with old stamps, you don't spend rare coins, you usually don't dare to put fine old china through a dishwasher or hunt with old guns, and there is a limit to the number of prints and engravings you can hang on your walls."

Years back, Nuttall used to figure that a dealer would gross ten times his floor rent—say $750 in sales in an area which rented at his minimum of seventy-five dollars—but times have changed. "Today, dealers must operate on a much closer margin of profit because the public has become increasingly aware of what objects are worth," he says. "Often, people come to the fairs to price objects comparable to the ones they have at home. They then make the mistake of setting the same value on their own objects, forgetting that the dealer must include overhead and a living for himself in fixing his figure."

Much of Nuttall's success in inducing thousands to pay the admission price of a good thriller movie to look at inanimate old objects comes from what he says "I like to call hopefully 'our skilled use of publicity.'" Sometimes this backfires. Nuttall's normally ruddy cheeks flush as he recalls some details of his published past.

A Washington, D.C., columnist whom he invited to meet antique dealers at a press luncheon at the Shoreham heard the term "under-the-bed dealers" used derisively to describe small-time antique sellers who peddle at home to avoid overhead, though none actually crouches under a four-poster. Bed being a significant word in column writing, the Washingtonian got off an embarrassing "exposé" of the under-the-bed movement in the antiques world. In a more sexless incident, a picture magazine turned down sample photos made by a free lance whom Nuttall hired to demonstrate how photogenic antiques can be. He learned later that the photographer specialized in taking pictures of "show girls whose lines are anything but Chippendale."

Nuttall's next publicity debacle occurred when a magazine proud of its sophistication sent a staffer who interviewed him for three hours. "Then they came out with six paragraphs, ending on the startling note that I was in the business for profit. Who isn't?" The unkindest cut was dealt him by a periodical dedicated to home life. It published an article suggesting that the way to raise money for your local church was to put on an antique show. Nuttall, who swears he fights fair against all earthly competition, felt that the article shoved him into the appearance of taking sides against God every time he conducted a show without a church sponsor.

The opening of a big antiques fair, whether Nuttall's or one of the others held all over the country, generates as much on-the-mark tenseness as an intercollegiate track meet and starts like one when the doors are opened. Teaming up for the event, husbands and wives can be heard telling each other, "You take this aisle and I'll take that one." Then they sprint away.

The big objective usually is to find a "sleeper"—collector jargon for any unappreciated and much underpriced antique which has long "slept" undisturbed in some cupboard or attic. Unearthing a sleeper gives a collector the kind of thrill that a grizzled old prospector gets on striking gold. They react much the same way: Some, after buying, clutch their new-found treasure and run; some blab happily about it to everyone who will listen; and some of the men go and rejoice over a drink. (Continued on Page 72)

November

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

This is the brown month,
skeletal, bleak, austere;
The season is running down like
an unwound clock,
Slowing and gathering strength
for the winter's shock,
Stripped bare to honest essentials
to finish the year.
November is all stern conscience,
and feels it should
Tell you unlovely truths for
your own best good.

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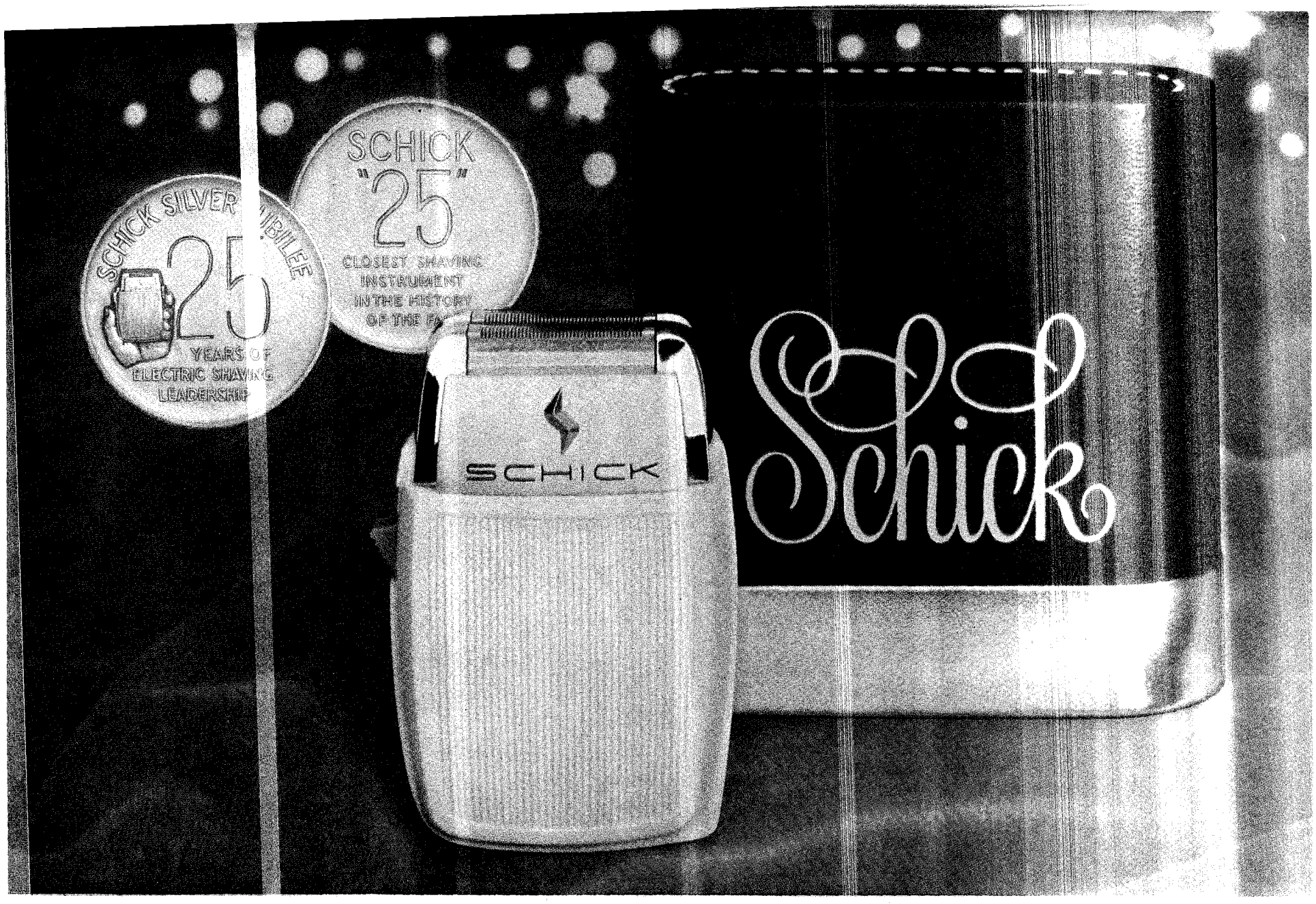

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Makes anything you shave with now as outdated as a straight razor

New perfection from Hi-Power Motor to Super-Honed Heads—Closest shaving instrument ever invented

25 years ago, Col. Jacob Schick invented the first electric shaver—and the grouchless, ouchless age of shaving was born.

Now, after 25 years of endless improvement, Schick gives you the closest shaving instrument that ever touched a face. It's the New Schick "25" —making all other shaving methods out-of-date!

It's a beautiful instrument to see, to own. But what's beneath this beauty that makes it shave closer, cleaner, easier than anything your face has ever known? Gentlemen, here are the facts:

No other shaver has Super-Honed Heads to shave at skin-line! *The Schick "25" has!*

No other shaver has curved combs that guide whiskers into place. *The Schick "25" has!*

And the new Schick "25" has a motor that goes twice as fast as a plane motor at 300 mph.

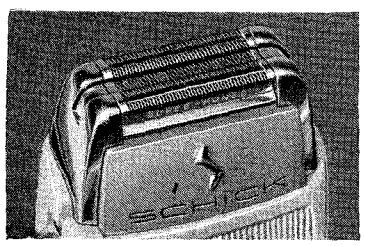
No other shaver can shave so close that when you rub your hand against the grain of your beard —you can't feel any stubble. *The Schick "25" can!*

No other shaver comes in a Caddie Case, designed as a travel case *and* as a handy holder on the bathroom shelf. *The Schick "25" does!*

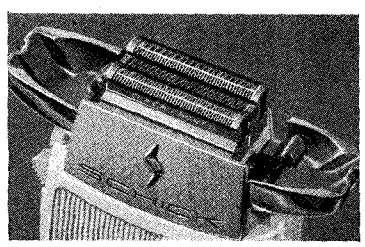
Ask your dealer about the 14-day money-back home trial! Schick "25" at all dealers and Schick Shaver Shops in principal cities — only $29.50. $5 trade-in allowance for any electric shaver. Schick Incorporated, Lancaster, Pa. *More men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make.*

Schick "25" SILVER JUBILEE ELECTRIC SHAVER

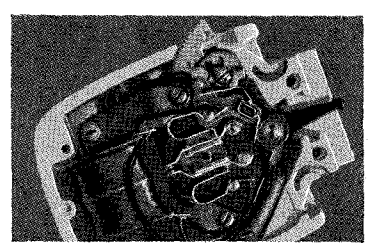
3 REASONS WHY NOTHING SHAVES CLOSER THAN THE NEW SCHICK "25"



1. Super-Honed Heads. Honed and finished to a sharpness unmatched by any other shaver. Result: easy, quick, and amazingly close shaving of every whisker. Never pull or pluck.

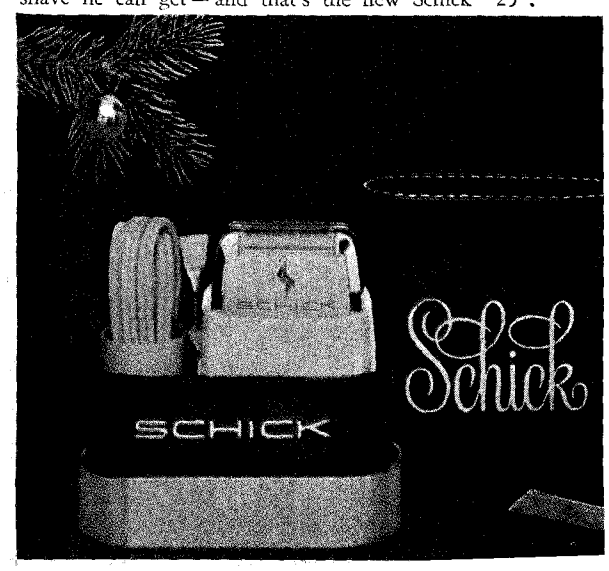


2. Curved Combs. Curved shape presses down skin around whiskers for gentle shaves, no irritation. Combs guide each whisker into place no matter which way it grows.



3. Hi-Power Motor. Snaps on with a touch of the switch. Twice as fast as an airplane engine at 300 mph. Most powerful motor for its size. Power enough to shave the toughest whiskers.

THE SMARTEST GIFT you can give him is the closest shave he can get — and that's the new Schick "25".



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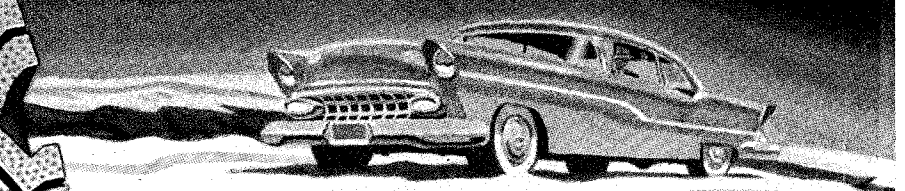

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Firestone Town & Country Tires run quietly with no whine or rumble and smoothly with no jolts and jars. They have a wider, flatter tread for greater contact with the road and scientifically designed traction elements for surer starting and safer stopping. They will give you super traction in mud, in snow or on ice. They outperform and outwear any other traction tire ever built. If you want the utmost in silence, safety and long wear in a traction tire, equip your car with Town & Country Tires now. See your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

*Available with tube or tubeless

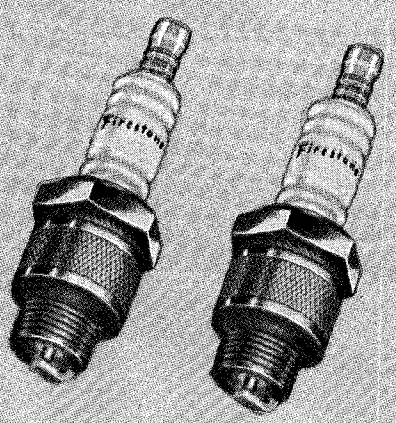
New Four-Year Guarantee
Extra Large Trade-In Allowance

Firestone
SUPREME POWER

The Dri-Charged Battery that gives you all the battery life you pay for

Another Firestone first! The first truly fresh battery ever offered! That's because power-producing acid is not added until the battery is installed in your car. You pay for a NEW battery — why not get it? The Firestone Dri-Charged is guaranteed for four years!

THE ORIGINAL DRI-CHARGED BATTERY



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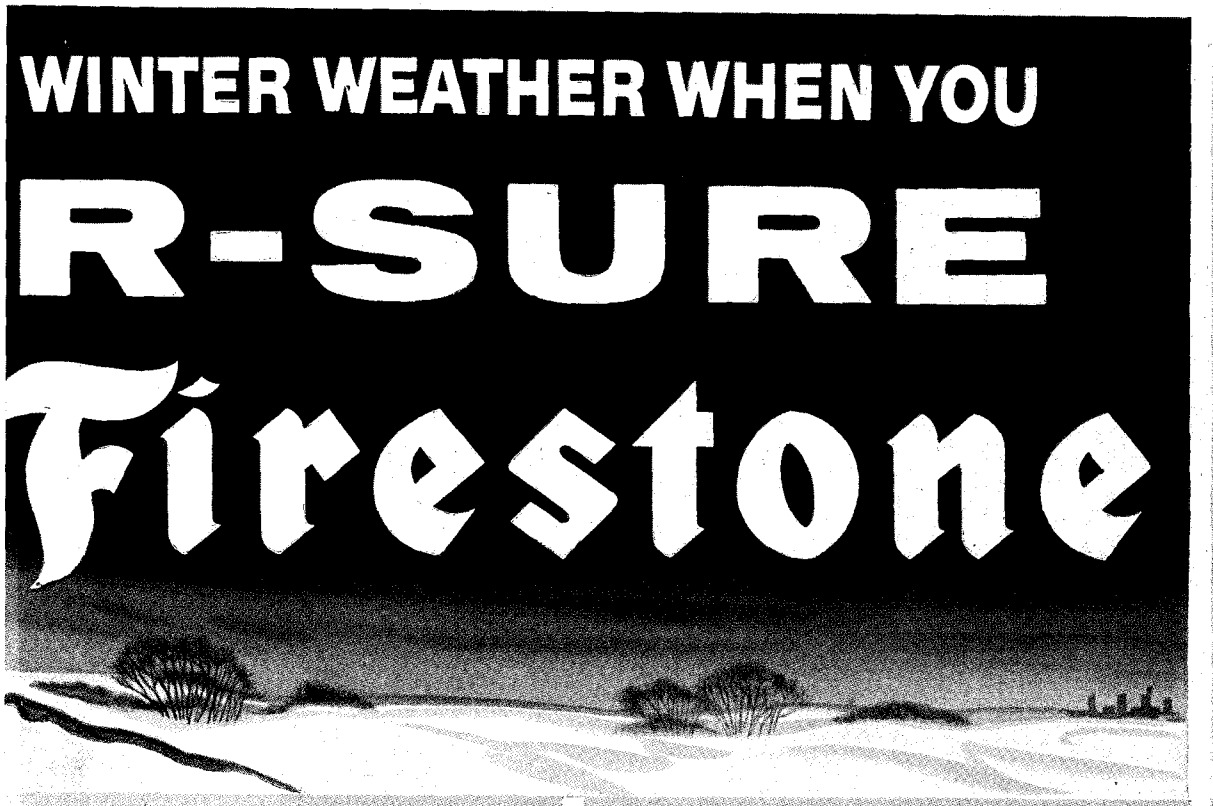

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Famous rust-resister and water pump lubricant with chemical action that gently but completely dissolves rust, prevents its formation for over a year. Your car needs Mac's 13!.....Pint **1.00**

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INSTANT-LIGHTING MASTER TORCH

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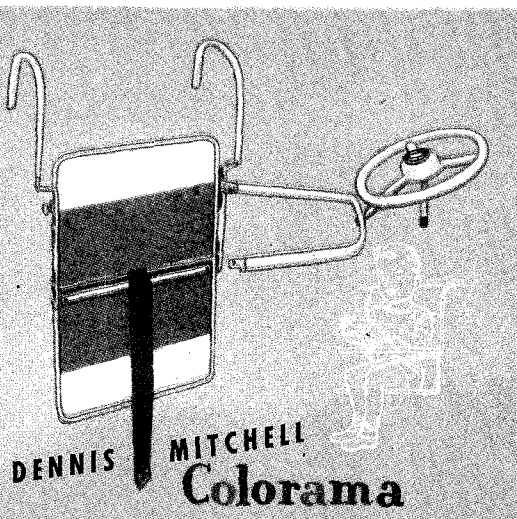

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CUSHION-SEALS WOODEN OVERHEAD GARAGE DOORS

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(Continued from Page 68) To slip in ahead of the opening rush, feverish collectors offer to work free for exhibitors or to carry in packages for them. One enterprising New Yorker purchased a large gilt picture frame from a Third Avenue antique shop, tagged it, "Antiques Show, Armory, Booth 119," and tried to march in past the guards with it. They nabbed him: The highest booth number at that show was 110.

Seated on a stool outside the door an hour before one show opened was Mrs. Bernice Chrysler Garbisch, daughter of the late auto magnate, Walter Chrysler. She and her husband, E. W. Garbisch, former West Point football star, endeared themselves to New York dealers by inviting them to a private showing of the Garbisch collection in Washington, D.C. So many dealers accepted that a private plane was chartered. The Garbisches were delighted. Both are noted collectors of American primitive paintings and seldom miss a big antiques-show opening.

Once people begin streaming through the aisles between the booths there is a constant procession well worth watching in itself. Along come smartly dressed women loosely attached to poodles, heavily bearded young aesthetes with well-exercised sneers, and wistful young couples pushing baby carriages and admiring expensive pieces with remarks like "Wonder if we'll ever be able to afford one."

A well-dressed old lady with patrician features, seated in a wheel chair pushed by a Negro maid, rolled up to the nautical New England exhibit of Robert Eldred, of Cape Cod, a former New York insurance salesman who turned to antiques after being badly wounded in World War II. The old lady, disdaining glasses, conned Eldred's antique ship paintings priced at $165 to $600.

"Can I tell you anything about those paintings, madam?" Eldred asked. "It is most unusual to see a lady interested in them; most collectors of marine paintings are men."

At that the lady opened up like a disguised man-o'-war and fired question after question. She gave her name—that of a distinguished old Boston shipping family—and her age—ninety-two. "I've loved the sea all my life," she said. "Right now, I'd like to cross the Atlantic in a lifeboat towed by a liner, to feel the spray on my face."

When she finally wheeled away without buying a picture, she left a group of passers-by attracted to the exhibit by her animation. "Even though she didn't buy a thing," the dealer confided, "her visit helped."

Twenty-five teen-aged boys from Saint Ann's Academy in central New York City swarmed in with a mixture of exuberance and bewilderment. Shepherded by an amiable teacher cleric called Brother William, they came on a school assignment to spot and study Hepplewhite or Chippendale furniture. After an hour's ramble, nearly half raised hands to show they had increased their knowledge of antiques, and some made expert comments. Most also admitted to trying their luck on an "antique" slot machine at one booth, and a number moaned, "I lost a nickel in it."

Odd items such as the slot machine, made about 1916, are among the attractions of antiques fairs. The machine baffled most modern players until explained, for it had no handle to pull. Instead, a coin is inserted in a slot in the side and flipped through with a flick of the thumb. The coin bounces downward among nails projecting inside the glass front of the machine. If it lands in the jack pot, it releases a deluge of small change. If it falls to one side or the other, it eventually descends into the jackpot trove. Many such machines were installed at candy counters in the penny-candy days. This one was offered for sale by a Washington, D.C., dealer who priced it at ninety dollars. "Who would want a thing like that?" he commented. "Someone fixing up a game room—I hope."

Under a booth sign reading, TRIFLES AND TREASURES, a whimsical red-haired lady dealer displayed a large bowl of colored ceramic balls three inches or more in diameter at five to eight dollars apiece. A mystified visitor asked, "What are they good for?"

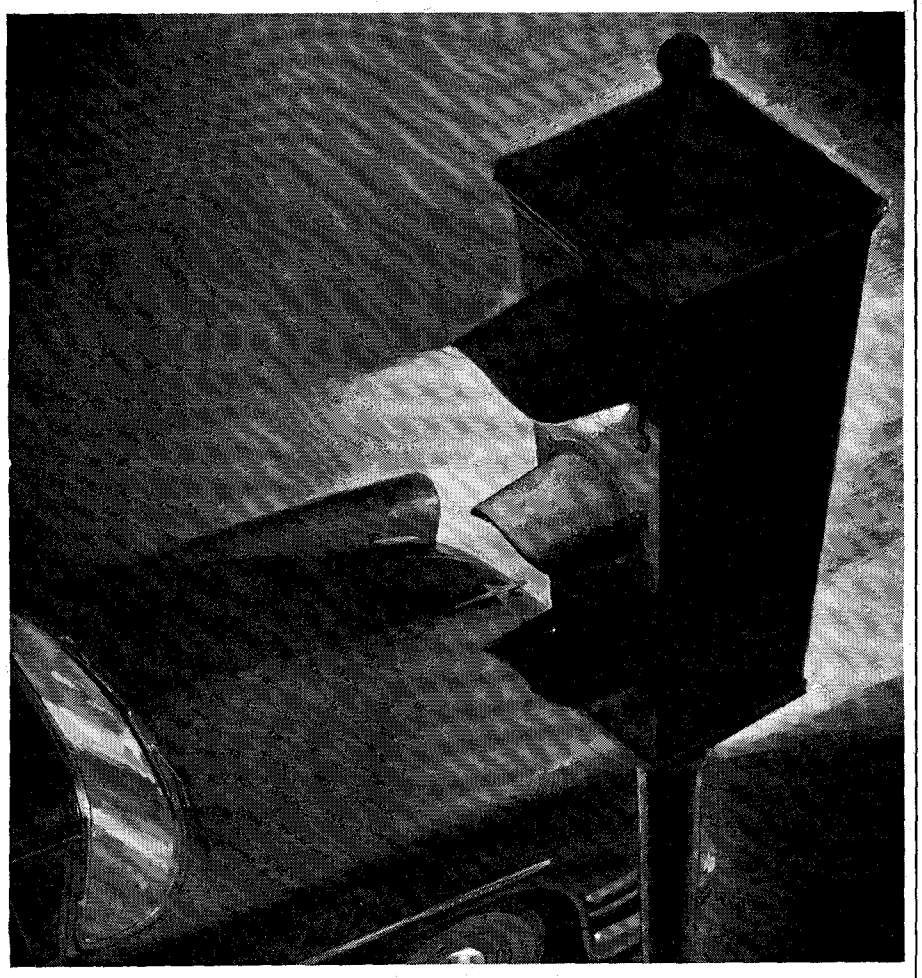
"Oh," the dealer replied airily, "you can put them in a bowl in the center of a flower arrangement and make some lady who enters the room go 'Ah-h-h!'"

A typical big antiques fair may bring out on the floor a $1500 Louis XVI chair, an Oriental Lowestoft bowl priced well above $1000, antique glass paperweights with built-in flower designs marked at $800, and beer steins at two dollars, assorted rusty gimcracks on which the dealer apparently did not dare to set a price, and "antique jewelry," including a Pennsylvania National Guard expert-marksman badge at two dollars, and several World War I dog tags. The diversity causes little surprise.

As one top dealer explains, "At these shows you can find the most abysmal junk, brought in for a very careful purpose—to fascinate and entertain the general public who have no special interest in fine antiques and have to be 'led on' into the shows. The answer to whether such junk ought to be admitted is that these big shows couldn't be held without a public, and the public buys it.

"In the final analysis, an antique dealer sells taste—his own taste. You can see it reflected in the booths at a show. The dealer either has good taste or bad taste, and is patronized by buyers with the same taste. A good antiquarian has a professional relationship with his regular customers almost like that of a doctor with his patients or a lawyer with his clients. Even if the customers are buying from someone else, they ask his opinion."

Many dealers admit they exhibit more to make customer contacts than in hopes of instant sales, according to J. H. Smythe, editor of the (Continued on Page 76)



How much will the stop-and-go seesaw cost you?

During stop-and-go driving your engine temperature goes up and down like a seesaw. And each time it cools, dangerous by-products collect—acid, sludge, water. These by-products produce rust, gum up valves and valve lifters, pit metals. Two symptoms of their presence are sluggishness and motor knocking. That's why if *you* are a stop-and-go driver, you need the 6-way protection of Alemite CD-2.

CD-2 is a combination of six active ingredients . . . each protects your motor in a different way. No ordinary additive can match this combination action of Alemite CD-2 regardless of the gas or oil you use. The minute you add a can of CD-2 to your crankcase, it goes to work. Almost at once your car runs smoother and quieter. Sludge is dissolved. Lubrication is better.

Watch! The next time you change your oil you'll see real evidence of CD-2's value. You'll actually see the thick, clogging sludge that Alemite CD-2 washes out. Try it! If you're not 100% satisfied that CD-2 does all we say, just return the can and your money will be immediately refunded.

CD-2 guarantees all this or your money back!

1. Gives any engine an on-the-road tune-up—new power—new performance—new life!
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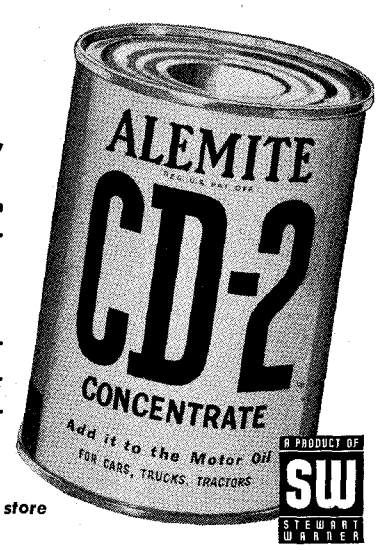

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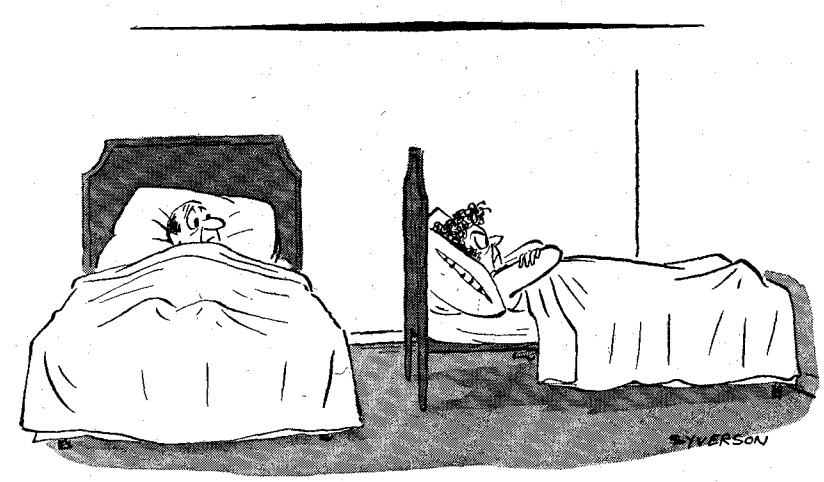

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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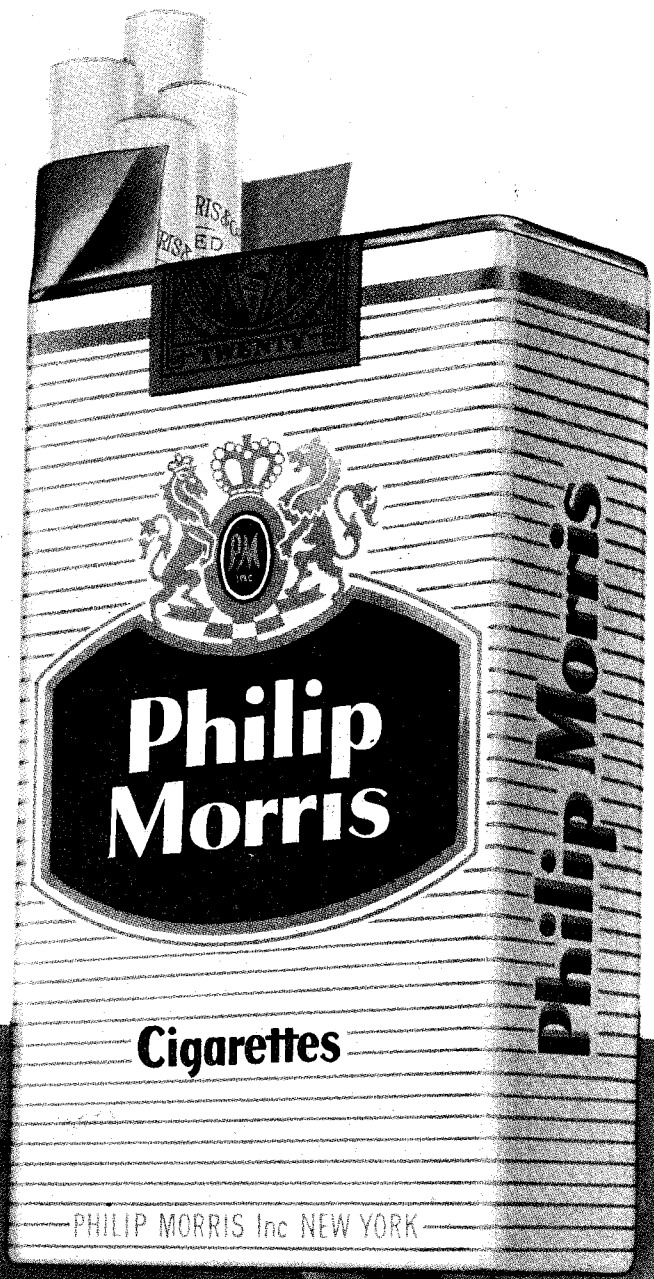
New Philip Morris

—GENTLE FOR MODERN TASTE

This smart new package is a symbol of something all Philip Morris smokers have enjoyed for months—a new cigarette —made gentle for modern taste.

Born gentle, then refined to special gentleness in the making, this new Philip Morris meets the requirements of modern taste — of today's young smokers.

Today, enjoy the gentle pleasure—the *fresh unfiltered flavor*— of new Philip Morris.



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Philip Morris

...Smart New Package... King Size or Regular...*In the Snap-Open Pack*

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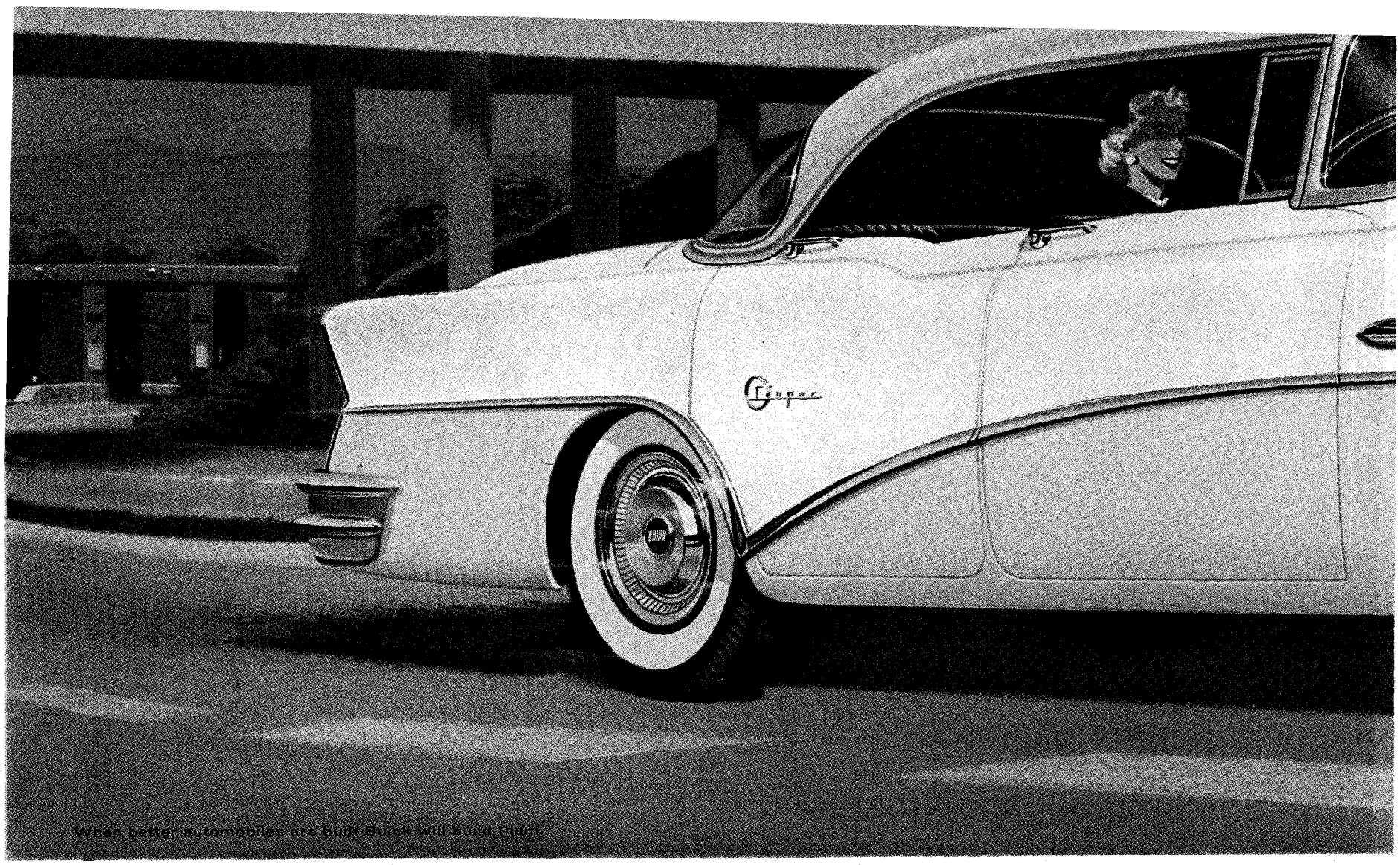

Just a tickle triggers its

Even before you "switch the pitch" you're off in a new swirl of power

ONCE more, Buick engineers have added a new phrase to the vocabulary of motordom.

It has to do with a brand-new development in Variable Pitch Dynaflow*— and it's a tongue-twister.

But never mind, for it puts a whole new twist into the hydraulics of power transmission which will, we predict, be the sensation of 1956.

The phrase is "double regeneration"—and how it works is pretty technical—but *what it does* is great.

It gets a 1956 Buick away from a standing start with the quickness of a startled rabbit. And it does so at the first easy nudge of the gas treadle, long before that treadle touches the floor

So now you get a wholly new marvel in your driving.

Now you get Dynaflow-smooth getaway response that's instant quick in *average* traffic—a trigger-fast answer from the *top* of th pedal, *without* flooring it to switch the pitch. (And that means big new betterment in your gas mileage.)

But when you need that extra surge for emergency pull-away- it's there in a split second, and in extra plenty.

All this, of course, adds up to just one of the host of great ne features to be found in Buick for '56.

For this is the car that succeeds the most successful Buick i history—and tops it by every measure.

So here you have spectacular new V8 engines with the velvet might of new highs in horsepowers and compression ratios.

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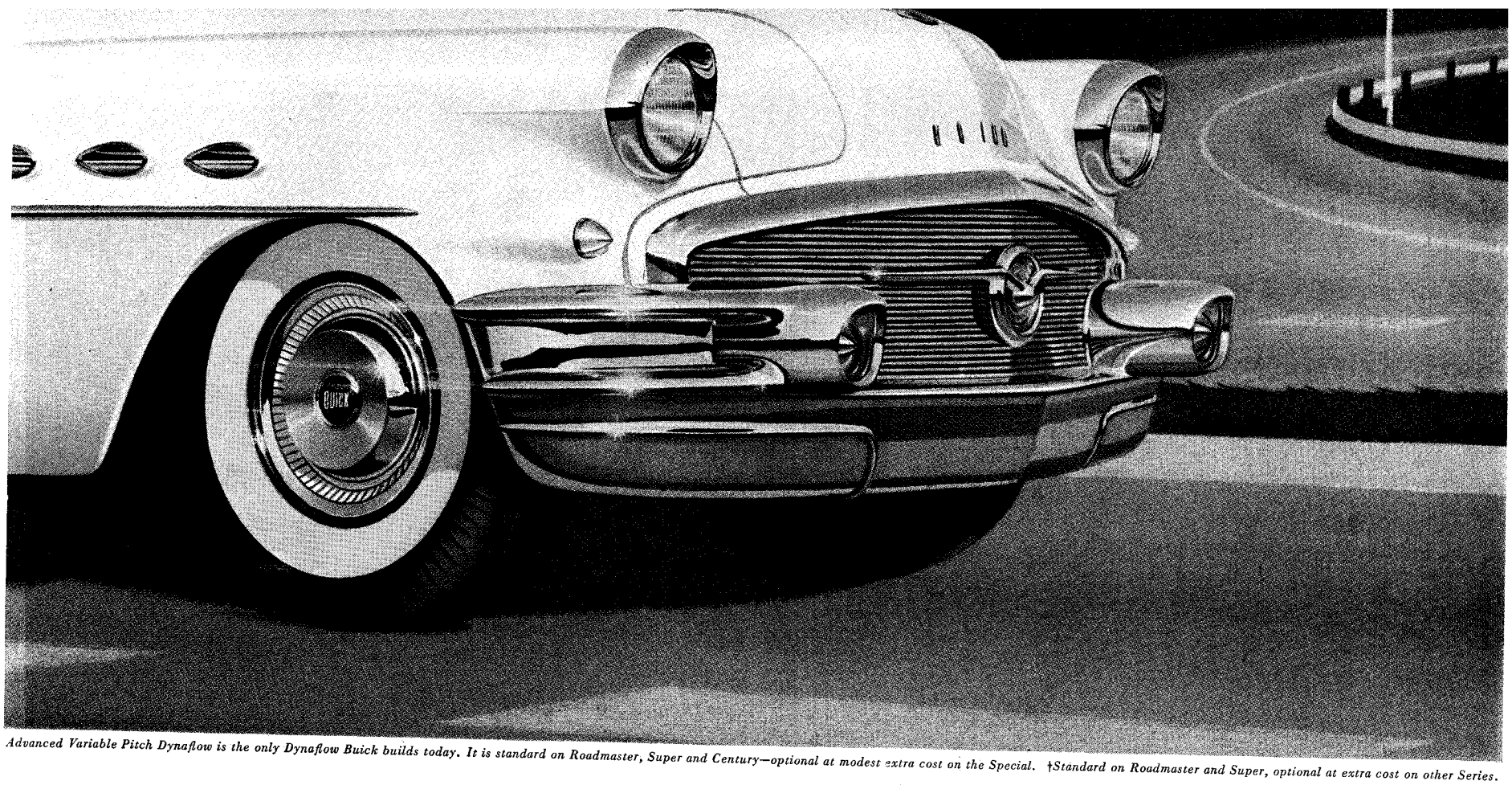

Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special. †Standard on Roadmaster and Super, optional at extra cost on other Series.

ake-off

ere you have a new and brilliantly engineered chassis that brings superb new ride, handling and roadability to the American scene.

ere you have a spanking-new sweep-ahead look that sets a new ttern in styling—and exquisitely fashioned interiors that are lor harmonized to the striking body tones.

ere you have, in literal fact, the best Buicks yet—and nothing ill prove that more firmly than a visit to your Buick dealer to e and sample this truth for yourself. See him this week.

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NEW Precision-Balanced Chassis, engineered all new from front to rear for extra-rugged roadability
NEW V8 Power Peaks In Every Buick
NEW Variable Pitch Dynaflow*—with double-action take-off

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NEW Sweep-Ahead Styling—with Fashion Color Harmony inside and out

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SEE JACKIE GLEASON ON TV
Every Saturday Evening

Best Buick yet

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When you wake up

WAKE UP YOUR EYES

with a 2-drop bath of Murine

As regularly as you reach for your alarm clock, give your sleepy eyes the refreshment of a 2-drop bath of Murine in each eye! They'll greet the new day so much more gladly.

Murine's seven tested ingredients blend perfectly with the natural fluids of the eye. So Murine is as gentle as a tear. And in a matter of seconds it seems to float away morning sleepiness—cools and soothes that feeling of tired eyes during the day—and comforts wakeful eyes at bedtime, so they can welcome sleep more readily.

You can use Murine as often as your eyes would like. And you'll like the pleasant Murine custom of daily, regular 2-drop refreshers. It helps promote a clean, healthful condition. Remember, Murine makes your eyes feel good!

MURINE for your eyes*

*TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 72) trade monthly, Antiques Dealer. One well-stocked antiquarian sold $40,000 in furniture and decorations to a wealthy visitor at a recent show, but such customers are as rare as the fisherman's "big one that didn't get away."

David Stockwell, a tall, scholarly Philadelphian who exhibited the $1500 chair at one of Nuttall's New York fairs, frankly expressed the hope that nobody would buy it for himself, "as it should be displayed in a museum." The green-upholstered piece in Louis XVI style is believed to have been one of a set of twelve which George Washington used when he lived in the Robert Morris house in downtown Philadelphia. Only one like it is known to exist, in the Pennsylvania Historical Society's permanent display. The remaining ten presumably were taken to Washington, D. C., and went up in smoke when the British burned the White House in the War of 1812.

Before offering his chair for sale as the twelfth of the set, Stockwell had to prove two things: That it actually was American-made, rather than a French importation, and that it was connected with Washington. Stockwell, who admits that the chair at first glance "looks like just another plain old Louis XVI," sent small specimens of the wood to the Yale University Forestry Laboratory. That settled very little, as the wood proved to be beech—as common in France as in America. But the workmanship told a tale. Where the thrifty French utilized small bits of wood, American chairmakers with their unlimited forests used only large pieces. The chair consists of large pieces, so, Stockwell concluded, "It undoubtedly is American." Descendants of the Robert Morris family produced evidence that the chair was owned by the family when Washington was their tenant. Stockwell meanwhile compared its dimensions and characteristics with those of the historical society's chair. "They were the same," he says, "and that cinched it."

Fair visitors can obtain a liberal education simply by listening to expert dealers such as the McKearins, father and daughters, of Hoosick Falls, New York, who are such authorities on early-American blown glass that their fifteen-dollar book on the subject became a general best-seller.

Stockbroker Horace W. Gordon, whose collecting of rare Chinese porcelain led him and his wife into antiques as a side line, explains at his booth that much so-called Lowestoft is misnamed. Instead of being made in the English manufacturing town of that name, most of it actually came from one small city in China which was to fine porcelain what Detroit is to autos. It was first imported here in 1784 as ballast for ships. The British, who handled much of it along with their native Lowestoft, persuaded the Chinese to make thicker and heavier porcelain because it withstood breakage and made better ballast. This weightier product is more common at antiques sales than the delicate earlier porcelain and is regarded as less desirable. Early pieces decorated with the Signing of the Declaration of Independence are especially prized. Part of their fascination, as Gordon points out, is that all the Signers have Chinese features.

While the Nuttall organization and most other managements rely upon antiques alone to attract spectators—Nuttall couldn't induce people to attend formal lectures, and his piped-in music brought complaints—Gordon Pascal's fast-growing California Living Show is staged at Los Angeles every fall with *décor* and settings as lavish as a Hollywood spectacle. Many of its 45,000 visitors come to see the movie stars as well as the antiques. The hollow-cheeked man casually fingering an old piano at one recent show was Hoagy Carmichael, a collector of Americana, and the big fellow in the striped sports coat who managed to pull out all the drawers of an old hand-carved Italian chest from Rudolph Valentino's home—and then get them back again—was Walter Pidgeon.

Interior decorators vie in designing special rooms and backgrounds to set off various types of antique furnishings. One combination living room-bedroom at the 1953 show, done with Oriental-tile wall panels and Levantine furnishings by Frances Moore, attracted considerable attention because of a designation which some Hollywooders might regard as quaint and old-fashioned. It was called "One-Woman Harem."

Some antique buyers are in the same unaesthetic class as persons who purchase books for their fancy bindings rather than for their contents, and the California show occasionally experiences a heavy run of these pseudo-intellectuals.

The old German town of Meissen is noted for fine china, sometimes mistakenly called Dresden china. Some buyers are still learning of obscure little Meissen, and one at the California show learned it the laughable way. Picking up a plate, she asked the dealer, "What pattern is this?"

He replied, "Meissen onion pattern."

The woman looked puzzled. After studying the plate intently, she said challengingly, "I see the onions, but where are the mice?"

A haughty lady in expensive furs jolted another dealer by demanding to see a "a pair of Vichyssoise chairs." The nonplused dealer pointed out various French chairs, including Louis Seize styles, but was forced to admit to the lady, "I'm not sure what you mean."

She exploded indignantly, "Why, you don't know what Vichyssoise is?"

"Sure," the dealer replied accurately, "it's a creamed potato soup." The lady swept out without a chair.

"That's antiques business for you," the dealer remarked. "Maybe I should 'a' politely asked her whether she ever sat in a Vichyssoise at Mike Romanoff's."

THE END

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

The Reverend Barnes, answering a timid knock at his door, found a member of his congregation named Rufus. Rufus hesitantly explained that he wanted to ease his conscience. He confided that he had stolen some merchandise from a local department store. After confessing his sin, Rufus walked out—and into the hands of the police. He was charged with larceny, but stood on his constitutional right to refuse to testify against himself. The prosecutor thereupon subpoenaed the Reverend Barnes.

"Please tell the jury," he requested, "what Rufus confessed to you about stealing the merchandise."

"I must refuse to answer your question in any form," the clergyman replied. "Anything that a person tells to his clergyman is strictly confidential."

"We understand how you feel," the prosecutor continued, "but we must insist that you answer. It is more important to society to convict crooks than to preserve their confidences."

When the Reverend Barnes persisted in not testifying, the prosecutor asked the judge to force him to talk under penalty of contempt of court if he did not.

If you were the judge, would you compel the clergyman to testify?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The clergyman did not have to testify. "Man," said the court, "whose conscience is shrunken and whose soul is puny, enters the clergyman's door in despair and gloom; there he finds consolation and hope. . . . Therefore confidential communications made to a clergyman by a person seeking religious or spiritual advice or aid or comfort must not be revealed even in court."

Based upon a 1931 Minnesota decision.

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EMILY POST says:
"It's important to be sure the coffee you serve is always *piping hot*. This de luxe Nescafé Coffee Maker and warmer make it easy to have a good supply of delicious hot coffee ready for second and even third cups. Just follow the recipe below—you'll have coffee you're proud to serve to your family and guests."

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Of course, Nescafé gives you tastier coffee in *any* coffee maker—coffee that truly satisfies your coffee hunger. But for the *newest* concept of coffee making—maximum ease in making, maximum pride in serving—send for the beautiful Nescafé Coffee Maker pictured.

Deluxe Nescafé Coffee Maker with coffee warmer

$4.95 value—$2.00

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A NESCAFÉ EXCLUSIVE BY SILEX

Order yours today! Pyrex-brand server 9 inches tall, marked for easy measuring—2, 4, or 6 cups. Coffee warmer is pierced black iron, complete with candle to keep Nescafé warm for second cups. You've seen similar sets in better stores for $4.95 and more—get yours for just $2.00!

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Please send me .... De Luxe Nescafé Coffee Makers, each complete with coffee warmer. I enclose $2.00 and 1 complete Nescafé inner seal for each coffee maker plus coffee warmer ordered. Total money enclosed $.....

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STREET AND NO.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

If you have an electric stove check here ..... Allow 3 weeks for delivery. Offer good in U. S. A. and Territory of Hawaii. May be withdrawn or modified at any time.

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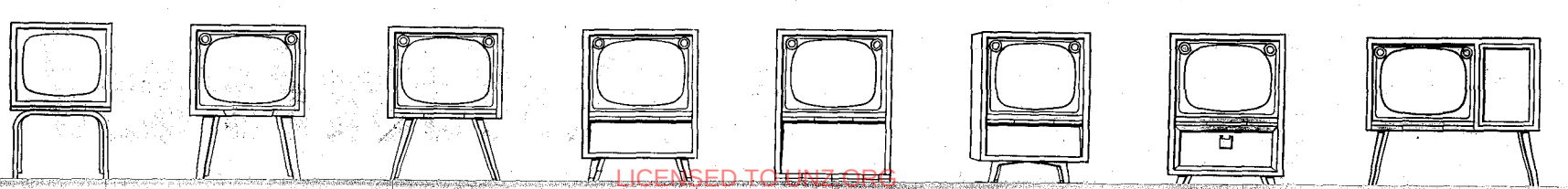
Celebrating Admiral's 5

WONDER BUY #1—Giant 21″ TV only $169.95* including $14.95 matching decorator stand!

Winter's coming with the brightest TV entertainment of all the year! And just in time for the season's best in programming comes Admiral with television's best buy of this or *any other* season. It's the beautiful new Giant 21″ *Brentwood*—in enduring high-style charcoal finish—complete with stand!

Imagine at this low price such true luxury features as *Top Front Tuning*—no stoop, no stretch, no strain! And Giant *270 square inch* picture tube—*aluminized* to give twice the brightness and contrast. Plus the exclusive *Optic Filter Screen* that brings out picture detail with greater clarity and crispness while eliminating glare. All this and a smart matching stand—*at no extra cost!* Available also in grained mahogany or grained blonde finishes for any room setting.



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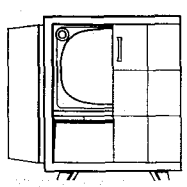
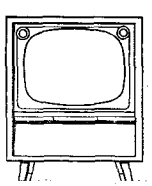
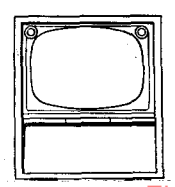
*Slightly higher South, West and Canada . . . Fed. tax, warranties included . . . subject to change without notice.







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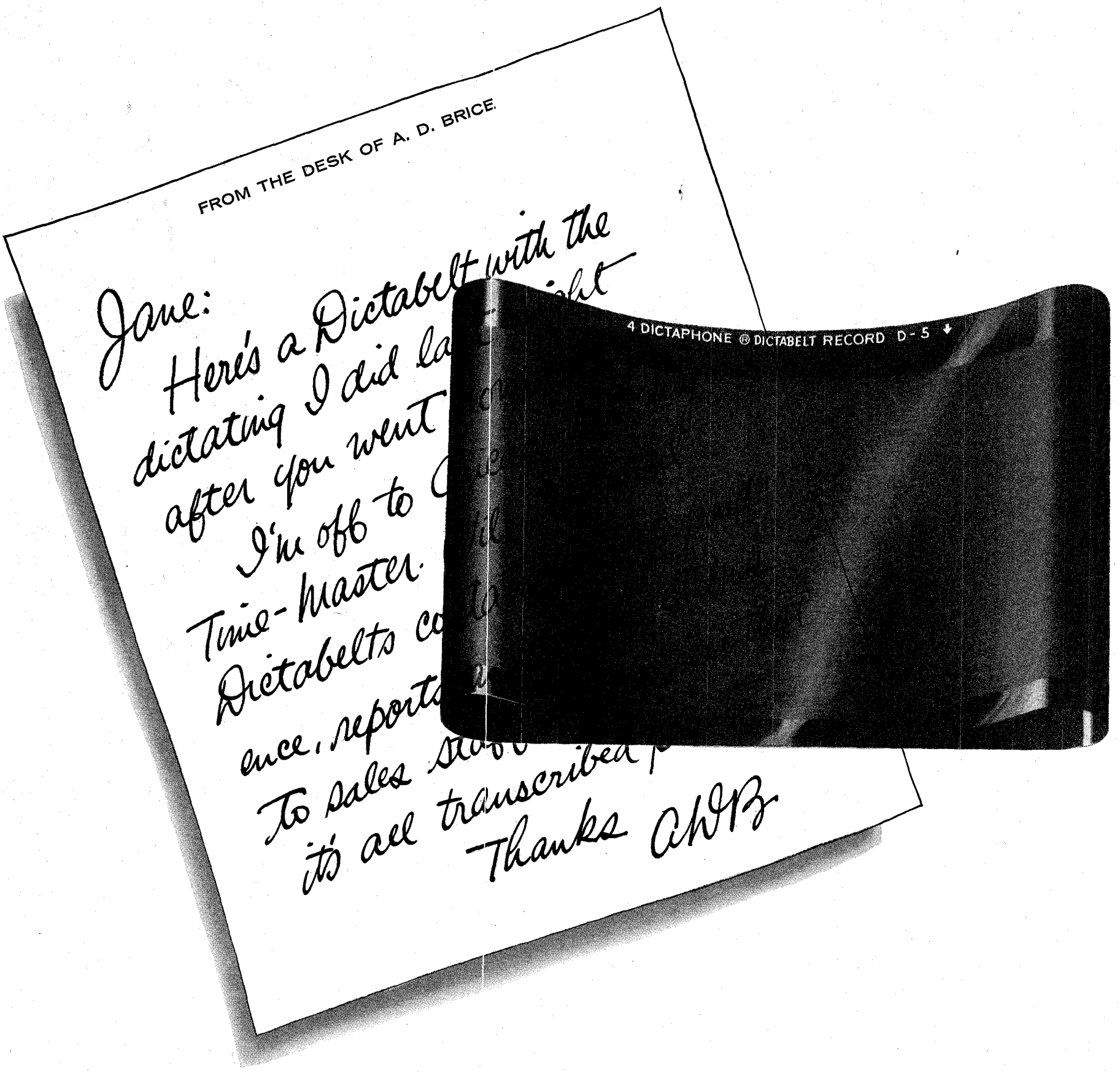

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Those Texas Scandals (Continued from Page 19)

when he was charged, in grand-jury indictments, with conspiring to steal $83,500 in one deal and with demanding a $35,500 bribe in another. After hearing the evidence on the theft charge, a jury found him guilty on one count, involving $6800, and recommended a three-year prison term. Thereafter, Giles pleaded guilty to the bribery charge and got six more years.

Another in the toils is John J. Bell, lawyer, former Texas state senator, and currently a member of the United States House of Representatives. Bell has admitted receiving $28,112 from various promoters who enjoyed Giles' highly profitable favors, but he insists they were legitimate fees for professional services. The grand jury that indicted him, however, construed at least a part of the money to be Bell's share of the loot gained from an elaborate, large-scale theft.

The eventual source of the money that went to Giles and Bell was a $100,000,000 fund created by the Texas legislature to help war veterans buy land on easy terms—a sort of Texas variant of the cash bonus. The law provided that applicants were to be passed on by a Veterans' Land Board composed of the governor, the attorney general and the land commissioner. In practice neither Gov. Allan Shivers nor Attorney General John Ben Shepperd gave the board's affairs much time, so that Giles was its actual, operating boss. It must be said that Giles used $90,000,000 of the funds to help nearly 18,000 veterans make land purchases concerning which there is no taint of irregularity. It is also true that the law left the fund wide open to trickery and fraud. The result was one of the most complex swindles in history, and one that may yet prove to have been among the biggest.

Fixing the precise amount stolen will take a long time. Accountants working under C. H. Cavness, the state auditor, have isolated 125 "questionable" deals involving "1488 veterans purchasing (or their rights being used to purchase) a total of 97,565.90 acres of land for $10,102,001.30." This, says Cavness, is the topmost estimate of the aggregate thefts. On further inquiry it may be greatly reduced. But even if it is cut in half, the stolen sum will be just about 5 per cent of the fund's total, which is what Giles himself, in an unguarded moment, guessed his "mistakes" would add to.

Up to now, grand juries in twenty-two counties have been called upon to determine who got what. At the time of writing, nine of these had handed up a total of 316 indictments against nineteen men in addition to Giles and Bell. Some of the indicted are the usual raggle-taggle of complex fraud—the little men who did crooked jobs for small sums. But those charged also include quite a sprinkling of local big shots—men accustomed to scorching the roads in $6000 air-conditioned autos, fanning the skies in $60,000 airplanes and enjoying the society of politically powerful friends.

The final tally of the accused will not be complete until the investigators and the grand juries have sifted all 125 questionable deals. But the disclosures already made have established the veterans' land fraud as Texas' most explosive scandal since the impeachment of James E. (Pa) Ferguson in 1917.

Among those political cliques that have enjoyed the voters' favor for a long time, the implications have a frightening portent. At the first hint of irregularities some of these politicians seem to have concluded that if the public should ever learn the full truth the result would be a general house cleaning of the state government. And so, in a spirit of group preservation, they made strenuous efforts to hush things up. It was then that they ran into Kenneth Towery. The tone of this battle between the massed political sachems of Texas and a little upstart of a country editor was set by Towery himself in a front-page editorial. He wrote:

> When the gates of Hoten Prison Camp No. 1 closed behind our back for the last time, we said our little prayer to the One who had watched over us in dark and trying days and vowed that never again would we bow to mortal man. One surrender in a lifetime is one too many.

In the whirlwind of publicity that has grown out of this situation there has been a tendency, both in the Texas and in the national press, to credit Towery with a good deal more than he personally accomplished. Actually, much of what he did represented the combined efforts of the Record staff, including Jack Howerton, the paper's publisher, who generously asked the Pulitzer award committee to confer the nation's top prize for journalistic merit on Towery alone. And because he did win that award there has since been created a sort of Towery legend which depicts him as having singlehandedly uncovered the fraud, gathered the evidence and forced prosecutions upon virtually a whole stateful of reluctant officials. In simple fairness to many people, including Towery himself, the legend requires some correction.

The one man most responsible for uncovering the fraud is Wiley L. Cheatham, a big, rawboned, gentle-voiced, lawyer-rancher who is county attorney for DeWitt County, wherein Cuero is located. Cheatham's first involvement occurred in August of 1953 when he overheard a Negro veteran telling how he had signed some papers to get some "of the free land the guv'ment gonna give away to vet'rans." It made no sense at all. There has been no free land in Texas for many years. As a lawyer, Cheatham knew the veterans' program required the buyer to make a down payment of 5 per cent of the land's price plus a fifty-dollar deposit to cover closing fees. Yet there was about the statement a quality of mystery that Cheatham could not put out of his mind.

For a whole year Cheatham worried over the puzzle, while making, here and there, a number of quiet and not very urgent inquiries. In the course of these he came across several more veterans who had signed up for free land. At the same time, the outlines of a strange picture took shape.

There was in Cuero a Negro named Henry Robinson who, though he worked at no job, always seemed to have money. It was Robinson who had been stirring the talk of free land. And he was frequently seen in the company of a white man named Cletus P. Ernster.

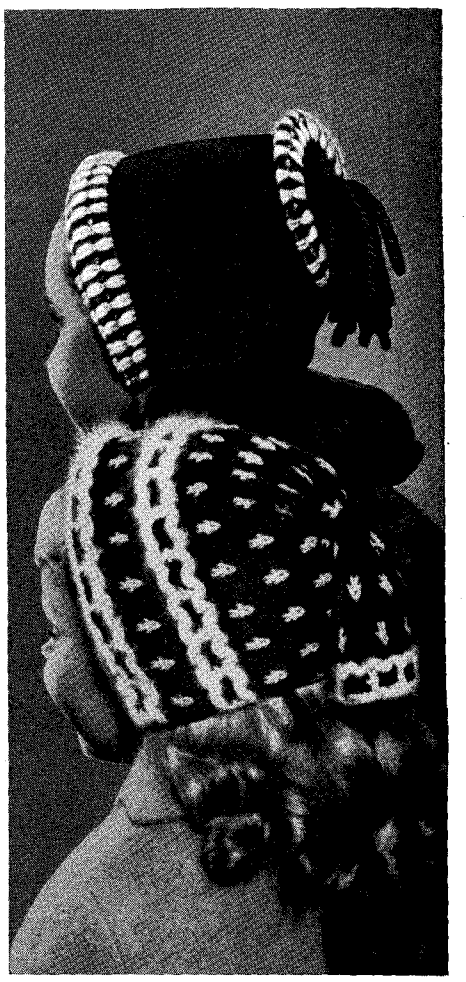
Cletus Ernster was an airplane pilot and an outlander. He had been unknown to the community until after war's end, when he arrived from "somewhere up nawth." Socially speaking, Texans are not quick to adopt Northern strangers, but Ernster proved an exception. Not long after his arrival he had been taken up by Cuero's equivalent of a country-club set and it was noticeable that his closest friendship seemed to be with T. J. McLarty.

At least several generations of McLartys had been born in or around Cuero. While they were locally reckoned as among the area's best people—in the society-page sense—it was a common observation that though various McLartys had dabbled in various kinds of business they had never been notably successful at making money. But now something had happened, because young T.J. was quite obviously rolling in the stuff, and without any clearly visible explanation of how he came by it. Cheatham stretched the inference to a tentative conclusion—it did appear that McLarty had found some way to convert loose talk about free land into real money. But how?

Cheatham at this point simply had evidence to suggest a large, complex fraud, but he had no proof of it. He had already enlisted the aid of a county deputy sheriff and a state highway patrolman as investigators, but now he needed the help of a state-wide agency with powers to call in bank and corporate records and to dig into the files of the Veterans' Land Board itself. Normally, a county attorney in his position would have appealed to the state attorney general's office, but, significantly, Cheatham chose another course. He took his problem to his father, Tom Cheatham, a member of the Texas legislature, only to discover that the elder Cheatham already suspected skulduggery in the Land Board and had fastened some suspicion on Bascom Giles himself.

The elder Cheatham's introduction to the situation began when a Negro veteran of Cuero received a letter from the Veterans' Land Board informing him that his application to buy a piece of land had been approved. But this man did not know he had applied for land, nor did he want to buy any. Fearing that the letter was a prelude to a demand for money, he took it to his employer. Under questioning, it developed that (Continued on Page 86)

"I'm afraid we're too late."



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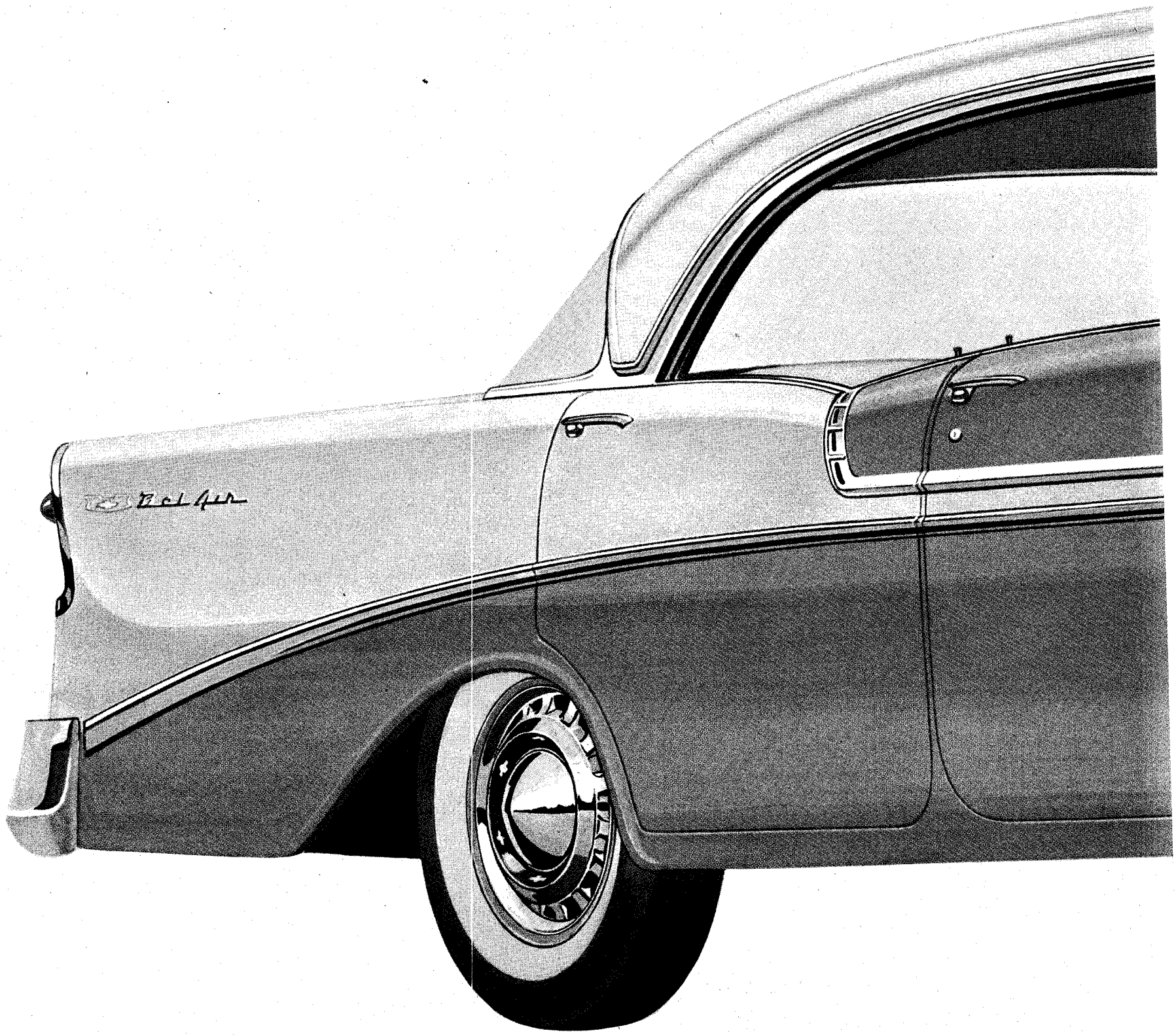

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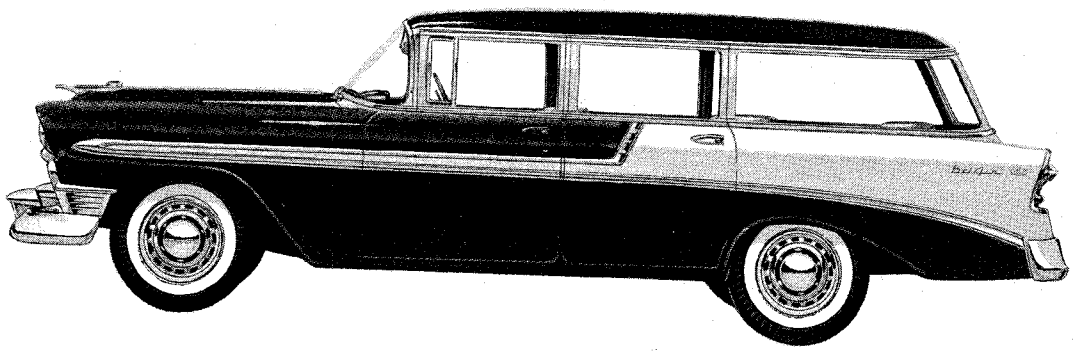
'56

Chevrolet

It's at your Chevrolet Dealer's now!



New! THE CHEVROLET BEL AIR BEAUVILLE—one of two new nine-passenger station wagons.

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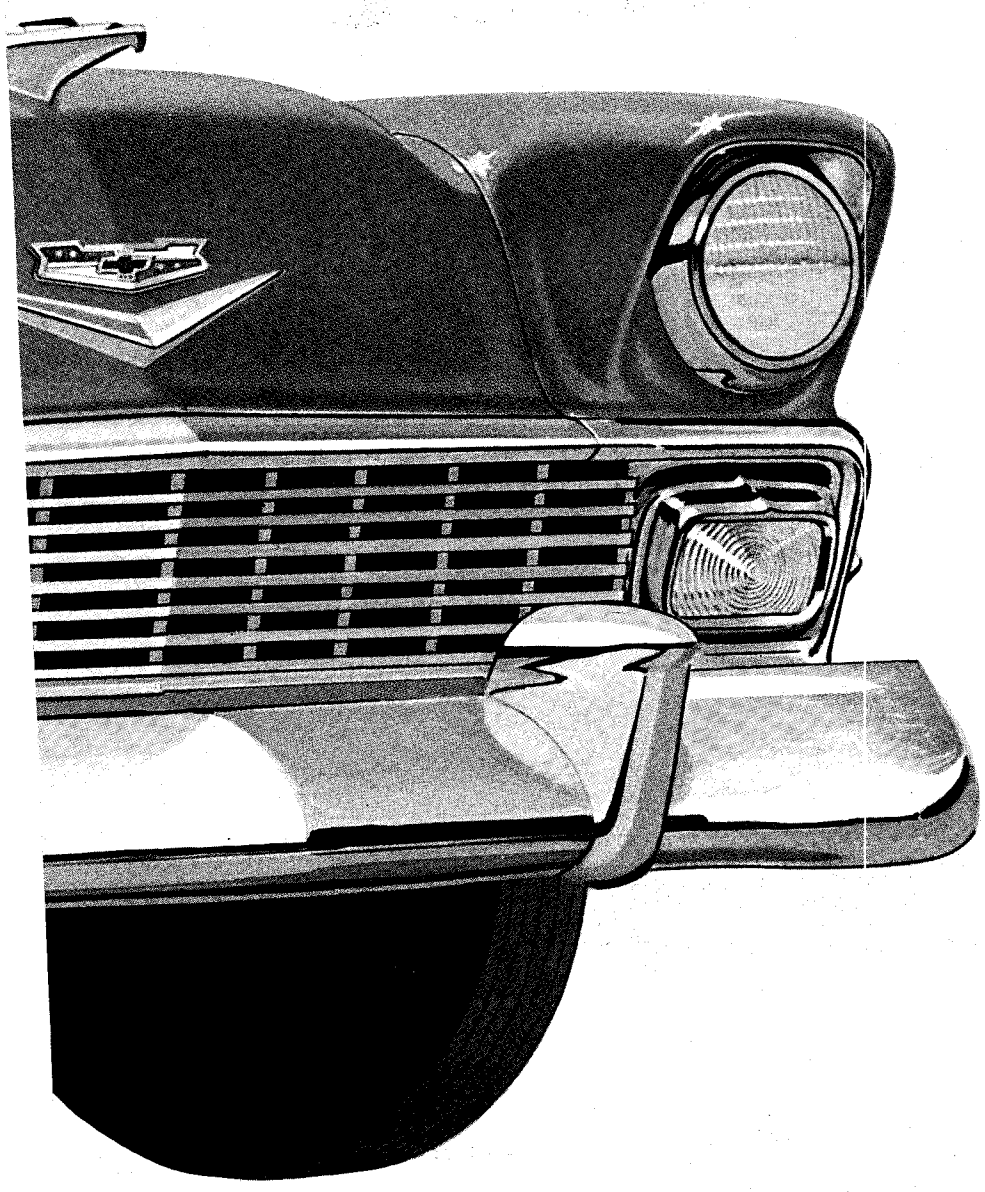
er!



r hardtops.

It's the new 1956 Chevrolet—with bold new Motoramic styling... frisky new models... more of the dynamite action that's zoomed its way into America's heart!

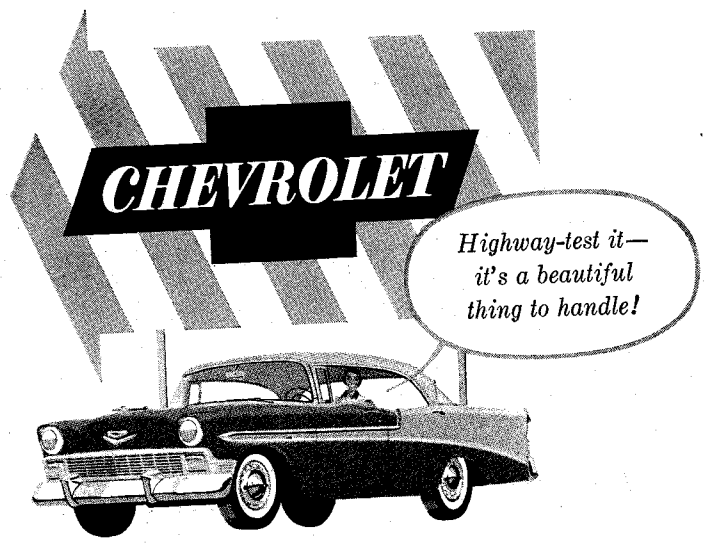
They're here—and even *hotter!* That's the word on the new '56 Chevrolets.

They offer new higher horsepower—ranging up to a top of 205! This is the car, you know, that smashed the Pikes Peak record in a history-making preproduction test! That's *proof* of the kind of performance that puts more safety and fun in your driving.

And that sassy new Motoramic styling tells you this new Chevrolet's just itching to take off and travel! Look it over—the lower, longer hood, the bold new front-end and sweeping speedline chrome styling. Come in closer, and you see the flaired fender openings and high-set, high-fashion taillights. (Luxury note: the left-side taillight hides the gas cap!)

You can pick and choose from 19 new Chevrolet beauties in three great series—including two new 4-door hardtops and two new *nine*-passenger wagons. *All* with colorful new interiors.

Those are the facts—but the *fun* starts at your Chevrolet dealer's. So, why wait? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



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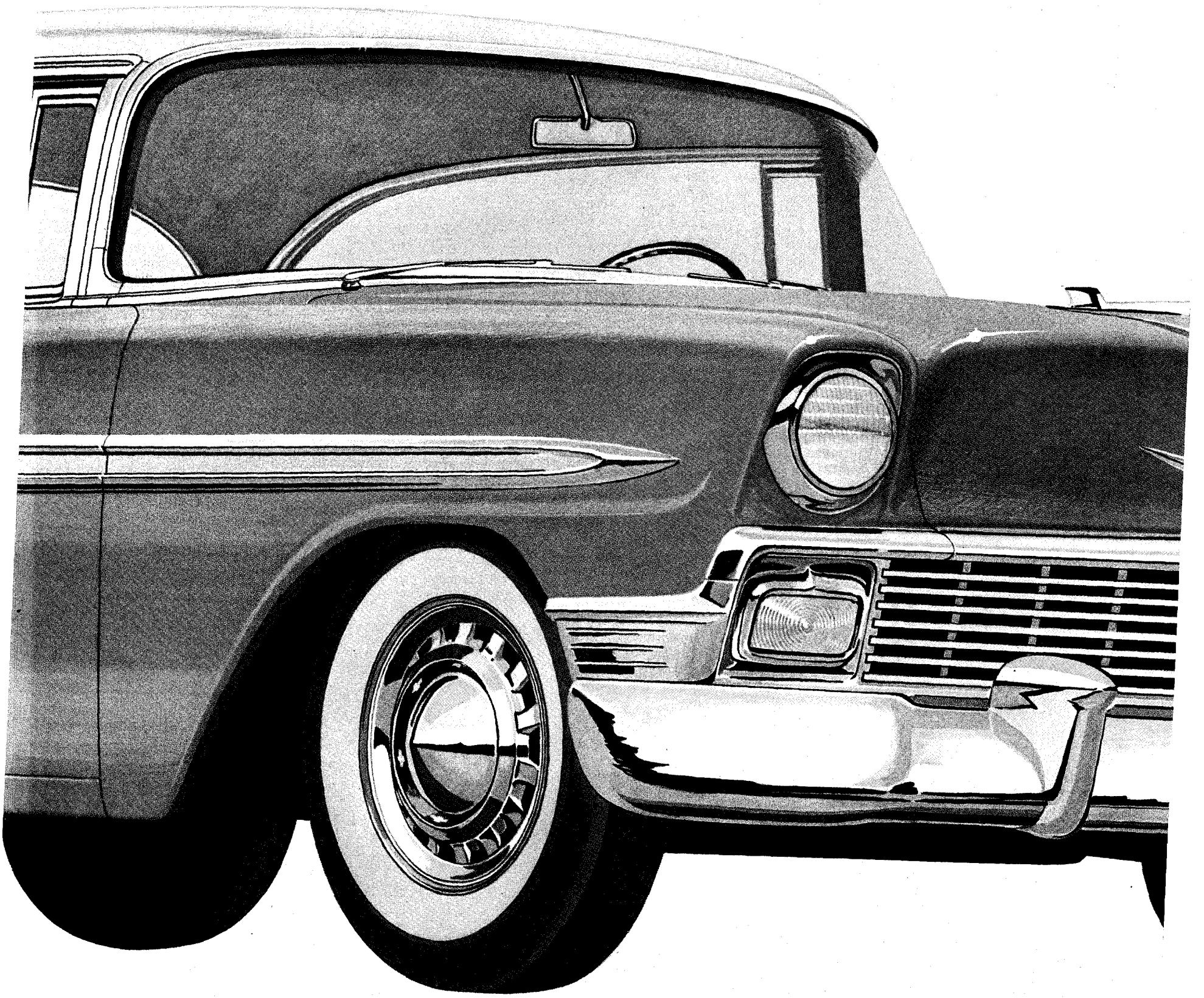
one's even hott



New! THE CHEVROLET BEL AIR SPORT SEDAN—one of two new 4-dc

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You'll feel SAFER moving in a ®Sanitized van

an Extra
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Only UNITED VAN LINES offers the extra care and cleanliness of ®Sanitized Moving. UNITED also provides "Pre-Planned" Service to "blueprint" all the details of moving day in advance. Yet you pay no more for this modern moving service than you would for the ordinary kind. That's why so many thousands of U. S. and Canadian families last year chose the "Pre-Planned," ®Sanitized, UNITED way to move. Call your nearby UNITED Agent—no obligation.

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Look Under "Movers" in Phone Book for Nearest United Agent

(Continued from Page 81) the veteran had talked to Henry Robinson about "this here free land" and at Robinson's suggestion he had signed some papers for "Mist' Clete Ernster." He did not know what the papers were, but he understood it was just a matter of "protectin' these here veterans' rights." The employer took the letter and story to Wiley Cheatham's father, Tom.

After reading the letter and hearing the story, Tom Cheatham went to Austin to see Giles.

When the elder Cheatham reached Giles' office, the commissioner was out. While he waited, the minutes ticked on into half an hour. When he was finally ushered into Giles' presence, Cheatham cut loose. "Bascom," he said, "you're getting as hard to find as a jackleg, two-bit country lawyer. Where you been?"

"Aw, Tom," Giles replied, "I been out with the big boys."

Giles did not specify who the "big boys" were, but Cheatham took them to be large-scale realty operators.

"Bascom," he came back, "did it ever occur to you that you could be out with them too much?"

Tom Cheatham had no way of knowing it, but he had hit the fraud squarely on the head. His question must have given Giles a bad moment, but if it did, there was no sign. Then Cheatham went on to explain his visit, and Giles promised to look into the matter. Had he done so, and had he written Cheatham some kind of explanation, he might have forestalled investigation for a long time. Instead, he did nothing. The result was that when Wiley Cheatham told his father the nature of the information he had, Tom Cheatham was ready to act instantly.

Together the two Cheathams went to the Texas Department of Public Safety, which maintains a special, FBI-like bureau manned by skilled investigators. Once these men grasped the implications of the evidence, they went directly to Cavness, the state auditor, who, by coincidence, had in progress a routine, periodic check of the General Land Office. Now the inquiry took on an intense day-and-night aspect. From the Land Office files Cavness' auditors extracted the names of all the veterans in the Cuero area who had filed supposedly bona-fide applications to buy land. These names were passed on to the Public Safety men, who brought the veterans, by the tens and dozens, into Wiley Cheatham's office for interrogation. These findings, in turn, went back to Cavness' men in order that the facts, as revealed in the Land Board records, might be run out on each.

The facts led directly to McLarty, and when the Public Safety men brought in McLarty's personal and corporate bank accounts, the picture was complete. Though it was soon evident that other promoters were using the same scheme, a typical McLarty deal established the basic pattern of them all.

In the first step McLarty acquired a big tract of land for a few thousand dollars down and promises to pay the rest over a period of several years. He then transferred title to a McLarty-owned corporation.

Now the law stipulated that a veteran who desired aid for a land purchase must first file an application defining the precise piece he wanted. The law also provided that the Land Board must then appraise the parcel applied for, and if its fair value was not more than $7500 buy it outright—for cash. Thereupon the board was to collect the veteran's down payment and issue him a contract of sale, reserving actual title until full payment had been made. Under these provisions it was possible for McLarty to take a number of the "signatures" Robinson and Ernster had gathered on official application forms, and to fill in on each form a description of a piece of land. Each application, of course, specified a different parcel, but when all were put together they proved to be part, or all, of the same tract to which McLarty's corporation owned title. To obtain the land the veterans applied for, the Land Board had to buy it from McLarty's company. The next step was to fix a price to McLarty's advantage.

This was where Giles came in. When a batch of applications for adjoining parcels reached the Land Office, the clerical help classified them as a "group deal." They were under specific instructions from Giles to refer group deals to his personal attention. Although there were a dozen qualified appraisers on the Land Office payroll, Giles nearly always assigned one particular man to handle the group applications. Almost invariably the fair value of each parcel was reported to be close to the maximum the law allowed—$7500. Since the group-deal promoter was the man who fixed the size of the parcels in the first place, these maximum allowable appraisals were fantastic in their effects.

For instance, in one deal McLarty bought a tract of 5789 acres for $152,000, mostly in the form of promissory notes. Shortly thereafter he sold 3701 acres of it to the people of Texas for $177,000 cash. Thus McLarty not only gained $25,000 cash on the deal, he also acquired more than 2000 acres worth nearly $55,000 at the price he paid for them, and almost twice that amount at the price the Land Board paid. However, his gains were not all pure profit. John Bell, the lawyer-congressman, received $4816.66—a fact which later became the basis for his indictment as a conspirator to "commit theft." Also among the McLarty records was a notation of payment of $200 to Henry Robinson as "commission on 20 veterans." An additional forty-five dollars went to a notary public for attesting signatures he had not witnessed. The shares that must have gone to Ernster and others were not revealed. But merely understanding how the scheme worked made it inescapable that Giles must have been a substantial beneficiary.

Closing the deal between promoter and Land Board, however, was not the final step. Something had to be done to give those phony applications the appearance of legitimacy, else the periodic audit of the Land Board books would have revealed the fraud quickly. So, out of the money the promoter received from the Land Board, he made the required 5 per cent down payment in the name of each applicant. The law provided that once the initial sum had been paid in, no veteran could be declared in default for at least three years, regardless of whether the further semiannual installments were met or not. Since the auditors would not make their routine checks on delinquencies until after the three-year period had ended, the down payment tended to stave off detection for at least that long.

Cheatham's inquiry moved into high gear during the last days of October, 1954. With queues of veterans shuffling through the usually somnolent DeWitt County Courthouse for interrogation, Towery and other members of the Record staff quickly concluded that something both big and unusual was afoot. And when Cheatham declined to talk for publication—at that point the responsibilities of his office constrained him to do so—the Record began to do some investigating on its own. By November tenth, Towery wrote and the Record prepared to print a story saying that an investigation of the Veterans' Land Board was in progress. At Cheatham's request, the story was held up for one day, and on November eleventh, Towery, Cheatham and another member of the Record staff sat down to go over the facts as Cheatham had then developed them.

It was from this point on, that Towery's talents came into play. Implicit in the whole situation, and tacitly understood by all concerned, was the fact that the swindle was an awesome bundle of political dynamite. From his own point of view, Towery well understood that anything he printed might easily inundate his paper and himself with libel actions. Then, too, the facts as they had then been developed only suggested, but did not prove, complicity on the part of Bascom Giles. Towery feared that unless Giles was riveted into the picture from the start, adroit political maneuvering might save him from ever being involved at all. And yet, to suggest Giles' guilt on the basis of the evidence then available was a dangerous thing for any newspaper to do.

Many another editor has faced the same dilemma and ducked into the safety of silence. But Towery had already had his last surrender. He decided first, and as a libel protection, to try to get someone in authority to tell him the story he already knew, in the presence of a disinterested and unimpeachable witness. So it came about that the next morning in the state capitol at Austin, Brig. Gen. Kearie L. Berry, a professional soldier who had retired from the United States Army in 1947 to take command of the Texas National Guard, made a telephone call to Cavness, the state auditor.

"I know it's unusual," Berry said, "but there's a young man in my office who needs to talk to you. Normally, I'd just send him on up, but would you come here, instead?"

Cavness, a man with a well-developed sense of (Continued on Page 89)

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What calories are non-fattening?

All the calories that you use up are non-fattening

The average adult uses up 2,300 to 3,200 calories a day

There are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar

And sugar can help you cut down on the only kind of calories that can make you fat—they are the ones that come from overeating

Science shows how sugar can help keep your appetite—and weight—under control

These days, when it seems that someone is always reminding you about the calories in the things you like best, it's reassuring to remember what calories *really* are.

Calories are simply units of *energy*. All foods contain calories, but the only calories that can make you fat come from *overeating*—from oversized portions and unneeded second helpings.

Since sugar is best known as a quick energy food, it is often singled out as a source of calories. Of course it is. But you use up as many calories as you get in a teaspoonful of sugar in just about *7½ minutes of normal activity*.

These calories that are *spent* for energy can never be *deposited* as fat. That holds true whether the calories come from steak or apple pie, grapefruit or sugar.

Sugar is used as energy faster than *any* other food because it is absorbed into the blood stream almost immediately.

This is a helpful fact to know if you're watching your weight! That's because variations in the blood sugar level play an important role in the healthy body's appetite control system.

In clinical tests at a leading university, scientists found that people got hungry when their blood sugar level was *low*. They got hungry *more often* when they were *gaining* weight. But when their blood sugar level was elevated there was less sensation of hunger.

This important discovery explains why it is easier to stay satisfied on less food when you have a sweet just before a meal. It has also led to an entirely new concept of diet planning, designed to help people *cut down* on food without *cutting out* any favorite food.

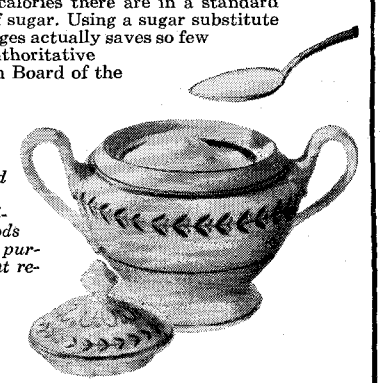
These newer, more realistic diets purposely *include* sugar in foods and beverages because it makes the diet easier to get started on, easier to get used to and easier to stick to.

And if you are maintaining your present weight, isn't it good to know that sugar helps to count your calories for you?

18 CALORIES

. . . that's all the calories there are in a standard level teaspoonful of sugar. Using a sugar substitute in foods and beverages actually saves so few calories that the authoritative Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council reported:

"There is no clear evidence that the availability to and consumption by the general public of artificially sweetened foods would be effective for purposes of body weight reduction or control."



All facts in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar

SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.
New York 5, New York

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She saw Wausau! A noted magazine Editor-Publisher discovers a city with an unusual name — where even the people and their way of life seem different

Wausau Story

by **ENID A. HAUPT,** *Editor-Publisher of Seventeen Magazine*

"It's not too big — as cities go. About 30,000 population. But there's a certain spirit about Wausau that's really unique. A 'personality' that's easy to meet and to live with. I sensed it immediately.

"Wausau people have a kind of warmth and down-to-earthness that I like. 'Hominess', I guess, is the word for it.

"Take Norton Leaps, for instance. He's a friendly, energetic World War II veteran with a knack for flowers. 10 short years ago he started a floral shop and greenhouse. Today he has two greenhouses and will soon blossom out with a third. As we chatted, I could see how happy he was with his work and with Wausau. Obviously, Wausau is equally happy with him.

"But there's another side to this friendly, easy-going attitude of Wausau people. I found that folks up there don't seem to take up fads. They seem to enjoy the freedom of being themselves—not trying to copy someone else.

"Wherever I went in Wausau—on the streets, in the stores, the depot, the hotel —I saw more individuality than I've seen in many larger cities.

"At Wausau Senior High School, for example, I met scores of wonderful young people. Yet, in their dress, their manners, their speech—even the way the girls wore their hair—there was no faddishness, no following of a current craze.

"Later that day, at dinner, I found this same refreshing attitude in the people from Employers Mutuals. I wasn't at all surprised. For they're Wausau people—with a Wausau way of doing things. No wonder they've gained a reputation for being good people to do business with."

"You're a fortunate man," Mrs. Haupt tells Norton Leaps, florist, "to be able to make your livelihood from something you love"

Mrs. Haupt visits Miss Kurath's (standing at left) Home Economics class at Wausau Senior High School

The Editor-Publisher of Seventeen Magazine participates in a local "Seventeen Fashion Show" over station WSAU-TV

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with"

The "Wausau personality" which Mrs. Haupt discovered is not restricted to Wausau's city limits. The same individual, straightforward desire to do a job right can be found with the folks of Employers Mutuals in any of the 90 cities where we have offices. There's a little bit of Wausau in each of the 48 states!

What insurance fields do we cover? You might say everything but life insurance. We write all types of casualty and fire insurance—including, of course, automobile. And we're one of the very largest in workmen's compensation.

In all of these we think you'll appreciate our fairness and unexcelled service on claims—and our dedicated field force with whom you deal *directly*.

So for information on how we can serve your insurance needs, we invite you to phone a local office or write to us in Wausau, Wisconsin. We'll give you the facts quickly and honestly. For that too, is the "Wausau Way" of doing business.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

PROTECTION AND SERVICE SINCE 1911 — EMPLOYERS MUTUALS OF WAUSAU

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(Continued from Page 86) curiosity, and no pomposity at all, said "Sure," and went. In Berry's office he met Towery, and as soon as he learned what Towery wanted, he asked, "Why did you feel you had to come to General Berry? Why didn't you come directly to me?"

"Because," Towery replied, "I wasn't sure whom I could trust. But I knew I could trust General Berry—I served under him on Bataan."

Far from being offended, Cavness grinned appreciatively—and told what his accountants had found. The recital put Towery in an even stronger position than he had hoped to find himself. He now knew that if he printed anything, and did get sued, he could count on Cavness' support too.

But now Towery took his next step. He walked into Giles' office and asked for an interview. That session probably will always rank as among the oddest in Texas history. On one side of the desk was Giles, big, bland, indulgent, self-assured. On the other was Towery, small, visibly nervous, dogged. Giles did not then even know that Cavness' auditors had been checking the group deals in the Land Board records. Yet his defense was ready and pat. Criticism of the Land Board, he said, was "just politics." As for an investigation—why, sure, he'd welcome one. And so on.

"For a while there," Towery recalls, "he sure had me going. I'll say that. I was beginning to wonder if there really was any scandal at all. Then I asked him about that visit of Tom Cheatham's. I saw him stiffen. For just a small piece of a second he looked scared. Then he said he couldn't recall any visit from Tom Cheatham. And I knew I had him. I knew that no jury in Texas would believe that any man, even Bascom Giles, could forget that meeting."

Towery led off his exposure with the Giles interview, and the whole state of Texas erupted in furor. And, as Towery had hoped, the effect of the interview was to plant Giles' place at the heart of the conspiracy so firmly in the public mind that no amount of adroitly engineered diversion could thereafter save him.

On the day before he was to have taken his oath of office for his ninth term, Giles abruptly resigned. Although Governor Shivers has remained silent on the subject, it is generally believed that the resignation came when it did only because the governor demanded it. For the fact was that the widening disclosures and implications of what Texans now called "the land scandal" had created a situation that was increasingly embarrassing both to the governor and to Attorney General John Ben Shepperd. In the case of John Ben, as nearly everyone in Texas calls him, the anxiety was particularly acute. Not only was his official reputation involved but his great expectations of one day becoming governor of Texas were threatened.

The nub of the embarrassment lay in the fact that these two constituted a majority of the Veterans' Land Board, under a law that required the board to approve every purchase made out of the Veterans' Land Fund. The legislature, in brief, had put them on the board as an insurance against monkey business, and now it developed that millions of dollars had been stolen under their noses.

An investigating committee of the state senate promptly set about the task of clearing up this painfully awkward situation. To the committee Shivers sent a statement which said, in effect, that in his entire tenure on the board he had heard of only two group deals and neither of these had been approved. Appearing as a witness, Shepperd said essentially the same thing. But the minutes of the Land Board showed that in no fewer than eighty-nine meetings group deals had, purportedly, been approved by the board members, sometimes when both Shivers and Shepperd were listed as present, and sometimes when they were represented by their executive assistants.

Shivers, Shepperd and Shepperd's first assistant, Robert S. Trotti, who had attended more than twice as many meetings as his boss, all flatly challenged the accuracy of the minutes. Whereupon the committee summoned various Land Office employees, who testified that, in fact, the group deals had not been submitted to the board. On Giles' orders, the papers were stamped as approved and incorporated in the minutes after each meeting. This testimony cleared both the governor and the attorney general from any imputation of guilty knowledge, but it also helped to emphasize an astonishing picture of negligence. Had either of them, just once, taken a look at the minutes of the last meeting, he could not have failed to understand that something was dangerously wrong.

... ...

Busy

By Charles Malam

The old man sits in the
morning sun
Sorting his thoughts out one
by one,
A notion here, a memory
there,
Shaking them out in the
morning air,
Saying, "Now, marm, you
ain't no stronger;
Come sit down and you'll
live lots longer!"

The old woman stands, her
nose a-shine,
Sorting her clothes for the
washing line,
A towel here, a pillow-slip
there,
Shaking them out in the
morning air,
Saying, "You move around,
you'll be
Likely to live as long as
me!"

... ...

At this point the committee developed a strident and bitter schism. The schismatic was State Senator Jimmy Phillips, a restless, dapper, combative lawyer from Angleton, Texas, who fumingly charged that the committee was trying to whitewash John Ben Shepperd. While the other members of the committee did their unavailing best to shush Phillips down, he became his own investigator, gathering documents, calling witnesses and putting testimony in the committee record which otherwise might never have got there.

The facts Phillips put together were these: Sometime in March of 1954 Robert Trotti, Shepperd's first assistant, received a message from a West Texas real-estate dealer about a group deal being worked up among "approximately 75 veterans" which, the realty man warned, was so scandalous that it was likely to "bust" the state of Texas wide open. On March twenty-third Trotti made a telephone call to this informant, asking for more facts. Two days later he followed up with a letter that opened: "I have been concerned about your reference to a probable application to purchase land under the veterans' land program by approximately 75 veterans," and repeated his request for more information.

The land involved was a tract of 11,421.75 acres in Webb County. It had been purchased on April 8, 1953, by T. J. McLarty for $310,000. Then McLarty transferred title to 11,000 of the acres to the Rio Grande Development Company, keeping in his own name some 420 acres and a house valued at $20,000. In November, 1953, a group deal was launched whereby seventy-seven veterans applied for the 11,000 acres now held by McLarty's Rio Grande company, in parcels of 143 acres each. Thus, at the time Trotti referred to a "probable application" to the Land Board, the application had, in fact, been on file in the Land Office for nearly five months.

During this whole period Trotti represented Shepperd at three out of four Land Board meetings and so had direct access to any board records he desired. Two months after his expression of "concern," McLarty's deal went through, and on June 29, 1954, the Land Board paid the Rio Grande company $511,450 for the 11,000 acres.

Now, in addition to the fact that Trotti had been warned of this deal in plenty of time to stop it, there were several other facts about it that stood out. It was, for one thing, the largest single purchase the Land Board made. For another, it was the only one involving seventy or more veterans. It was, in brief, so big and unusual that had Trotti made the slightest effort at investigation he could hardly have missed it. Called as a witness before the Senate committee, Trotti put on a poor show. To the crucial question of what he had done after being warned about the deal, he replied that he could not recall having done anything.

The most volatile aspect of these disclosures now is that Trotti continues to be first assistant attorney general. Texans, who are slow to blame one man for another's omissions, have begun asking one another, "What kind of attorney general's office is John Ben running, anyhow?" The question poses definite hazards to John Ben's political future.

Another aspect of McLarty's big deal, however, is that it also involves John Bell, who received $8000 of the McLarty profits for, he says, legal services rendered in approving the incorporation papers of the Rio Grande Development Company. But behind Bell's involvement in this and others of the fraudulent promotions there lies a question which, though it may never be satisfactorily answered, does make the land scandals unique among big swindles.

Before the senate committee Bell testified that when he came home from World War II he found the veterans' land program already conceived and written by Giles. All it needed was for someone to give it the political impetus necessary for adoption. Since Bell was looking for a popular cause to advance his own political career, he seized upon it. He worked first for its adoption, by referendum, as a constitutional amendment. Then, as a state senator, he sponsored the law necessary to make the amendment operative. In all this, Bell played the part of the veterans' best friend, and by it he gained a following that helped him win a seat in Congress. But now that he is under indictment for sharing the profits of those who turned this veterans' benefit into an unparalleled larceny, his motive has become suspect. If he is convicted, he must face the question: "Did John Bell work to get that law passed in order to set up this swindle?"

If he did, the Texas land scandal is undoubtedly the first multimillion-dollar theft in history to be conceived as a piece of legislation that required the approval of the people. And in this swindle, the only victims are the taxpayers, including all those whose votes made it possible. THE END

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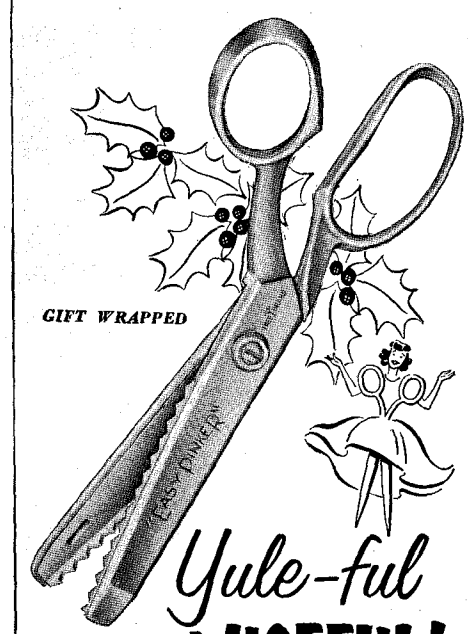

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No Room for Love

(Continued from Page 37)

couple of weeks ago. The wonder was he'd waited so long.

It was a November day, wet, murky. Charley had spent most of it jerking a differential at Bertwick Sales and Service, where he worked, and he wanted his usual bath before he ate, but he decided against it and drove on up Aurora Avenue. He had chosen to live a good distance from the city center because space would always be important to him now. The place was cheap too. He was saving his money to buy his own garage.

It was early, five-thirty, when he walked into the café where he usually had dinner. He sat down at the counter.

"Well, look at you," Honus Wertheimer said. Honus owned the café. "The way you come in here, slicked up every night, I didn't know but maybe you robbed banks for a living. Hamburger steak again? The salmon ain't bad neither. You want a dish of spaghetti while you're waiting?"

Charley liked Honus. He was fat, he had less shape than a jellyfish, and his place wasn't too clean, but he was satisfied with what he had, he loved his wife and kids, and he wasn't afraid to be friendly.

"The police are raiding my joint," he said. "I like hot water, but not that kind."

Honus appreciated Charley's humor. He thought he was a wit. He laughed now, but he sobered quickly.

"Ain't it a shame?" he said. "First her grandpa dies, leaving her nothing but that place with a house that ain't been repaired for twenty years, and a barn that ain't worth nothing with the city stretching out this way. Then the police walk in here, say they want to know where her kid brother was last night. They was another car stole right off the highway, right over there, front of the cleaning establishment."

Charley listened. He knew Patty clerked in a department store downtown, and kept right on working at housekeeping after she came home at night, but grandpa had made it clear he didn't want the roomers getting friendly with her. Charley had seldom seen her. With her brother, Lex, it was different. He had been in a constant wrangle with old man Weathered, up and down the halls, in and out of the house. Charley could call him to mind exactly—tall, skinny, sixteen or thereabouts, sullen and silent when he wasn't exchanging screams with grandpa.

"What's he done?" Charley said. "The kid?"

Honus served the spaghetti. "You take a kid that age, never had nothing, sometimes they make a snatch for what they want. I don't mean Lex would, but he runs with the wrong herd sometimes." He gave Charley a thoughtful stare, as though he had other things on his mind if he could shape them into the right words, but customers came in. It was a while before he stopped again. "Say, why don't you take Patty to a movie sometime? Take her to a dance. The old man never let her go anywhere, never let anybody come to see her. You and that other guy lives there—what is he, foreman of your shop?"

"She wouldn't be his type."

"Well, you, then. Or maybe you got a girl?"

Charley stood up. "I'm saving my money to buy a garage. After that, I'm going to look around for a big girl, big enough to save me the price of a hoist. What do I owe you?"

Honus was laughing again when Charley left the café.

Patty heard him come in. She'd been listening for him, he knew, by the way she appeared at his elbow the minute he stepped into the front hall with its bare light and tattered carpet.

"Mr. Bonutto?"

He took his first real look at her, and he thought she could do with more weight on her. Her eyes were all right, though; wide-set, enormous. Too big for the rest of her.

"I saw you drive past. Twice. While I was talking to Sergeant Rapp." Her voice had the habit of apology. He caught that. "I wanted to explain that it's all right." She paused, as though abruptly aware that she needn't have said anything, since nothing was wrong.

Charley was looking at her hair. It was heavy and silky, with a natural wave pulled almost straight by the heavy hairpins restraining it at the back. His fingers twitched, wanted to cut it, a talent he had learned in the reformatory and had polished in the Army, where he had spent part of his time barbering the brass. Their families, too, after he'd picked up training from stylists over there.

She put a quick hand to the knob at the back. "It's a mess, isn't it?"

"Why don't you cut it? It'd look better, easier to keep. I'll do it for you."

"Grandpa wouldn't like it. He'd never let me."

"Grandpa's dead," Charley said.

He hadn't liked the old man. It hadn't occurred to him anybody ever had, or could, but Patty gave him a shocked glance, as though he'd spoken blasphemy.

He tried to edge past her to get up the stairs, but she said, "Mr. Bonutto?" again, in that appealing voice. "It's Lex. I don't know what to do about him. Cars. It's all he talks; it's all he thinks about. He was out till three o'clock this morning. Do you know where he was?" Charley didn't care, but his blurt had knocked a hole in a dam. Her words poured over him. "At Ray Kruchek's. Mr. Kruchek has that garage up the highway. He was replacing this motor, and Lex stayed right there with him. Mr. Kruchek says so himself. Mr. Bonutto?"

The big eyes pinned him. He couldn't move.

"Would there be work for Lex down where you are? After school, I mean? I can't buy him a car. I don't have two or three thousand dollars. I never will have."

It was Charley who was shocked this time. "What does he want, a limousine? No," he said, "there won't be work for him down where I am, a kid that age. What could he do? But you've got that old car standing out there in the barn. Let him go to work on that."

"It won't run. It hasn't for years; and anyway," she said, "it's grandpa's."

"So's this house and the barn, the whole place. You going to keep 'em for a shrine? What'd he ever do but make things tough for you, yapping at Lex, keeping you holed up here nights after work like a dog on a chain?" He'd offended her. She backed away and he could have escaped up the stairs, but he didn't want her to hold the impression that he'd been worrying about her. He shrugged. "I got a big mouth. All I'm trying to say, you're on your own. Don't get suckered into thinking grandpa or anyone else'll really care what you do from now on. Take care of Number One. I pass that on from a guy who knows. Me."

He went on up the stairs and into his room. Ralph Hennessey was in there leafing through Charley's ties, his one extravagance.

"You got any new ones?" Ralph said.

He was shop foreman at Bertwick Sales and Service, a man some years older than Charley, some inches taller, as likable as anyone you could meet, and handsomer than most, but he'd turned his life into one big lie, living as cheaply as he could so he could afford to date the girls he did. He had a car he hadn't paid for. He had a wardrobe he couldn't afford. He was a little boy with his nose pressed flat against a window full of pretty and expensive baubles.

"They're in the bottom drawer," Charley said. "Ain't even been opened yet." He got out the ties and let Ralph take his pick.

"You're a great guy, Charley," Ralph said. "One of these days I'm going to find you a girl and take you to a night club and teach you how to have a good time." *Miss Gilt Edge, let me introduce you to my friend, a jailbird.* Charley could imagine. He could imagine Ralph inviting him to go anywhere if he'd known the whole truth. Like fun he could. "But not tonight," Ralph said. "Tonight I'm stepping a girl who's never ridden in anything but swanky jobs."

It didn't surprise Charley the next morning, in the shop, to find him discontented, edgy.

"A girl like that, wearing real diamonds, how can a guy impress her?"

"You and Lex," Charley said. "You ought to get yourselves adopted by the Rockefellers." But the foreman was out of sorts this morning. He changed the subject.

"Junior's sports car has the pip again. He just called."

"Tell him to wheel it in here."

Junior was Bertwick's son. His car was a French model. Charley had spent his leaves in France learning the insides of the cars made over there. He had worked on a few handmade ones.

(Continued on Page 92)

"As a matter of fact I haven't been bowling since I got married!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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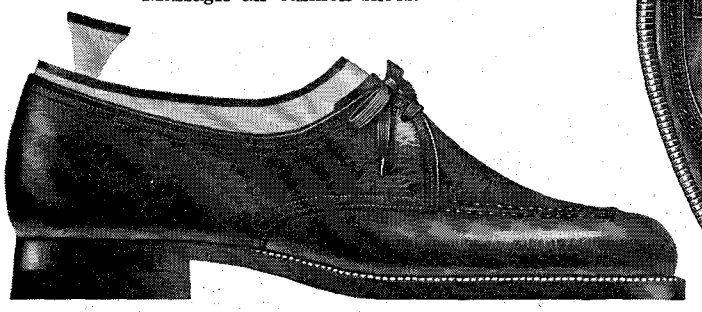

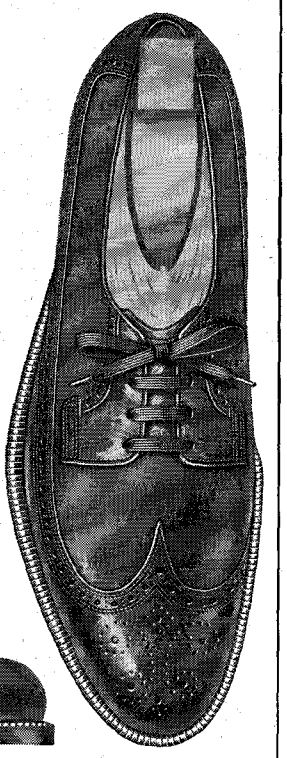

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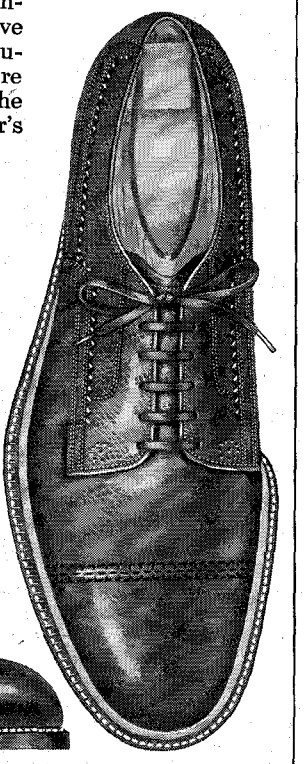

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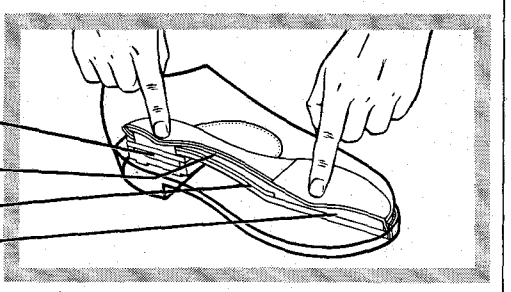

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(Continued from Page 90)

"He needs it daytimes. Double-time if you'll come back tonight."

"Nothing doing," Charley said. "He wants his car fixed, he can bring it in here and leave it." Junior didn't know a wrist pin from a hole in the muffler, but he couldn't keep his hands off the distributor. "I get the timing like it should be, and what does he do? Gets in there and fiddles, trying to soup it up."

"He wants to talk to you."

"I'll be right here," Charley said, "till quitting time."

Junior didn't show, and that was fine with Charley. It was dusk when he turned into the bumpy lane at the Weathered place, a clear, crisp evening that made every cane of the bare bushes at the other edge of the acre stand out like ignition wires, each apart from the next. The barn door stood open, with the light turned on inside, but grandpa hadn't included garage space in Charley's rent. Not that it mattered. His car was old. He'd bought it for its motor, not its looks. He went on into the house. Patty was just home from work, still wearing her hat and coat, waiting for him again.

"Mr. Bonutto?" She always gave his name that tip-up at the end, as though she had to plead for his attention. "I want to thank you for giving me some of your time last night. I appreciate what you said about how you never do anything you don't get paid for."

"I never said that."

She seemed surprised by his interruption and astonished by his denial. "You said look out for Number One. That's what you live by."

"I offered to cut your hair, didn't I? For nothing."

She whipped off her hat. "I got it cut. It's awful."

It was. It looked as though someone had gone at it blindfold with pinking shears.

"But that wasn't what I wanted to talk to you ——"

"Just a minute." He went upstairs and came down again with scissors and a straight-edge razor. "You got a comb?"

"I can't afford another haircut," she said stiffly. "This one cost me too much."

"In the kitchen," he said, "where we can sweep up the clippings."

She gave him an exasperated glance, but Charley started down the hall toward the swinging door and if she wanted to talk to him she had to follow.

"What I wanted to say," she began, as soon as she was out of her coat and seated with a towel draped over her shoulders, "if grandpa had felt the way you do——" She paused. Charley had put a hand under her chin, tipping her head gently this way and that to discover what could be done with the mistake on top of it, and the fire in her eyes dissolved in curiosity. She went right on, however, as soon as he picked up a lock of hair.

"If grandpa had felt like that he wouldn't have taken us in. He could have let us go to an orphanage, but he brought us here and fed us. He kept us together and helped us grow up the best way he knew."

"Your head's got a good shape."

The silky strands of her hair clung to his fingers. Presently he found his hands lingering in the stuff, but even then he didn't suspect danger, not until his knuckles, touching her cheek, found silken warmth there too. It went through him like a hot spark juicing a V-8.

He had been in love several times in high school, but he hadn't touched a girl since the end of his postgraduate year in the reformatory. Now he stood back, shaken by recollection, but Patty didn't notice. She was explaining grandpa.

"—— so what if he was cross sometimes, and didn't let us do things like other kids our age?"

It took him twice too long to finish the job he'd started. He reached a mirror from the wall at last, held it up for her to see.

"—— always said it's the people who think first of themselves who make the trouble in this ——"

She stared at the image in the mirror, speechless at the miracle Charley had contrived. He'd given her a silken cap with feathered edges. He'd brought out the arch of her dark brows. He had made her beautiful. She tipped her eyes upward, a little frightened, querying him in mute appeal, but he had no answer for her. He had none for himself.

It wasn't her changed appearance which mattered to Charley. It was what her nearness had done, laying waste five years of pretense that he could get along without friend or affection. And yet nothing was changed for Charley Bonutto. He saw now that his pretense had been a shield to hide a scar he hated. What difference how he had come by it? It was there. It always would be. Now he knew how much he'd paid, and always would, to keep it hidden, but he felt no better. He felt worse.

"No charge," he said, collecting his equipment.

Upstairs, he turned on a light and looked around to see how much stuff he'd have to pack this time when he moved on. A generous impulse had backfired on him again. He had paid a year of his life for the first one. He had no way to estimate what the cost this time would be. Someone knocked at the door, and he said "Come in," expecting Ralph.

It was Lex.

"Say"—he was a skinny youth, all legs and Adam's apple—"what do you do when the head bolts are frozen?"

He was a nothing in Charley's life, but he'd dropped a nickel into a slot and Charley's delivery was automatic.

"You tap them easy, with a hammer. You don't want to crack the head. Then you put a long-handled wrench ——"

"I got a piece of pipe and a monkey wrench ——"

"A monkey wrench!" Charley shouted. "What are you, a plumber?"

Lex had been shouted at before. He stayed where he was, blinking, waiting for instruction, but Patty came flying along the hall downstairs, troubled by the shout, and Charley didn't want another encounter with her.

"I got some tools in my car," he said quickly. "I'll meet you in the barn."

An hour or so later Patty came to the barn too. Dinner was ready. Lex was still working on the head bolts, Charley standing by, and this was familiar to him, this he remembered, himself at Lex's age, wanting to do the job alone, but willing for someone to stay handy, keeping his mouth shut until his advice was requested.

"Mr. Bonutto? There's enough for you, too," she said, "if you'd like to come."

Would he like to come? But he met the brown eyes with a cool glance, bringing them uncertainty followed by dismay. He wanted a few days more here, to give Lex the help he needed, getting his car in motion.

"Thanks," Charley said. "I ate downtown."

Rebuffed, the brown eyes shied away, and presently Patty left. Lex went, too, but he was back again in fifteen minutes. By that time Charley had the head bolts loosened.

"You take her all apart, it's going to cost you money, buying new gaskets," Charley said.

Lex was young. "Kid I know used the old gaskets. Leaks a little, but she runs."

Charley held his silence. Ralph had come into the barn, wearing black tie and tux, looking for him.

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"Watch out you don't get scratched, hugging all those diamonds," Charley said, but Ralph was out of humor again.

"Here's a passkey to the shop." He threw it on the bench nearby. "You change your mind about working on Junior's car ——"

"I got a passkey," Charley said, "and I won't change my mind."

Ralph was leaving. He didn't turn back.

It was midnight when Patty came out again to tell Lex he had to go to bed. She had washed her hair and dried it, and the feathery stuff clung to her lovely head in a way to turn a man's heart, but she didn't look at Charley. So be it. He didn't want her friendship, and he wouldn't seek her love.

With Lex, scrubbing grease from his hands on a dirty rag, it was different. Lex said, man to man, "We'll grind those valves tomorrow night."

"Now we're started we better go right on in," Charley said mildly. "You got rust on the cylinder block. Face it."

"We find a cracked block, then what?" Lex had been all fire, reprieving the car, but his face went sulky again, querying Charley. "I got no money to buy a new motor."

"Cost you maybe thirty bucks and it won't be a new motor," Charley said. "It'll be an old one bought off a wrecking company."

Lex was tired. "We're wasting time."

He was at work in the barn, nevertheless, the next night when Charley came home from work. Charley took time to bathe and change his clothes and step into Honus' café for dinner. He'd been turning a question in his mind all day, and when he had the chance he put it to the café owner.

"You been here a long time. You know everybody. Where could a kid go to earn money out this way? Lex. He don't know it, but it's going to cost him close to a hundred bucks to buy parts for that old car grandpa had standing in the barn. He's got to buy a new block, maybe new pistons, replace a couple of valves, there's a busted spring at the right rear, and his gas tank's got a leak in it."

Honus said, "I'll ask around, Charley. I sure will." He had been hurrying and he was perspiring, but there was something about the fat man, some humble goodness in him, which drew a blurt from Charley Bonutto.

"I did a term in a reformatory once, and I wasn't much older than Lex."

"Is that so?" Honus said. "Well, you ain't the first. I'll sure keep the kid in my mind. You got a right heart, Charley, trying to help him."

Charley went out and climbed into his car, but he felt nothing, neither relieved nor sorry. Honus hadn't comprehended what he'd heard, but Patty would. There was no good in hoping.

It was around eight o'clock when they found the crack in the cylinder block. It had been welded, and dirt had caked on it, and Lex didn't want to believe it was there. It made him sore when Charley kept digging between one of the valves and its cylinder, but Charley dug, just the same, hurting for the kid, but steadfast as a surgeon. When he had the break cleaned so no one could doubt it, he looked up at Lex, who stared back at him in sullen anger. There were tears in the boy's eyes, and Charley could understand that. He could remember. He picked up a hunk of waste, wiped his hands.

"Honus is going to ask around, see if there's a job out here where you can earn money. You go talk to him, Lex. You got a car, if you're willing to work to get it in shape."

Lex didn't answer. He took a hasty swipe at his eyes and stared past Charley. Junior was nosing his car into the barn. He never walked where he could ride, but Charley had no reason to suppose his behavior wasn't normal for a student in his last year at the university. His chief fault lay in his own belief that what he did or wanted to do was more important than what anyone else did or wanted to do, but when he could afford the time he was good-hearted. He wasn't tall, about Charley's height, and his clothes were good, but seldom tidy.

He got out of his car and slammed the low door shut, causing Charley to wince. He loped over to take a look at the dismantled motor. He could have put his hand in his pocket and pulled out enough cash to put the clunk in full working order, and that knowledge led Charley to take up a defensive stand beside it, ready to reduce his speed if he came up with a fast crack, but he didn't.

"You got a good mechanic working for you." He grinned at Lex. "The best." And he turned to Charley. "I sure hope your heart'll soften up, or your head, or something, so you'll find a couple of hours to go over my sled. I can't get along without it, Charley, daytimes. Honestly." He followed with a

(Continued on Page 96)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Does this mean we don't get any dessert?"

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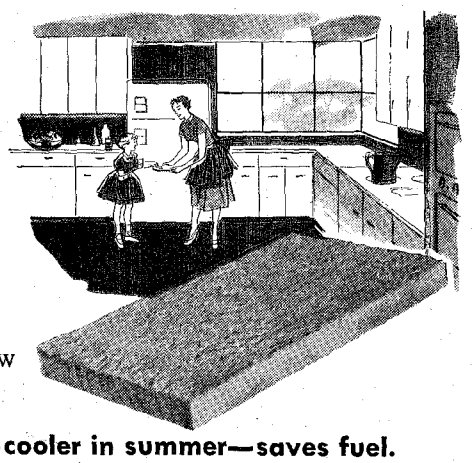
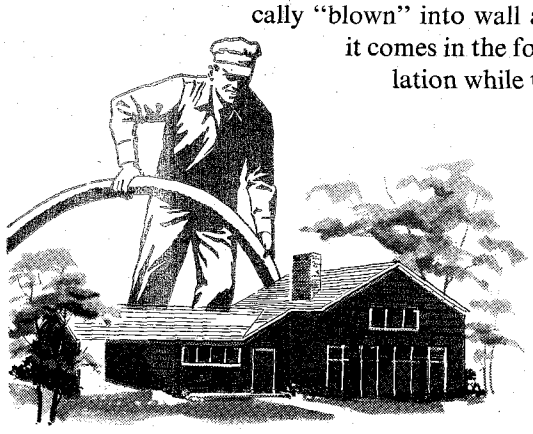
Makes home appliances more efficient. In the form of prefabricated units Spintex is used in kitchen ranges, water heaters, refrigerators, home freezers. For example, it holds heat in ovens and broilers. It keeps cold in freezers and refrigerators. Moreover, Spintex retains its efficiency—it won't sag or settle. And it's sanitary—won't rot or decay. Make sure your new equipment is Spintex insulated.



Makes homes warmer in winter—cooler in summer—saves fuel. Pioneered by Johns-Manville, Spintex is a highly efficient insulation for homes. For existing houses Spintex in nodulated form is pneumatically "blown" into wall and attic spaces. For new homes it comes in the form of batts or blankets for installation while the house is being built. In winter Spintex saves up to 30¢ on every heating dollar. In summer it keeps the home up to 15° cooler on hottest days. Send for free book "Comfort That Pays For Itself." Address Johns-Manville, Dept. SP-10, Box 60, New York 16; in Canada, 565 Lakeshore Rd. E., Port Credit, Ontario.



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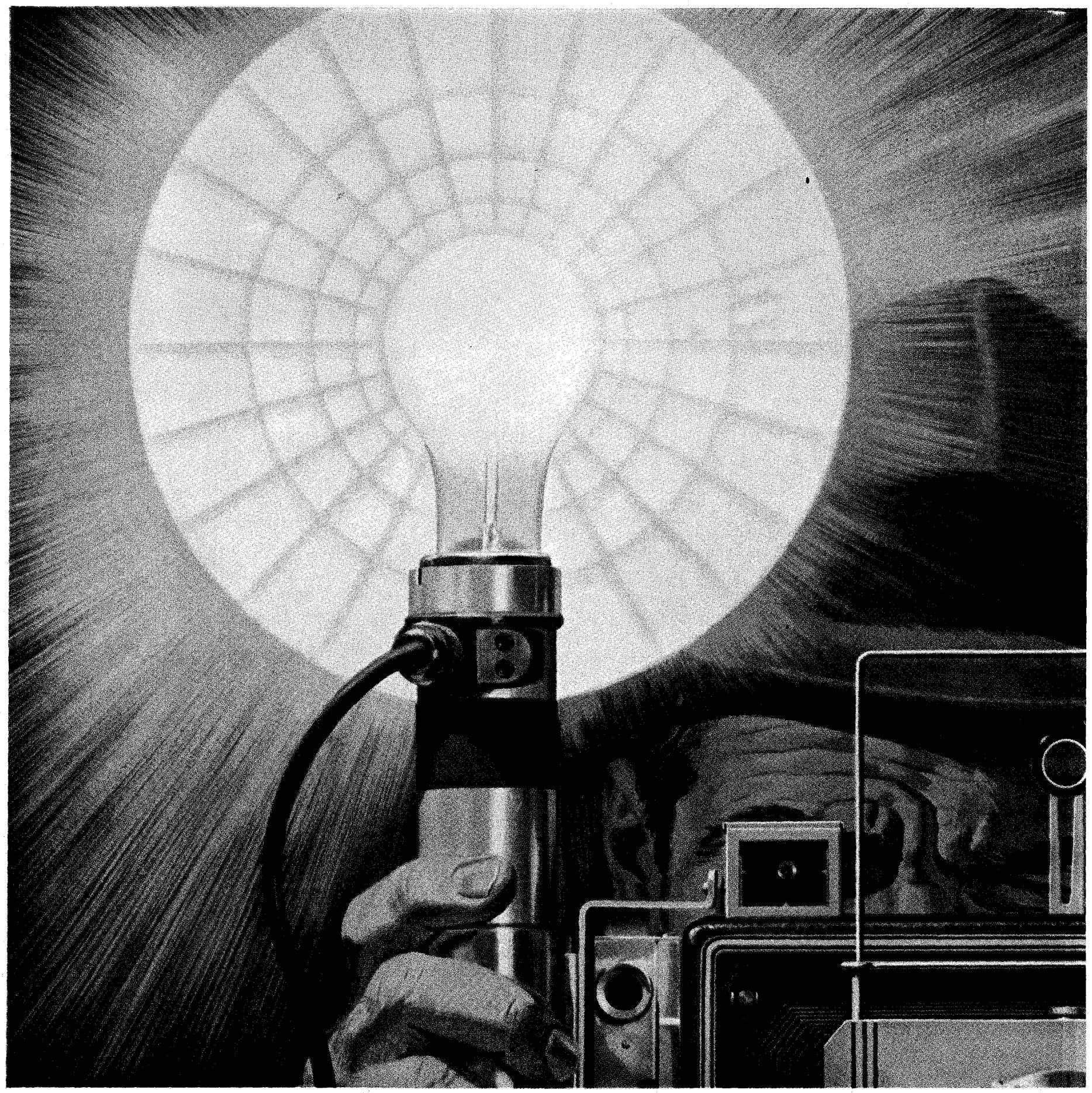

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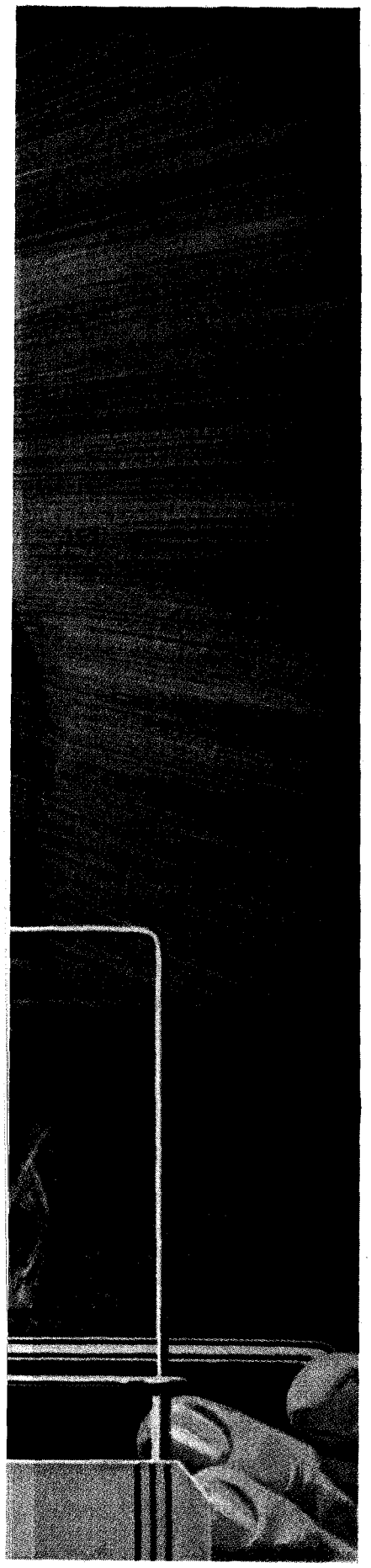
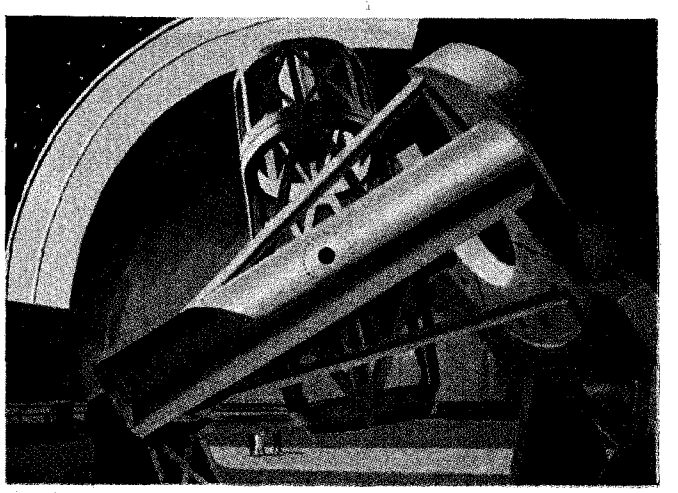
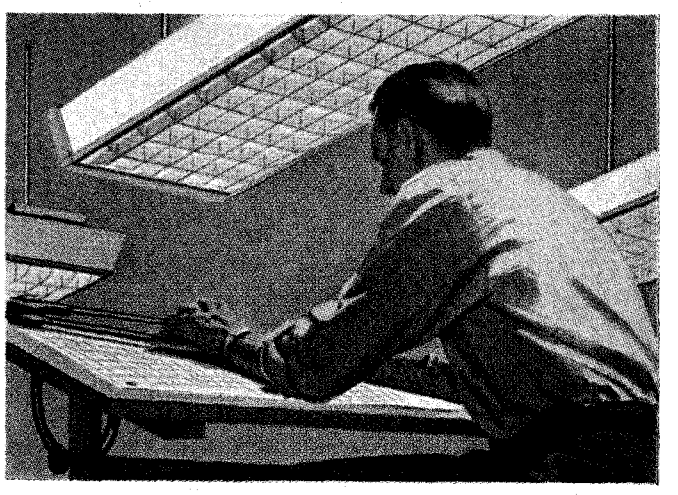


Modern motion picture screens made of extruded aluminum sections greatly increase picture brightness and improve color reproduction.



Aluminum coating on the 200-inch mirror of the huge telescope at Palomar Mountain reflects light from heavenly bodies billions of miles away.

High-powered lights in ball parks are backed by aluminum reflectors which give daytime brightness. They will not rust, reducing maintenance.



Lamp reflectors on home and industrial light fixtures increase brilliance as much as twenty per cent. This permits use of lower watt bulbs.

Suntan shield made with reflective Kaiser Aluminum intensifies rays of the sun, giving your face a fast, even and much deeper tan.

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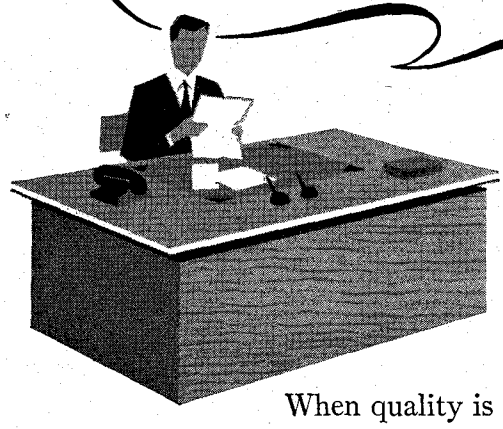

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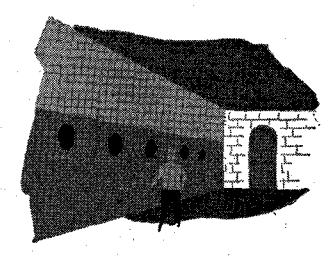

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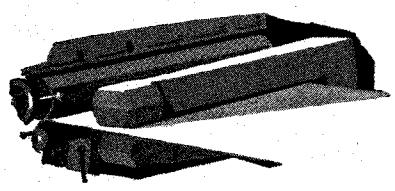

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(Continued from Page 93)

proposition. Charley heard it, but he was watching Lex, a kid in a dream, moving toward the other car, his hand outstretched toward its sleek flank. "You name your price for the job," Junior said urgently. "I'm studying week nights for the next two weeks and I'll leave her down at the garage every night. You pick your time."

Charley was watching Lex, a terrible uneasiness spurting up in him. Junior turned too.

"You want to drive it, kid?" he said.

"No!" From Charley.

Junior and Lex both silenced, staring at him, but Charley was six years away, recalling that night—the night he'd been picked up.

The car, a big one, glossy, smooth, himself behind the wheel. Returning it. That was what he'd told the kid he'd knocked down to earn the privilege of restoring what had been stolen. It was what he had set out to do—return that car—but the feel of all that power under his foot, the sweet music of the motor ——

He'd been picked up. The police had stopped him, but what if they hadn't? He didn't know. He didn't know.

He turned to Junior. "Get that thing out of here!"

Charley turned back to Lex's car, and his hands were shaking. When he looked up again Junior and his car were gone, but so was Lex, and Lex didn't come back. Charley waited an hour, reliving in despair the uncertainties of that night six years ago while sweat greased his fingers till they wouldn't hold a tool. It wasn't his friends he'd been mistrusting ever since then, it was himself. And now Lex, wanting a car with the same awful longing. Wanting it now.

Charley threw down his tool and wiped his hands and went into the house. The house was empty, and that was strange. It was strange for Patty to be gone. He looked around, and presently he saw her note, pinned to the nearest curtain at the foot of the stairs.

Lex: A man from the store is taking me to the movies. I'll be back by eleven.

It hurt. At two days past one haircut Patty was on her way. Charley went up to his room, and after a while he took his second bath that day, listening for Lex, always listening for Lex, but the boy didn't come. And presently anxiety gave way to anger in Charley. He didn't owe either one of them anything, Lex or Patty. Junior had offered him the chance to pick up extra change, so what was he doing here, with the French car waiting for his healing touch in Bertwick Sales and Service?

It wasn't waiting, but Charley made three careful inspections of the whole place, every car, before that griping uneasiness took hold of him again. He remembered Ralph. He remembered the passkey the foreman had thrown down, with Lex standing nearby. Charley hadn't picked it up. As far as he knew, it still lay where Ralph had thrown it. Or did it?

He took his time. He called the Bertwick home. Someone gave him the phone number of Junior's fraternity, and he called there to hear Junior say he had driven the car straight from the Weathered place to the garage.

"You didn't put it in my stall," Charley said, ready to cover for Lex, trying to keep Junior out of it for now, for a little while.

"I drove it in the south entrance and left it there."

"I'll take a look," Charley said. He hung up while Junior was still talking.

It was nearing eleven, and Charley waited a while longer, willing Lex to return the car. Take a joy ride, yes. That would be bad enough. But bring it back. Bring it back.

There was nothing to do, finally, but drive out to talk to Patty. She was still up, and Charley was grateful for that. They stood in the hall, and she kept those enormous eyes turned up to him while he explained how Lex could have taken the car, how there were places where he could get quick money on it tonight, how he needed money to buy parts for his car.

"He wouldn't do any of those things," Patty said calmly.

Charley said, "I was his age once. Listen, Patty. Let me tell you."

He'd thought he couldn't tell her. He'd thought the time needn't come when he would have to tell her, but he wanted her to know, he wanted her to be prepared, in case Lex —— And so he told her. It was worth it to him.

She listened without interruption. When he had finished, she said, "The passkey's still out there. Did you look?"

Charley's confession had made no more impact on her than it had on Honus.

"Sure, it's out there. I looked. It's there, but that's the first thing he would have done, don't you see that?" He was close to despair. "He'd have returned that passkey, to cover his tracks. If he's going to unload the car he won't need the key."

"Mr. Bonutto." This time there was no query in her voice. It was gentle, certain. "You're a kind man. Sometimes I've thought so, and sometimes I haven't, but now I know. Lex will be here. He's stayed out later than this."

"You don't know."

"I do know." She was positive; serene and positive. "You couldn't steal, and he couldn't either."

The front door burst open and Lex came in before Charley could answer. His thin cheeks were wet, as though he'd been walking in the rain.

"Honus let me out up on the highway," he said. "He opens that café at seven. He needs sleep." He wasn't sore at anybody, and now it occurred to Charley that the kid was used to being screamed at and doing a quick fade when it happened. "Listen, I want to tell you what I ——"

"You've been with Honus?" Charley said.

"Peeled a bushel of spuds for him. Cleaned that dump up out back, and brother, did it need it! I got a job one afternoon a week with him, then he drove me up to where the guy that owns that cleaning outfit lives. I got deliveries for them Saturdays." But this was dull stuff to Lex. He had more exciting information. "I stopped in at Kruchek's, Charley."

"Mr. Bonutto," Patty said.

"Charley," Charley said.

"For Pete's sake, listen, will you? Kruchek's got a used '41 block in there, never been rebored."

"You got a '39 car. It'll mean new pistons. And you got a pitted camshaft." But for once in his life Charley was more interested in a girl than in a motor. "Look, you get to bed. I'll drive you up to Kruchek's tomorrow. Right now I want to talk to Patty."

But Ralph came in, interrupting Charley's intentions. He was jaunty again, mounting the stairs, his tuxedo as out of place as his pretensions in this house.

"Ralph," Charley said. The foreman halted, pleased with himself, full of good will. "It just came to me. Maybe you got the use, nights, of Bertwick cars berthed in the garage."

"I take a car any time I need to, to find out what ails it." He winked at Charley. "Nice work if you can get it."

Charley didn't answer. He watched Ralph to the top of the stairs, and he asked himself what constituted theft. He didn't know. He honestly didn't know.

Patty told him a few minutes later. "You should always ask permission for a kiss," she said. THE END

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The Secret (Continued from Page 26)

he hadn't. He'd just asked his Aunt Jane if she and Uncle Wendel ("But I'm no kin to him, really!") could take Barbara for a month, till he could send her to his married sister in South Orange, New Jersey. This sister, it seemed, had three children of her own and was presently having another, so it was all very complicated, as anything concerning children is likely to be. But the result was that Jane had gone to New York and had come back with Barbara, a blue-eyed, dark-haired child who looked, Wendel cautiously admitted to himself, like an angel. Later the angel had turned into a small human being, which is to say a creature sometimes enchanting, sometimes the opposite, and at all times a mystery.

Now it was over. The month was up. And the riddle of the child's secret self, of her true inner attitude, particularly toward him, was still, to Wendel Courtney, unsolved. Unless, perhaps, that mark on the wall was a clue?

He walked back to his desk, stared again at the offending blue squiggle. It seemed a more personal affront than before. He felt, in a sense, stabbed. Yet at the same time recalling his original warnings to his wife, he had a feeling of perverse satisfaction.

"The little imp!" he said, again speaking aloud. "I knew it! I told Jane she'd do it."

"What did you tell Jane?"

He turned quickly. His wife stood in the door of the library. She was already dressed for her trip to New York—she was leaving

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Most fur coats come from the male animal.

AL M. SCHAEFER

---

with Barbara on the three-o'clock train to return the child to Jim Bradley—and though there was still a melancholy set to her coral-red mouth she looked very smart, Wendel thought, in her tan summer suit with the little straw hat perched slantwise on her glossy brown head that showed only a few decorative touches of gray. At forty-five, Jane was still young, still slender, still beautiful. While he ——

"You were talking to yourself," she said rather coldly, coming toward him.

He nodded. "I know. I must be getting old."

"Nonsense. You're only fifty. But what was it you said you'd told me?"

"I told you that children always wrote on walls."

"What? When did you? What on earth are you talking about?"

"Don't you remember, my dear? When we first discussed having Barbara here, I pointed out to you that all children are mischievous by nature. Children always have crayons, I said, and no matter how you try to restrain them, they will invariably do"—here he paused for dramatic effect—"just what Barbara has done."

Jane's coldness vanished. She said anxiously, "What has Barbie done?"

"This," he said, gesturing toward the wall.

"What, Wendel? I don't see ——"

"There. Just under the corner of my portrait. That mark there."

"Oh."

"That's Barbara's doing, isn't it?"

"Yes," Jane said. "I recognize her favorite blue crayon. But why should she do such a thing—on her very last day?"

"I suggest that you ask her."

"I can't. She's upstairs, having her nap. Her last nap in this house"—here Jane's voice unexpectedly quavered—"before I take her back to her father, who'll have to turn her over to his sister, who's already got four children of her own—or almost four."

"But that was the arrangement," Wendel said.

"Oh, the arrangement!" Jane lifted her head to look up at him standing tall and seemingly immovable above her. "Do we always have to stick to the arrangement? Can't we ever break it or change it or—do something original for once?"

"I don't understand you," he said.

"No," she said, with a little hard laugh, "I don't suppose you do. You've always been used to fixed arrangements. This house, this town, that view from your windows—all nicely arranged for your benefit before you were born! All ready-made for your pleasure! For your life. Your life," she repeated vaguely; and then, "the life of a New England gentleman who's never done anything but take care of the things—the property, the money, the position—that his forefathers handed down to him."

"Why, Jane," he said. "Jane ——"

"No, I'm wrong," she said. "In 1942 at the age of thirty-seven, this man put on a cap with gold braid and went cruising the Pacific in a thing called a mine sweeper and ——"

"Jane!"

"—— and ten years before that he married a summer girl from New York, a silly summer visitor to Lymington, who'd fallen madly in love with him—and who damn near died when she found that she couldn't have his children. She was perfectly healthy and almost indecently willing, but there was something wrong with her reproductive chemistry. So the doctors said she could never ——"

"Don't," Wendel said. "What's the use?"

"That 'never' almost killed her. But she and her husband were sensible people. They talked intelligently of adopting a child, but somehow nothing came of their being sensible. So finally she offered him his freedom. But he was all Hotchkiss and Harvard and rock-ribbed Connecticut conscience—and too much of a gentleman to divorce her."

"He loved her."

"So his only contribution to posterity was to have his portrait painted! To hang himself on a picture hook among his dead ancestors! To gather dust ——!"

"I tell you he loved her."

"How could he? She cheated him of his children."

"That wasn't her fault. And anyway, it was harder on her."

"Wendel? Do you mean that?"

He looked down at her as she turned her face toward him again. "I don't say things I don't mean."

A quick light came into her eyes, then as quickly died. "Yet now," she said, "now that I've got a child, right here, under our own roof, you won't let me keep her."

He stiffened like a man unjustly accused, yet the note of indignation in his voice sounded false.

"You never said you wanted to," he defensively answered. "You've never once told me ——"

"But you must have known! From the day I got Jim Bradley's letter you must have guessed how I felt—what I hoped!"

"Yes," he said, abruptly abandoning pretense, "I did know. I admit it."

"And you were afraid!" Her red mouth was scornful, her breast swelled till its contours were visible under her tight-fitting jacket. "You were frightened by the thought that I might want to keep the child, make some new (Continued on Page 101)

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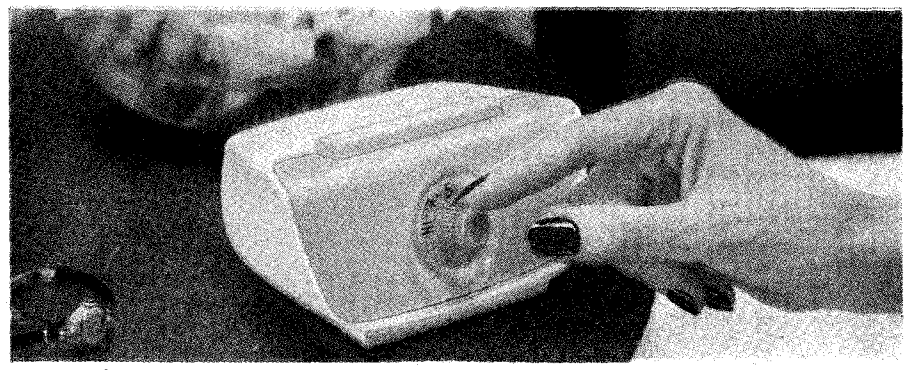
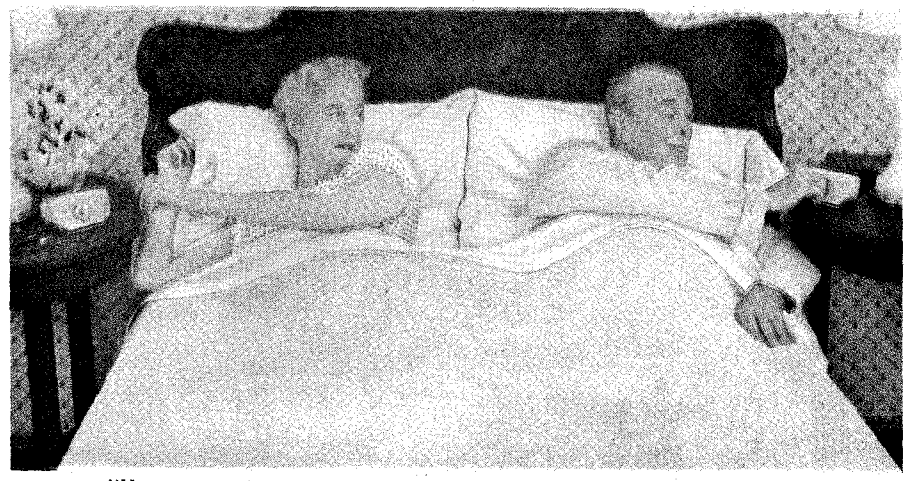


You choose the amount of warmth you like best, on the G-E Bedside Control dial. G.E.'s miraculous *Sleep-Guard* sees that you *stay* just that warm all night long. Adjusts automatically to temperature change, so you're never cold, never too warm!



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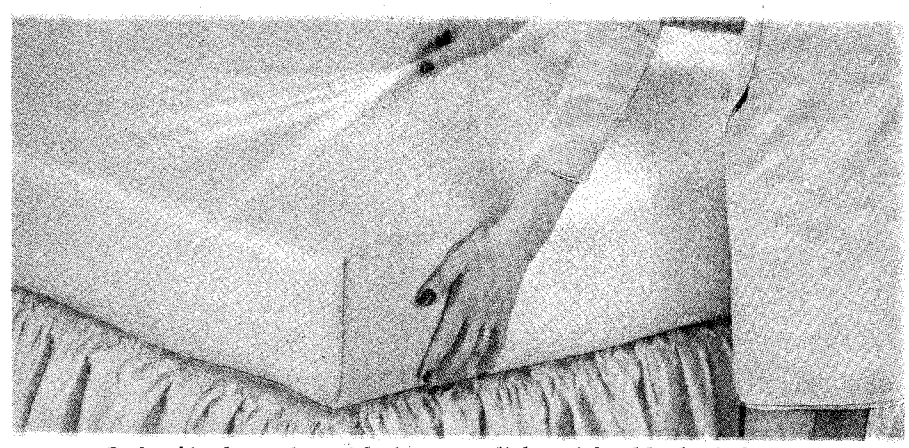

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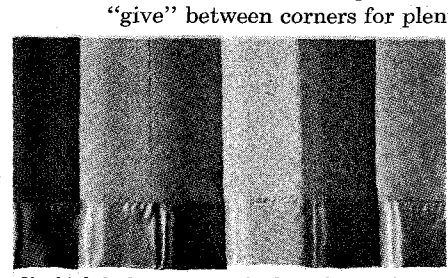

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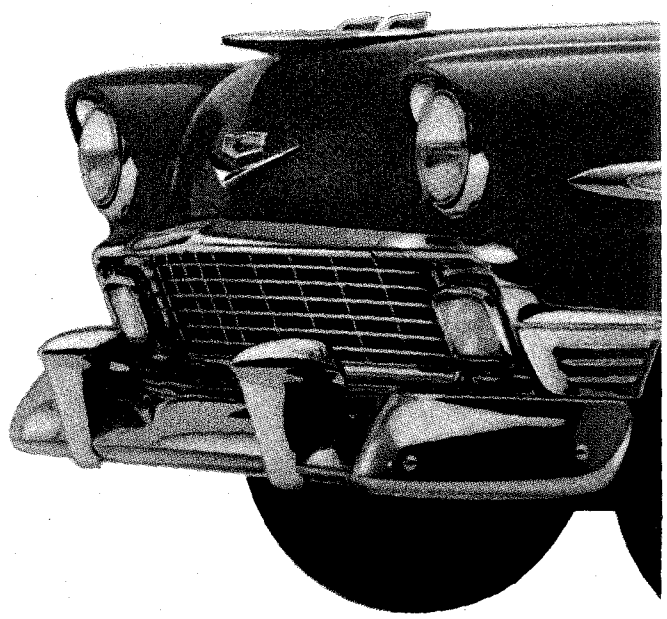

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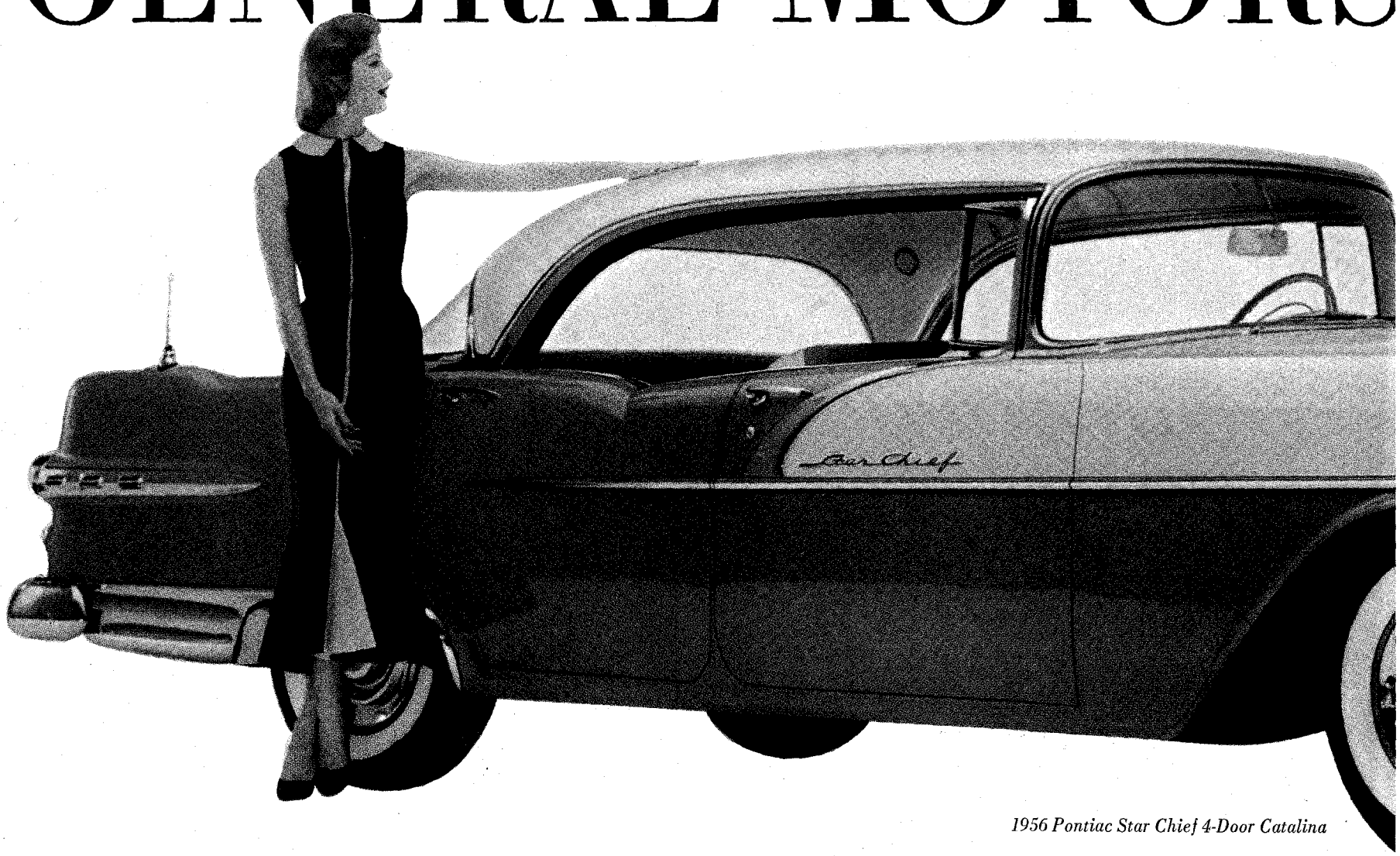

1956 Pontiac Star Chief 4-Door Catalina

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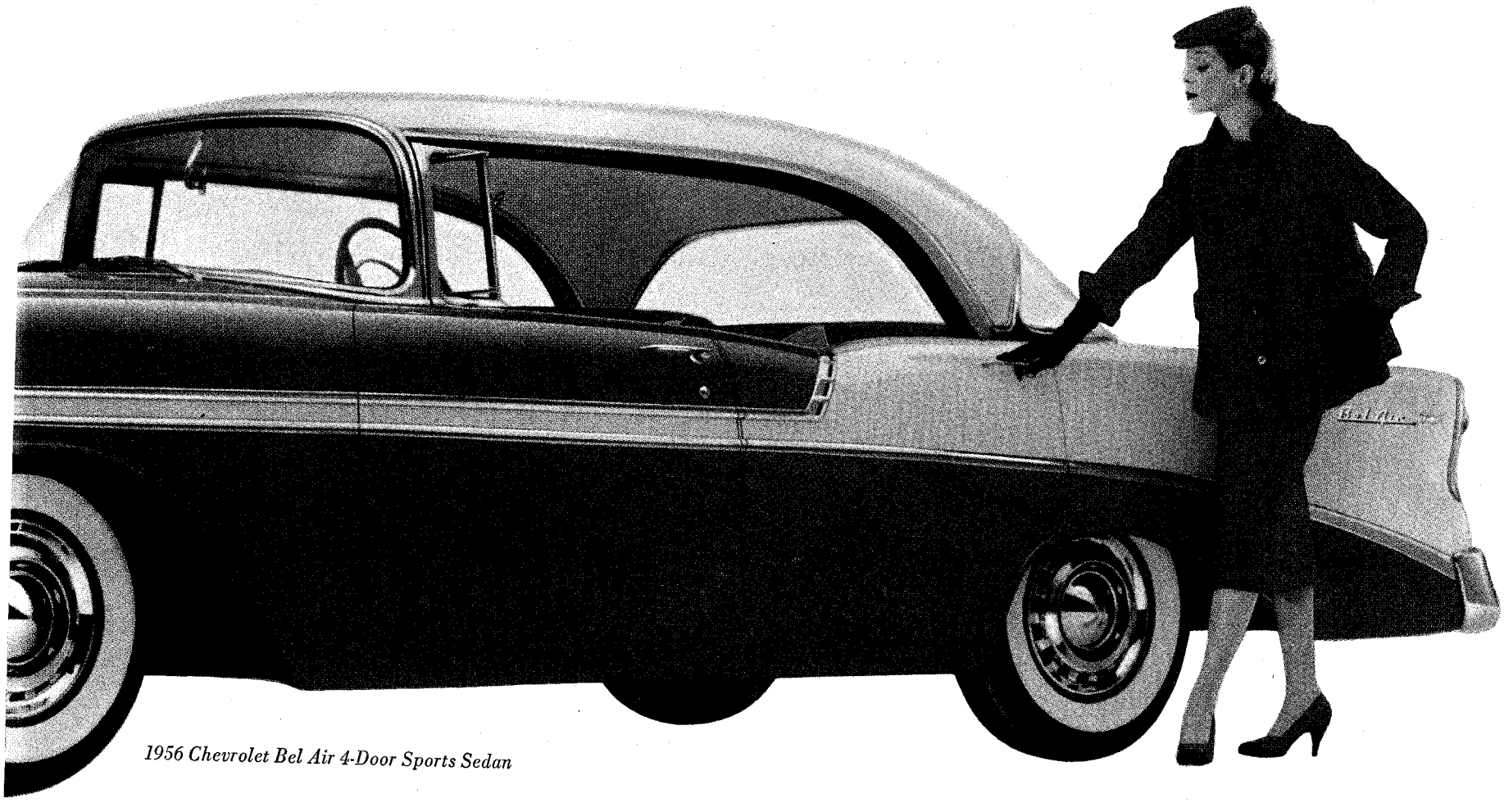
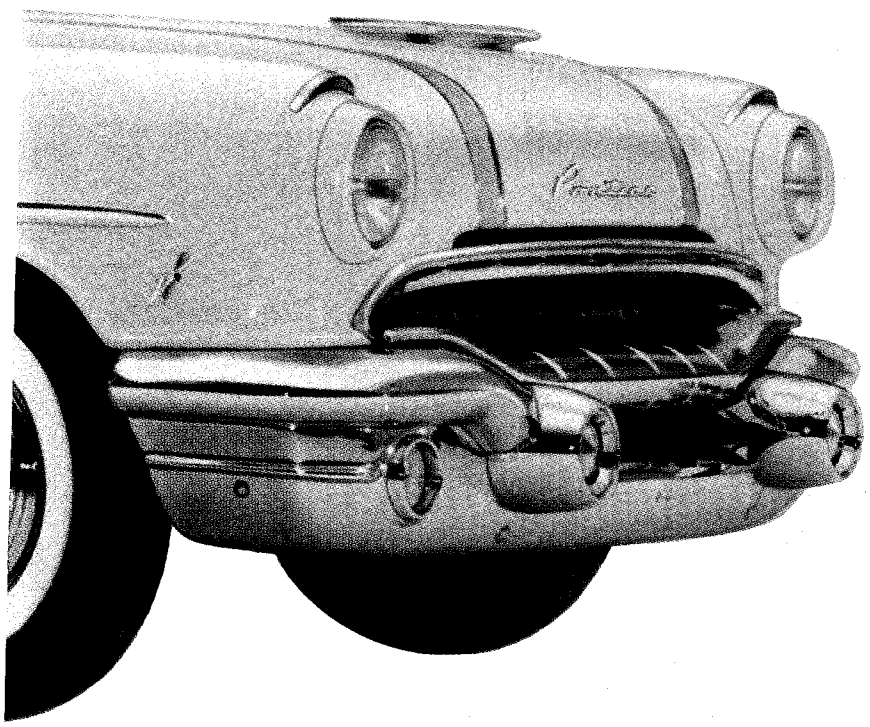


1956 Chevrolet Bel Air 4-Door Sports Sedan

leads the way for '56



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(Continued from Page 97) arrangement that would bring some new life into this house."

"Did I act frightened?"

"Upset, then! And hostile!"

"Did I act hostile?"

His quiet questioning robbed her of her momentary anger. Reluctantly, she shook her head. "No, you didn't. You were really —— You've really been very nice, all this month, to me and to Barbie too."

He said, "I never find it difficult to be nice—what a dull word!—to you. But I made a real effort to shine up to Barbara. I wanted the child to like me. I had my own hope."

"What was it?" Jane asked. "What was your hope, Wendel?"

"The same as yours."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes," he said.

"You mean you actually considered ——"

"Yes."

"—— keeping Barbara and—maybe adopting her?"

"Isn't that what your nephew had in mind when he wrote us?"

Jane nodded. "I'm sure it is. But I never thought you'd want to! I never dreamed —— Oh, Wendel!"

He put his hands on her shoulders. "Calm down, my dear. I did have such thoughts, no mistake about that. I was charmed with the child. But the whole thing depended, I saw clearly, on whether Barbara liked me. That she loved you was obvious from the first. But for her own sake I decided it was essential that she should also feel—well, at least friendly toward me."

"Oh, I'm sure she does."

"And I'm sure she does not," he said bluntly.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because she can't talk to me. I strike her dumb. She just looks up at me with those big blue eyes of hers and says 'Yes, Uncle Wendel' and 'No, Uncle Wendel' in a voice no louder than a whisper. A scared whisper!"

"Oh, no. She's not scared. That's just shyness."

"If it is, she ought to be over it by this time."

"But why should she be scared of you?"

"Look at me," he said. "Look at me, Jane." He let his hands fall from her shoulders and stepped back, grimly inviting her scrutiny. But her only response was a puzzled frown and a shake of her head.

"I don't know what you're getting at. Unless you mean that you've always had trouble showing your feelings."

"I've had trouble because of my looks. You're used to them. But try to see—my face—as a child would. As Barbara does."

"Oh, that!" she said; and laughed. "I remember when I first fell in love with you, you were amazed that I wasn't impressed by your ugly face." She laughed again, briefly. "I told you then—I think it was the first time you took me sailing—that all I cared about was that it was your face."

"Yes, but ——"

"It's a good face, a man's face, Wendel. That's enough."

"For you, yes; thank God. But not for Barbara," he said; and added morosely, "She probably compares me with her father, who's a young man, and good-looking, as I recall him."

"She's hardly ever known her father," Jane said. "Poor Jim Bradley's been so busy building up his medical practice that he's had to turn Barbie over to nurses and governesses ever since she was a baby. And now, with the Navy grabbing him again, the child might as well be an orphan!"

"This morning at the club," Wendel said, "when we went for our last swim—her last swim ——"

"Yes?" Jane said.

"You were sitting on the porch with that circle of women who always twitter like sparrows ——"

"I was catching up on my gossip. Go on."

"Barbara and I were down on the beach. The sun was shining, and the child's hair —— You know how it looks in the sun?"

"Yes," Jane said.

"And with that peachblow complexion of hers, I thought ——"

"Peachblow! Why, Wendel, how charming!"

"—I thought as I did the first moment I saw her that she looked like an angel. She was building a castle in the sand," Wendel said, "and I—I offered to help her. She could hardly refuse."

"No," Jane said. "She's very polite, for her age."

"So we built quite a castle, and Barbara told herself a story about it. She wasn't telling it to me. She was sort of mumbling to herself, saying, 'This is my very own wonderful castle, because I live in it and I don't have to have a governess any more.

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By Leonard K. Schiff

There's not a lad who'll boldly
dare
To pull Tom's sister's braided
hair.
The last one had a swollen jaw
For breaking this unwritten law,
Which Tom maintains with
vigil grim—
So, no one pulls her hair but
him.

Because I'm the princess and Aunt Jane is the queen, and she takes care of me all day and puts me to bed at night, and if a governess tried to come in the castle, Aunt Jane would kill her and cut her all up and throw her over the sea wall.' "

"Mercy!" Jane said.

"So I listened to this story," Wendel said, "and I thought, *Here's my chance to find out what the child really thinks of me.* So I said, for a starter, 'If Aunt Jane is queen of the castle, then I must be the king'. But that's as far as I got."

"Why? What did Barbie say?"

"Nothing at first. She just looked at me. She got up—she'd been kneeling on the sand—and stared at my ugly mug and screwed up her face as if she were going to cry. She hated me, I suppose, for spoiling her fairy tale. But she didn't cry."

"What did she do?"

"She said, 'It's just a pretend castle,' and then she hauled off and kicked it to pieces."

"Oh, dear!"

"Yes. Then she marched off the beach and ran across the lawn into the bathhouse. I called you, remember?"

"Oh, yes," Jane said; and went on, "When I got to the bathhouse she was dressing herself. I asked her why and she said, 'You're going to take me back to New York today, aren't you?' I said yes, but we were taking the afternoon train and that there was plenty of time for a swim. But she just shook her head and went on getting dressed and ——"

"I'm sorry, my dear."

"Oh, don't say you're sorry!"

"Jane, are you crying?"

"No! Don't look at me! I'm not really —— It's just that I ——" With her face turned away, she reached out a groping hand toward him. "Could I borrow your handkerchief?"

He put it in her hand. She dabbed at her eyes, then blew her nose violently.

He said, "I'm truly sorry."

She crammed the handkerchief into a pocket of her jacket. "You're not to blame, Wendel."

"Yes, I am. If the child had liked me, it would have made all the difference. But I'm sure she doesn't, and that ——"

"Why are you sure? Why are you so convinced that Barbara doesn't like you?"

They were standing near his desk and he nodded toward his portrait hanging above it. "That mark on the wall under my picture," he said.

"But that —— Why that's nothing, Wendel. One swipe of a crayon! Now really!"

"It's nothing in itself, I grant you, but ——"

"One little chalk mark!"

"Yes, I know. But as proof of Barbara's feeling for me it's important. Don't you see? It's a pig's tail—the supreme expression of a child's dislike for the object it's attached to." He stood now sternly facing his idealized likeness on the wall. "No evidence could be more convincing," he said, "or more derogatory, than that looping blue mark at the corner of my portrait."

"Wendel," Jane said behind him, "I don't think it's just a loop."

"What? Not a loop?"

"No. Look at it again. I think it's a letter. I think it's an *e*."

"An *e*? Why should it be an *e*?"

"I don't know, unless ——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless it's the last letter of a word or ——" Jane leaned forward, brushing against him, to peer at the wall. "Yes, look! It runs up under it."

"What runs up under what?"

"The letter, the chalk mark. It curves up under the frame of the picture, so it must begin behind it. I mean, there must be something written there."

"Behind my portrait?"

"Yes! Let's move it and see. Here, I'll do it."

He caught her by the arms. "No, no, don't touch it! You might pull it down!" They faced each other. "If you're right," he said, "then she must have done it deliberately."

"Yes."

"Climbed up on my desk and pushed the portrait aside or held it away from the wall while she wrote ——"

"Oh, move it," Jane said. "Take it down!"

He let go her arms, reached up and lifted the picture off its hook. Its gold frame was heavy, and he lowered it carefully to the floor, leaning it against the desk. As he did he heard a kind of choked sound from Jane, and he looked up and saw inscribed on the wall, in the space that his portrait had covered, a message unquestionably convincing, though hardly derogatory.

It was written in a large wavering childish script and it read, "I love you, Barbie."

Wendel Courtney sat down slowly in his desk chair. There was a silence in the room. Then Jane said, in a voice unnaturally casual, "You know, I don't think she meant you to see it, necessarily. I think she was just telling your picture something—a secret—that she couldn't tell you."

He looked up at his wife. "Because of this damned gargoyle face of mine!"

"No," Jane said. "Because in this foolish world the things we feel deepest are the hardest to say."

She moved toward him, leaned down and kissed him. Then she walked out of the library and went upstairs to wake Barbara and tell her that they weren't going to take that train to New York, after all.

THE END

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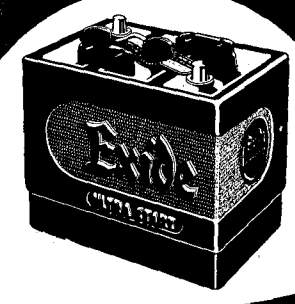

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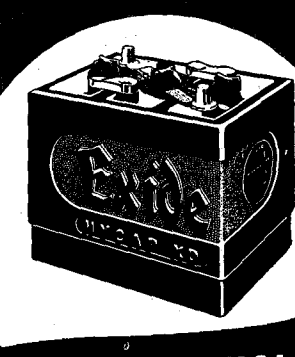

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The Knife and the Lash

(Continued from Page 23)

Hard-rock men, mostly, crazy as bedbugs. Work like dogs, fight like crazy men, drink their pay as fast as they make it. Some kind of Welshmen or something. Overrun with 'em. Man quits the gang, somebody hurt, one of 'em'll step around to the boss and tell 'im, 'I'll send word around for m' cousin Jack. Be here tomorra.' And pretty quick that's all they got workin' underground is them cousin-jacks. When they ain't workin', they're fightin'; and when they ain't fightin', they're drinkin'; and when they ain't drinkin', they're singin'—that is, when they ain't doin' all four at the same time. Crazy people."

"Yeah? What about that business—tying up his pants legs?"

"I do' know. Asked one, he just looked at me and said it was to keep the mine rats from runnin' up his legs. Asked another'n, he said if I didn't like it, did I want to step outside and fight 'im. Fight 'im! Not without a gun, I'll tell you. Knock you down with a hammer, those birds, stomp you with those hobnailed boots. Know what they do for fun on Sundays? Two of 'em stand up together and kick each other in the shins with those big hobnailed boots, that's what—an' the man hollers first, he's got to buy the drinks!"

"Well, this 'un seems to be a smith, all right."

The smith said darkly, "I saw a knife. I didn't see him make it. Now give me some heat, or maybe I'll find another dying calf to swing on that rope."

At the bar, Ed Obermann said, "Name it."

The shockheaded man said to the barman, almost wistfully, "Th'd not have a pint of stout or likely even a drop of bitter ale, eh?"

"Got some bottled Mexican beer. Likely a little flat. Not much call for it. Mr. Obermann can tell you I put out a decent bar whisky, though."

"Fair," grinned Obermann. "Just fair, Harry."

"A'm fearful dry," said the shockheaded man. "A'll try th' brew, though like 'tis mild."

The barman opened a bottle, pouring it from high up into the big-bellied glass in an attempt to aerate it a bit. Obermann got a thick little tumbler of amber whisky.

"Luck," said Obermann. "And I've no name to call you. I'm Ed Obermann."

"Evan Wellyn," said the shockheaded man. He said it "Eve-on Well-lin," in four rhythmic syllables.

He tipped his big head back and took down half the pint of beer in one long swallow. "Flat," he agreed, "but wet."

In startled amusement, Obermann said, "You do that as if you were in practice, Mr. Wellyn."

"A'm out of practice entirely," grinned the shockheaded man. He put the rest of the pint away in one long draught. "But A'll thank th'. Was most fearful dry."

Obermann took a modest sip of his own drink. "You're a bladesmith, you say," he observed. "Do you do heavier work?"

"Carpenter's chisel or plane. Butcherin' knife or hayin' scythe. Razor or a two-handed ax," said Evan Wellyn promptly.

"Where have you worked?"

The shockheaded man's eyes were oddly, almost startlingly blue against his sun-red hide. And now, almost disconcertingly, they had a frosty chill. "A'll show th' no papers," he said, "nor beg no pardons. A'll prove m' work any reasonable way th' say an' th' mun be happy wi't, for A've no pedigree an' no want o' one."

"No offense," murmured Obermann.

The frosty chill faded, and the shockheaded man's grin spread wide and white. He raised a thick-callused hand to touch his thatch of hair. "Th've wondered," he said, "why A've no cap. 'Tis in the bottom of San Francisco Bay, where I flung it when A'd jumped m' ship. 'Tis a thing as deep in me as m' bones—an' A'll touch m' hand to cap for no man ever again."

"Independent, aren't you?" murmured Obermann.

The shockheaded man gave Obermann the full attention of his startlingly blue eyes. "Aye, independent," he agreed, "an' that dearly come by. A'm rememberin' m' da—m' a'd father—touchin' his cap to th' mine boss, wishin' th' sourfaced a'd brute, a gud mornin', before droppin' into th' hole to muck coal and rock for th' day. An' gettin' no more than a grunt in reply, an' a sharp eye to tell 'im he'd best mind his manners, else tomorra there'd be a mine mucker too many.

"Thirty year in th' mines, an' he mun mind his manners—thirty year an' still a mucker; for th' mine boss had sons and friends and nephews t' fill th' pay jobs an' th' clean jobs. He died underground—he touched his cap to th' shaft boss th' mornin' he went under. A'll not do 't, never again! Aye, then, A'm independent, an' dommed proud o' 't!"

"Too proud to work for forty dollars a month?"

He got a closely considering look. "Only two forges, A'm thinkin'. What o' t'other man?"

"I've got a spare tuyère and an odd anvil cached out in the shed. You'll have to make out with that. Forty a month."

"Till A'm worth more."

"Till you're worth more. Have a drink on it."

"One sma' thing, lest there be misunderstandin'. A'll not undercut t'other man's job."

Obermann said carefully, appraisingly, "I think we'll get along all right. How about that drink?"

"Pleasure. An' th'll stand treat."

"That's what I said."

As they walked toward the smithy, the shockheaded man said suddenly, "A'm thinkin' o' a tall lass wi' a head o' fair red hair; wore a green gown, she did. Does th' know 'er?"

"Spect you mean Lettie Harrington; yes, I know her."

"Is she wed or promised?"

Obermann cut a sidelong look at him. "Neither married nor promised that I know. 'Course, I doubt she'd bother to tell me, in either case."

"Well, then," said the shockheaded man briskly.

"Of course," said Obermann, "there's George Parmalee."

"Eh," said the shockheaded man, "who's George Parmalee?"

Obermann smiled wryly and tilted his head. "Yonder is George Parmalee," he said.

Up the street was a red-wheeled buggy, with two beautifully matched blood bays in tandem hitch. The tall, red-haired girl came out the doorway she had entered last, moving in her green dress as if music accompanied her, and in the buggy, the man, not quite slender, but very neat in his tailored suit, swung the bays with wonderful precision to cramp the front wheels about, touched his hat, extended a hand to the girl.

Scarcely touching the extended hand, she mounted to the buggy seat, not in a flurry of skirts nor struggling at modesty as a lesser woman might, but almost as if she floated to the seat above.

"Neither wed nor promised, th' said," the shockheaded man said almost accusingly.

"Not George's fault," said the smith dryly. "He presses court close enough. But last I heard, he was still just courtin'—though I don't know where she'd make a better catch in this valley."

The shockheaded man, looking raptly after the moving buggy, said softly, "Could it be, now, that she's wise as well as beautiful?"

"There's wisdom, and wisdom," said Obermann. "And sometimes a full wallet takes up the slack for lack of it."

"Ah?" said the shockheaded man. "'Tis like that, eh?"

"Well," said the smith dryly, "it's said that what him and his dad don't own in this end of the valley, they got a first mortgage on."

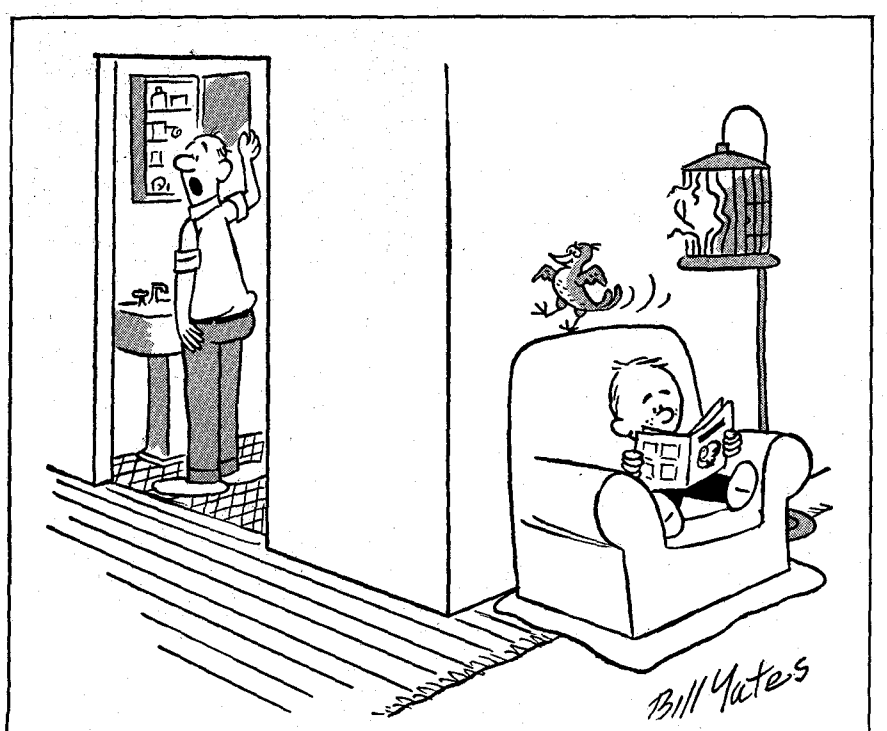
"An' her, now?"

"Well, her dad's got a store, just up the street yonder."

"An' th' young lord wud wed th' shopkeeper's girl? 'Tis a thing to marvel at."

"Well, now," said Obermann, "George is a good enough ——" Then he came to a halt, looked up at the shockheaded man. "Let's have a clear stand on this," he said. "You'll be

(Continued on Page 105)



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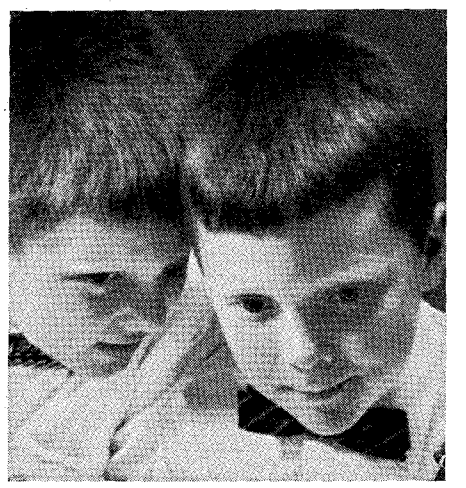
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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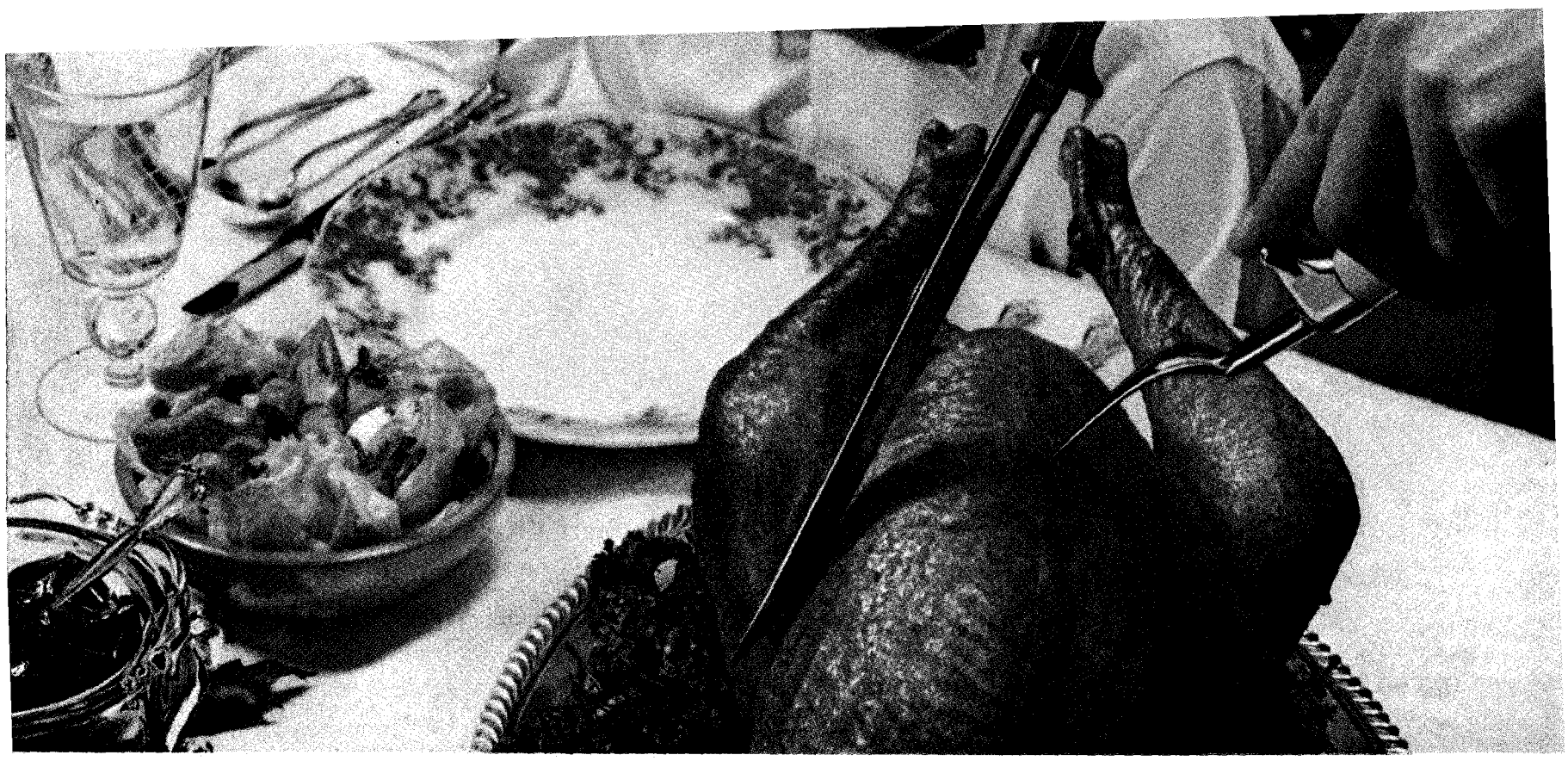

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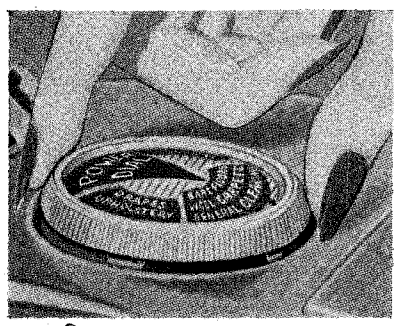

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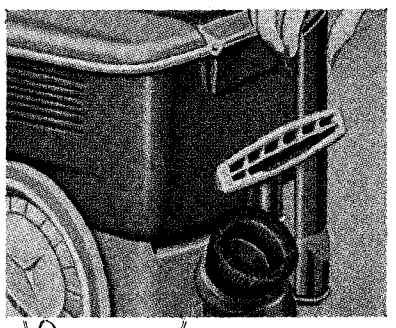

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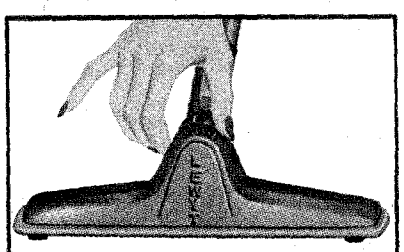

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(Continued from Page 102) working for hire. The man who spends his money in my shop is spending it for good work; I'll not have a man, like a ringy bear with a sore head, waiting for someone to insult him. Pride is a good thing to a point and I've enough of my own, but the man who works for hire does as he's told. If you're too proud to take a man's instructions with his custom, let's hear it now."

The shockheaded man considered him closely, and then his wide grin flashed. "A'm out o' m' pulpit now," he said. "A'm a sweet-natured man, i' truth—but A'll not be pushed."

"Fair enough," said Obermann.

"Well, then, let us be gettin' on wi' th' settin' up o' that forge; not forgettin' entirely th' young lord an' th' lass wi' fair red hair, eh?"

Wryly, testingly, Obermann murmured. "At forty a month, he's got a hundred-year start on you."

The shockheaded man grinned. "Ninety-nine year an' eleven month," he said, "come payday."

The town—if a thing composed of something less than a thousand individual souls may be considered an entity—the town became aware of the shockheaded Welshman who worked for Obermann, that what's-his-name—Weldon, or Wellyn, or something—you know, that big red-necked smith of Obermann's. Mighty good bladesmith—take any old piece of iron an' make you a knife you can shave with. Well, yeah, I hear that, and that ain't all I hear; hear he went up to Harrington's store and told John Harrington bold as brass that he aimed to come callin' on Lettie—an' John Harrington never sawed him off short ner fazed him at all. Well, y'know, John Harrington, he's a kind of an odd duck hisself, know what I mean, gonna be kind of interestin', don't you think, see how George Parmalee takes to all of it?

John Harrington was a neat man, tidy, but not fussy about it; he hung his hat just inside the door, walked through the house to the kitchen to find his wife and daughter busy at making supper. He kissed his wife with thoroughness and conviction, and got flour on his coat.

He brushed at the mark absently as he said to his daughter, "You've made a conquest, Lettie."

Lettie tumbled peeled potatoes in a colander under a pouring stream of water, washing them clean. "Anyone I know, dad?" She gave him a quick sidelong look.

"Big blond young fellow. Works for Ed Obermann."

"He could use a haircut."

"He could that. But at least he's got a clean shirt. Came into the store and bought it today." Then, very straightfaced, he imperfectly mimicked, "'Ah'm Even Woolen. Ah'm gonna come courtin' thy dotter.' That's what he said, looking at me like a young bull about to breach a fence."

"So, of course, you didn't put him in his place."

Very seriously, "I should say not. He's big enough to eat me in a bite and a half. And how do you know he needs a haircut?"

Lettie said serenely, "I've seen him watching me."

"Ah, innocence," said John Harrington sadly, "wither hath ——"

"Is he coming to supper?" his wife interrupted.

"Didn't invite him." He grinned faintly. "Didn't want him to get the idea we were that desperate for beaux around here."

His wife looked at him steadily. She was a buxom woman, a hearty and affectionate wife, but the years had done little to dull her spirit or the blaze of her red hair. "This is Thursday, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes, why?"

"Then go read your paper," she said distinctly.

He retired with a dignity that imperfectly concealed his amusement, and seated himself. He brought the folded weekly Tidings from his coat pocket, shook it out, and then raised his voice to call, "Is George coming around this evening?"

There was a silence, and then Lettie called back, "I don't know. Why?"

He let the silence simmer a moment, and then said, "Just thought it might be interesting. Otherwise I might just as well take a walk."

He waited, until he was sure the silence was going to continue, then cleared his throat ostentatiously and began to read.

The not-quite-entity of the town had a thousand eyes. And what one set missed the others reported. They saw the shockheaded man go calling at the Harrington house. They saw him sitting on the porch, declining the proffered chair, back against a pillar, heavy hobnailed cowhide boots solidly planted, one under a knee cocked up to support a heavy resting arm, the other angled out and down on one of the steps, the boots cuffed free of dust and rubbed shiny with grease, the trousers stiff and new, and along with the shirt still showing the shelf creases of the store, the red-burned face with fair pale brows, unruly shockhead still defiantly rebelling against much water-dampened combing.

A man finds out what is meant by a spitting image the first time he tries to feed cereal to his infant.

IMOGENE FEY

They knew a little about him, now, collectively. He took beer, in preference to an honest drink. He was a near wizard with edged steel. He'd welded and filled and balanced a scythe blade for Ollie Bledsoe till Ollie swore it was better than when new. He'd taken three dollars and a half off Art Bain at a silly game he called tiddly, which consisted of snapping one coin off another on the table top in an attempt to land the flipped coin in a shot glass. Odd bits and dribs of information, not quite enough for any certain opinion.

Some had talked with him enough to know he had a wry humorful wit; they watched him as he sat on the Harrington porch steps, and saw Lettie and her folks laugh as he told some story; no one else heard what. The shockheaded man enjoyed his own tale, whatever it was, for his big fair head rolled back and his joyous shout of laughter rang above the rest. (It was a thing he'd seen aboard ship, of a crewman's pet monkey that scampered about the rigging while the crew worked the sails; the mate had bellowed up at a clumsy seaman once, "If I'd filled the list wi' monkeys, I'd not have shipped the likes of you!")

Then, by and by, it was not John Harrington who suggested a stroll, but his wife; and when he protested mildly that he was enjoying the talk, she said firmly, "It isn't you he's come to see. Nor me." And when John smiled and turned a quizzical eye toward his daughter, he caught an unusual flush and a sense of heightened interest he'd seldom seen before, and not quite knowing why, he sighed a little as he and his wife strolled arm in arm through the soft, warm summer dusk.

"I like him," his wife said suddenly.

Not quite warningly, he replied quietly, "He's come from nowhere, without a cent in his pockets."

"He's a proud man," she said, "and he can laugh. There are worse things to find in a man."

"A joke can be a thin supper, without a little bread to go with it."

"We didn't have much more when we were married."

"Ah, now," he said, "you're marrying her off to him already?"

"She's twenty," came the reply.

"That never fretted you before."

"It's not bothering me now."

He waited until he was pretty sure she didn't intend to go on before he murmured philosophically, "Well, I can't say I understand you."

"The day you do say so," she said, "I'll leave you."

"Well, then, I'll just keep my mouth shut."

And so they walked on through the quiet dusk, companionably silent, and did not see when George Parmalee swung his tandem rig at the corner and drove past their house.

The town's other eyes saw it, saw the quick turn of George Parmalee's glance as he saw the pair on the porch. If he was surprised, he did not show it; he showed nothing really, save perhaps a certain rigidity in the shoulders as he kept that close look on Lettie and the shockheaded man. As he came almost abreast the Harrington porch he raised his whip perpendicular in his gloved hand to touch the brim of his hat, not grimly, simply unsmiling; then brought the hand on down at the end of that motion to touch up the thill horse with the whip, though the animal had not slowed perceptibly or broken stride with the leader. As he passed, he sent his glance ahead over the synchronized bobbing backs of his tandem pair, swung them in his usual perfect turn at the next corner and went on, not hurrying from the sedate trot he'd held all this way.

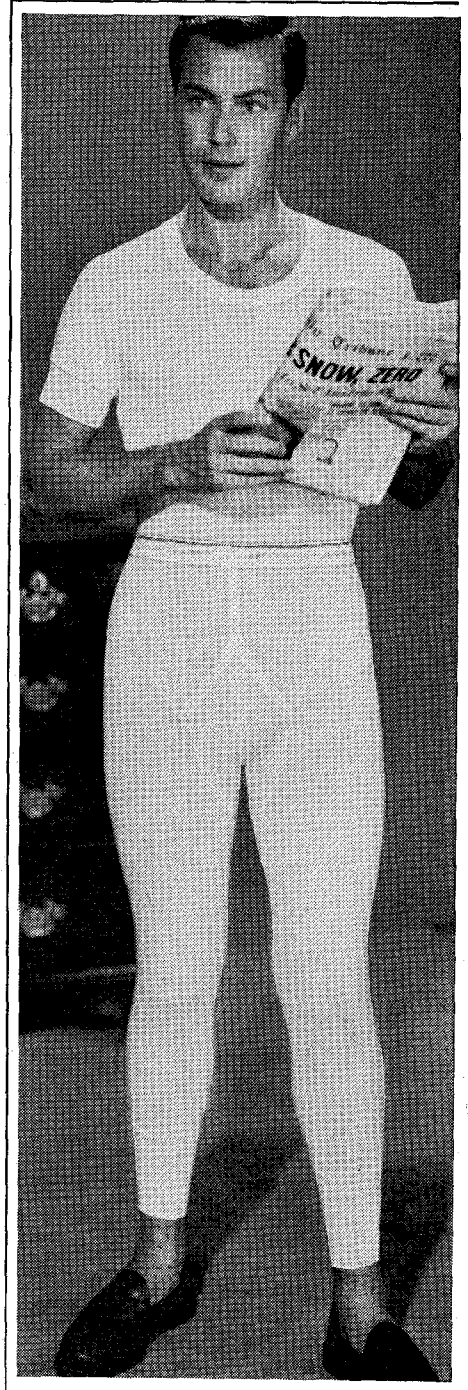
Some claimed afterward to have seen a different look come on his face after that second turning, and that it was not a pleasant thing to see.

The Parmalees were powers in the valley. Where only twenty-odd years ago had been howling wilderness, peopled only by the wild ones, animal and man, the green Parmalee acres now raised blooded stock, show stock, beef and dairy cattle, draft and pleasure horses to grace any stable. Big Eli, the Parmalee Belgian stud, was priced at as much cash money as a workingman might see in a lifetime. They had a power of money, the Parmalees, and a certain baronial elegance.

George Parmalee, son of Ransome, was catch for any woman's fondest dreams. Handsome, charming, educated and intelligent he was. If he rode something of a high horse, why not? It was his own horse and honestly earned; he had come through a certain youthful exuberant wildness seemingly without harm, certainly nothing that old Ransome hadn't been able to put right with a minimum of hard feeling. When young George's connoisseur's eye fell on Lettie Harrington, it seemed to all save perhaps a few less fortunate girls that here was a match not far from perfection. Solid men spoke to John Harrington with an air of unspoken congratulation. Less fortunate mothers spoke to Mrs. Harrington almost enviously, and not quite maliciously, of Lettie's striking beauty, her carriage and figure, of her serene disposition, which they hoped wasn't too—well, you know—independent.

To which Mrs. Harrington retorted briskly, "A woman can be a good wife without being a milksop," and some of the ladies afterward, privately, confided that Lettie wasn't likely to find George Parmalee as spineless as John Harrington. Not that you could put a finger to him being henpecked or anything; they were just an odd pair. They'd been seen publicly holding hands while walking home from church, more than once—and them twenty-odd years married—and there was the time the painter went around to the store to ask him about how he wanted the front bedroom done, and Mr. Harrington had said, "Why, do it the way my wife says, of course," and the painter quit on the spot before he'd take orders from some woman who didn't know white lead from turpentine.

That sort of bringing up couldn't but have an effect on a girl, and so some people said they weren't surprised when six months passed and there wasn't any announcement or any discernible sign of the wedding being announced. What surprised some people was that George Parmalee kept calling—



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with no more encouragement than he was getting.

That is, some women said that. Men watched Lettie walk in the sun, observed the flame of her proudly held head, said George would be a fool to drop away without a definite answer.

"Mind that wild stud horse his old man bought," they reminded. "Got him cheap, 'cause nobody could handle him. George tamed him; made a fine stud horse of him. Give him time; you'll notice he's about cleaned out the competition. Nobody else pulls up to Harrington's porch of an evening."

But here was that shockheaded man, big as life, and George Parmalee driving on past—now here was a thing to watch for sure.

The thing happened before anyone really expected it, the next day. George Parmalee drove up to the wide doorway of Obermann's smithy and alighted. It was midday, and Ed and the other smith were at their nooning. The shockheaded man was alone in the smithy, tapping away at some bit of small work, and he looked up when George Parmalee came in, and it all happened so fast that no one was really within earshot until it was over. But there were several witnesses from no farther away than across the plaza.

What words were said were few; they must have been pointed. The shockheaded man came from behind his anvil, and his white teeth showed against his reddened face; an odd time to be smiling, some thought, and then his hand went into his pocket, and as it came out the wicked curve of his knife blade flashed.

George stepped back—he kept his nerve; they were agreed on that later—but he stepped back before that sudden and fearful blade, and then he cried, "Drop it! Drop it, damn you!" and he lashed out with his long whip.

The shockheaded man threw up a shielding arm, and the lash left a welt, a stripe first pale and then flushing violently red, across his thick bare forearm and across his neck. A high tenor yell came from him, and that was the last sound he made. He drove forward, and again George retreated, and again the lash flicked out.

It was a very near thing. The big shockheaded man nearly got a grasp on it, as it left a second branding stripe across his face. But George was too clever and quick a hand for that, and he stepped back again, clear of the smithy door, the shockheaded man still lunging forward, moving terribly fast for a man of his brutal size.

But George Parmalee was no fool either. He had handled wild and vicious animals almost all his life. Once clear of the smithy door, he paused, stepped aside as he might to clear a charging bull's horns, clubbed his whip and brought it over and down in a flashing, chopping arc. The shockheaded man plowed headlong into the packed dirt of the doorway and almost under the wheels of the buggy.

A lesser man wouldn't have got up. But the shockheaded man raised himself on his braced forearms, pushed himself back, knelt that way a moment, wagging his head slowly and stupidly, and then his head came up, eyes wide and blurry, white teeth set in a grin of pure violence. He thrust himself back and came erect, swinging as he did toward George, who coolly stepped in, raised himself on his toes to lend a greater force, and brought him down with that one great smashing blow with the whip butt.

The shockheaded man went down, turning as he fell, so that head and shoulder and hip and thigh all struck the earth together. He rolled a bit as he fell, and then lay still. And George Parmalee, white-faced and breathing hard, was still able to force a thin smile to the first of the running witnesses and say gustily, "I guess he won't try that one again."

He stooped and swept up the opened knife, puzzled a moment and then saw the catch, snapped it closed and dropped it in his pocket.

No matter how soon over, it was a shocking thing, this business with a knife. You fought a man with your fists or with a club if he was too big for you; if the matter was serious enough, you strapped on a gun and went out and called your man and settled it; but you didn't use a knife, which was a disgusting thing and not a man's weapon.

So there was no disapproval as George stepped over to his buggy, rummaged under a robe and brought out a holstered pistol, which he belted around himself under his coat. Then he wheeled back to where the shockheaded man still lay, and he said to one of the bystanders, "Throw some water on him. Bring him around."

Someone dipped a bucket in the cooling tub, splashed the dark and oily water over the shockheaded man, saw him stir, got another bucketful and soused him again. The shockheaded man rolled over, raised a clumsy hand to wipe his streaming face.

George Parmalee pushed his coat skirt back so that it left the holstered pistol in plain and open view. He stepped up until his toes almost touched the shockheaded man's booted feet.

He said clearly and coldly, "Can you hear me; understand me?"

The shockheaded man looked up at him. The last blow had opened a cut along his jaw almost from ear to chin. It dripped, now, onto the soaked shirt plastered to the deep-sculptured muscularity of his body. He said nothing. He lay on one elbow and wiped water from his face and turned his head so that his clouded blue eyes were full on George Parmalee's face.

"I thought," said George with cold precision, "that we might discuss this like gentlemen. I see I was wrong. So I'll make it just as plain as I can. I don't want you in this town. You've got until stagetime, which is about four hours. I'm armed now, and if I see you again after stagetime, I'll shoot you down like a dog. This is fair warning, and I advise you to take it."

He waited, until he was sure the shockheaded man did not intend to speak, and then he wheeled and stalked to his buggy and drove away without a backward glance.

Ed Obermann came trotting; someone had fetched him when the thing started; he came through the fringe of slowly dispersing witnesses and saw the shockheaded man haul himself almost lurchingly erect, and Ed cried, "What did you pull a knife on him for?"

It wasn't what he meant to say—at least not with that meaning. He'd thought to find one or the other of them dead, and in his excitement and relief, it just came blurting out.

A sharpening, more sensible look came in the man's blue eyes. "Ah," he said, "there's the question."

Ed Obermann said quickly, repentantly, "I didn't mean that." He turned on the gaping idlers and cried in a quick, harsh tone, "Get along with you! The sideshow's over!"

He turned back, and the shockheaded man was gone, walking into and through the circling fringe of spectators, not having to touch any of them as they parted to let him pass. Ed called, "Evan! Wait a minute." The shockheaded man did not even turn his head.

John Harrington came out onto the porch after his lunch, going back to his store. He heard the gate squeak, saw Evan Wellyn come through, saw, with sudden shock, the battered ruin of his face, the damp, matted hair clumped across his forehead, the still-damp shirt clinging and moving on the strong body underneath.

He said wonderingly, almost unbelievingly, "What ——"

The shockheaded man's words made the red torn cut writhe along his jaw. "A'm wantin' to see Lettie," he said.

"But, good Lord, man, what on earth ——"

"Will th' call her or mun I go in?"

"Well, not like that, man. You'll scare ——"

The shockheaded man mounted the steps, his big arm moved John aside with no more effort than if he were cobweb, and then Lettie, just inside the doorway, made a startled, gasping sound; then, hesitating, stepped out onto the porch. She was a tall girl, but she had to tilt her head back to look up into the shockheaded man's eyes.

"Evan," she said, "what is it?"

"George Parmalee whipped me," he said. The whip marks moved as his lips moved, but there was no break in his bleakly stolid expression.

"Oh, no," she said, not much above a whisper. "Why?"

Still expressionlessly, he said, "Expect th'self wud be the main reason. The sma' thing doesna matter. A'm come to ask th': does th' choose him—or mun A' kill him?"

Lettie blinked rapidly, a paleness, a coldness, coming on her face. "What do you mean?" she said.

"A'm tryin' to be plain," he said. "If th' doesna

(Continued on Page 108)

"Excuse me, Mr. Hardesty, did you say 'Cordially yours'?"

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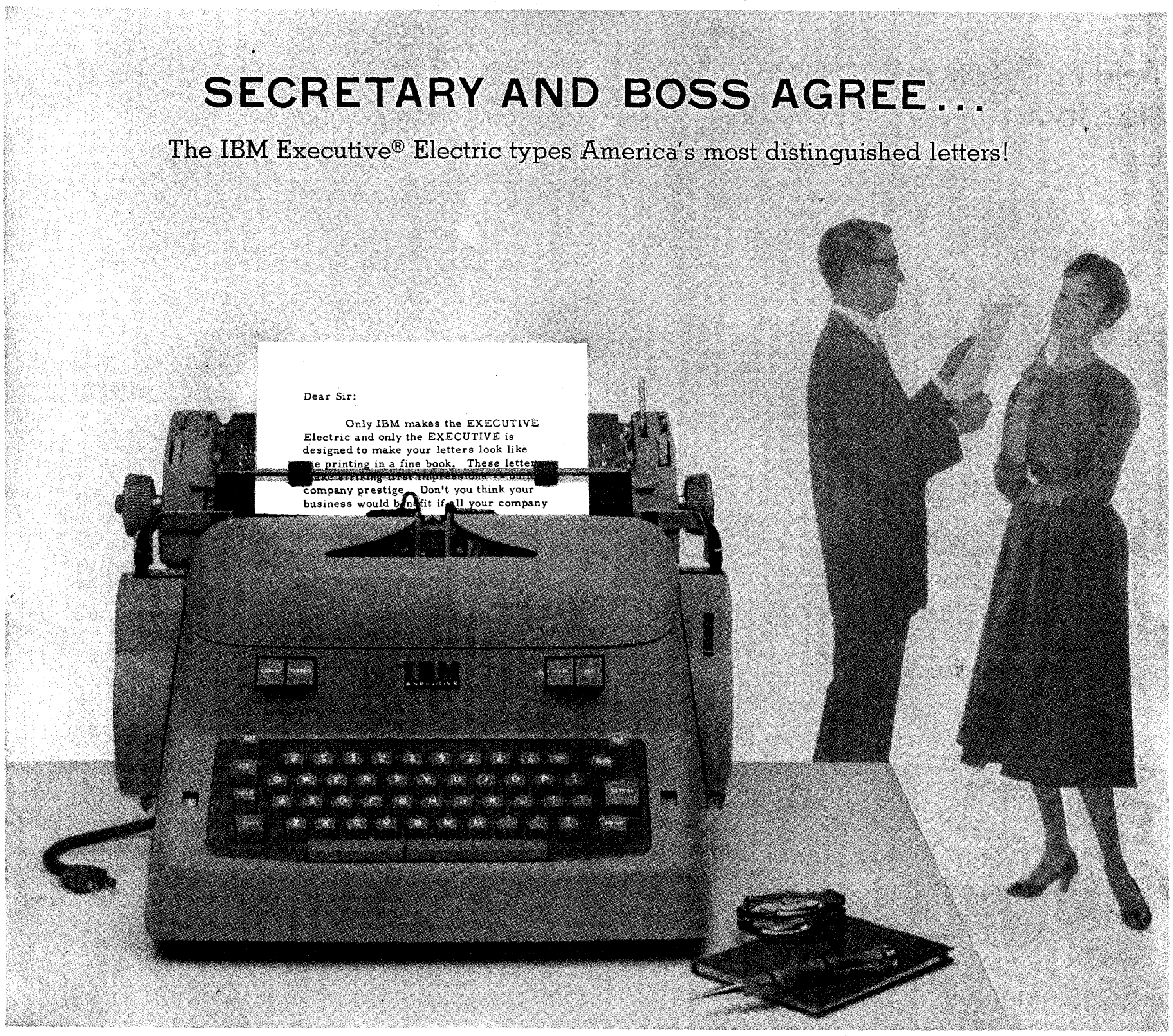
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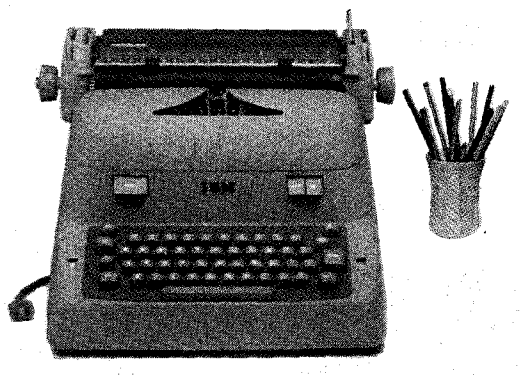

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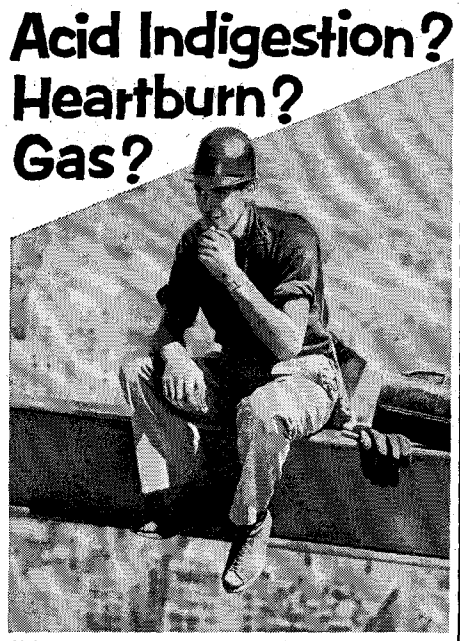

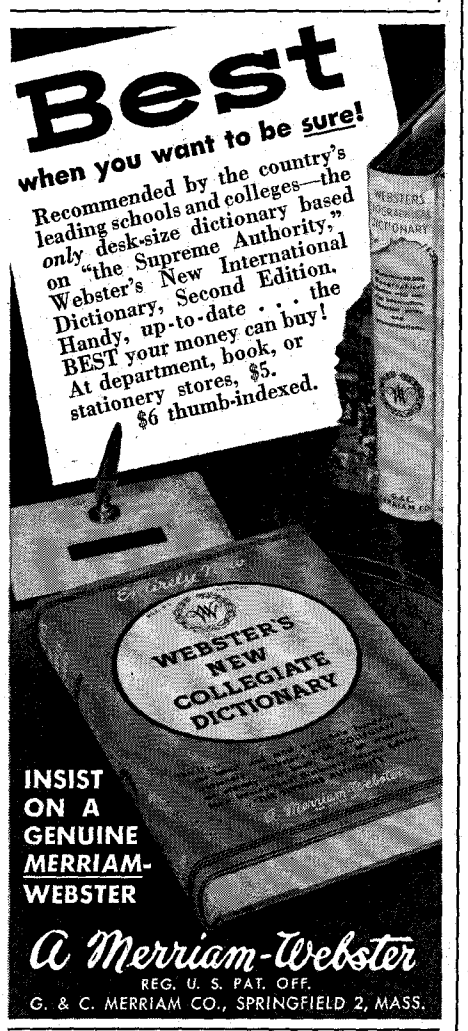
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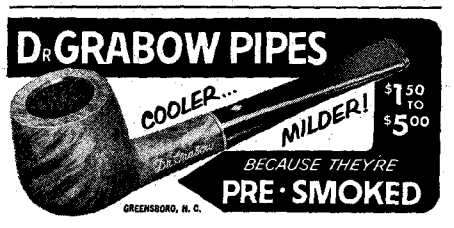


(Continued from Page 106) choose him, then A' mun kill him. All A'm wantin' is a plain answer."

Lettie's face was chalk-white below the flaming glory of her hair. Her lips trembled under the steady, remorseless cold of the shockheaded man's waiting eyes.

"No," she said, still almost whispering. "No, Evan, don't—don't do it."

He stood a moment longer, his heavy arms motionless at his sides. Then slowly his great shoulders seemed to settle, and he said softly, "All right. Good-by, Lettie—darlin'."

That last word came so softly they weren't sure they heard it, as he turned away. Unconsciously Lettie's hand went out in a reaching motion; he did not turn to see it, he did not look back as he went out the gate.

"Dad," said Lettie, "what ——"

"I don't know any more about it than you do. But I'll find out."

"Please do, dad. Please."

He found a plenty of narrators. In most respects, the various versions agreed.

Ed Obermann said, "He won't talk or listen. I tried to apologize. He just looked at me; said it was nothing to apologize for. But I had a feeling all the time he never really heard me."

Obermann's hired smith said, "Like I say, about them cousin-jacks. They got no feelings. Why, he must have a skull on him like a bull. Killed an ordinary man the way he was hit."

Across the plaza, the barman in the Square Deal said, murmuring it, with scarcely a movement of his lips, "No, he ain't drunk. He took one drink when he set down; he ain't touched the bottle since. Just sets there. I hope he gits out of here before stagetime. Do you think you could maybe git him to leave, Mr. Harrington?"

"We'll see," said John Harrington.

He walked to the table where Evan Wellyn sat. There was no one else in the room—bar and tables were completely deserted. There were a dozen men out on the gallery; curious eyes watched from outside the windows.

"Evan," said John Harrington, "I've been looking for you."

"A've been reight here."

The tone was quiet, matter-of-fact. His big fingers pressed an edge of a quarter dollar against the rim of another, and the underneath one flipped up and clinked into an empty shot glass on the table before him.

"This is a terrible situation," said John. "How did it happen?"

"Th've heard it."

"I've heard stories, but ——"

"Then th've heard it." Again the quarter dollar clinked.

"Well—doesn't that cut hurt? Shouldn't it have some attention?"

The blue eyes came up to him, filled with nothing but an almost dreamy indifference. "A've been whipped afore. Was a 'prentice boy eight year—was beat for doin' m' work not well or too well. A've had more beatin's than bread. One more is only one more."

John stared down in wretched bafflement. Almost desperately, he said, "Lettie sent me, Evan."

The man's shockhead came up sharply, but his blue eyes were still unreadable.

"Aye?" he said gently. "An' why?"

"Why—she—she wanted to—know ——"

"A've passed m' word. She said A' mun not kill him."

"But you've got it all wrong. It's not because she's—she's—chosen him. Of course, she doesn't want any more—trouble."

"Aye," said the shockheaded man.

He did not look up again, and John stood, probing, trying to communicate through the wall around the man, and could not. He clapped his hands together, finally, helplessly, turned away and went out of the place. He did not go home; he could not face Lettie.

At his store there was little custom, but a plenty of people who wanted to look and pry at him simply because he was somehow connected with this excitement. He finally went out into his stock room to count merchandise already inventoried.

Stagetime was four-thirty. An hour before time, at least fifty people were in the street, idling, walking, sitting. An hour gave them time to watch one another, and somehow many found a feeling of embarrassment coming on them, and they slowly dispersed, finding other things to do, most of them circuitously returning to enter store buildings, standing where there was a casual view through a window—in a store, the hotel lobby, behind the wagon-yard fence.

At a quarter past four, George Parmalee brought his tandem rig at a spanking trot across the bridge, through the plaza and up alongside the hotel. He rove a hitching line through a ring of the iron-pipe hitching rail, mounted to the gallery and went into the hotel. Perhaps five minutes after, the shockheaded man came out of the Square Deal and crossed over to the smithy.

He did not look around. For all the sign he showed, the town might have been deserted. He went at a trudging gait into the smithy, where he started gathering up his tools and fitting them into the leather bag.

Ed Obermann said, "Evan ——" tentatively. The shockheaded man did not look around.

Obermann cleared his throat, and said, "I'm ashamed I said what I did. I'm sorry."

He felt the words rebound from the barrier around the man, confirmed it when the shockheaded man said mildly, disinterestedly, "Th' needn't fret, man." Then he went across the dusty square toward the hotel gallery where the stage would stop.

Again he ignored the town and all therein. Once his glance fell on a group at the end of the hotel gallery, and his eyes went over them, past them, and with a peculiar unanimity they looked down or aside, almost shamefacedly not wanting to meet his eyes.

He came to the gallery steps as George Parmalee came out the door, and George planted himself at the top of the steps as the shockheaded man looked up. They stood thus a moment, the big man with his head tipped back, George looking down, his hands at his sides, but his coat skirt clear of the holster. George did not speak, but his pose, his solidly planted feet, showed he would not move. For that one moment their eyes battled, and then the big shockheaded man stooped and set the leather bag in the dust by the walkway. Someone down the gallery let out a long, sighing breath.

Then the shockheaded man straightened, and his hands went lunging out and caught George by the ankles, and George took a hard crashing fall which sent dust spouting upward from the cracks of the gallery floorboards. He struck and was snatched feet foremost, sprawling and awkward as a rag doll in the big brutal hands of the shockheaded man, and then George was pinned against the gallery edge, his feet in the dust, and the shockheaded man's reaching hand tore the pistol from its holster, raised it high, brought it crashing down across the iron-pipe hitching rail.

The understrap broke and, with the barrel, spun away. One of the copper-capped bores of the cylinder, jammed against the recoil plate, exploded with a deep, shocking roar and a gout of white smoke. The bullet went into the dust, and Evan Wellyn, seemingly letting his wrist move on with the recoil, tossed the ruined thing aside, caught at George Parmalee's coat front, lifted him, hurled him staggering back. Like a great prowling cat, Evan followed, sent him back again, to the corner, to the buggy, until George, his face a waxen white, jarred his back against one of the red buggy wheels.

"There's th' whip," said the shockheaded man. "Use it."

George took a sudden, deep, gagging breath, and his eyes were round and staring. And suddenly, the shockheaded man grinned.

"A' mun not kill th'," he said with a terrible softness, "but A'll break th'. Th're a feightin' man wi' a whip in th' hand. A'm a feightin' man, too—so take th' whip in th' hand, an' A'll break th'—wi' naught but these!"

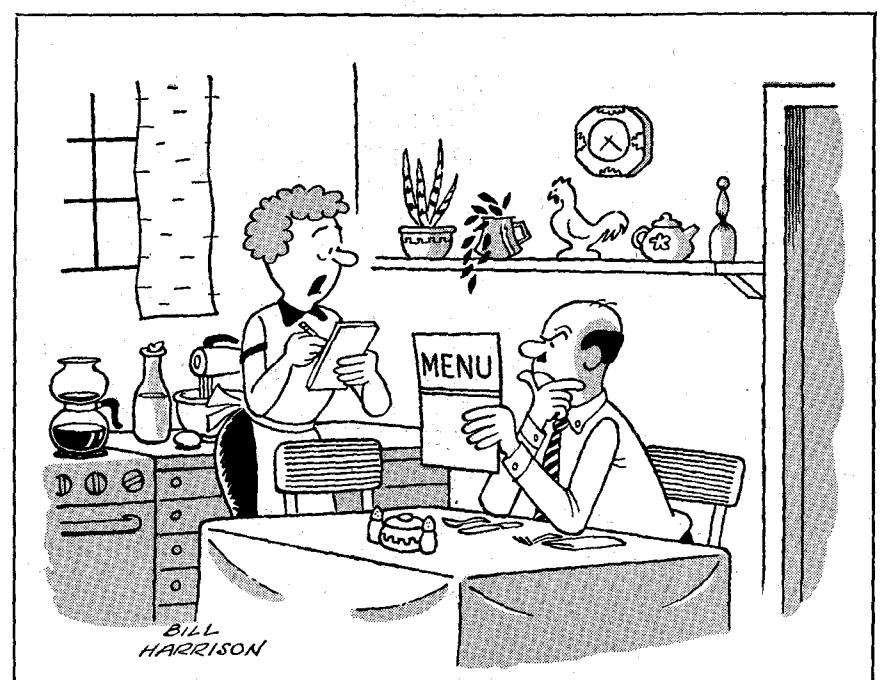
And he held up his two great broad hands. Remembering those hands, and his helplessness in their grip, George sagged against the buggy wheel. But he was still George Parmalee.

He said hoarsely, "I'll not dirty my hands on you."

Evan Wellyn reached out and took him in. One hand at his coat front, the other at his trousers pocket. As a child might pluck a flower petal, he tore the pocket out, with a strip of the stout cloth nearly to the knee. His thumb moved on the bone-handled knife, still wadded in the cloth, and the gleaming blade snapped out.

"Ah," said Evan Wellyn, "now th'll tell how the knife was drawn."

George Parmalee made a desperate sobbing sound (Continued on Page 110)



"Sometimes I think I'm spoiling you."

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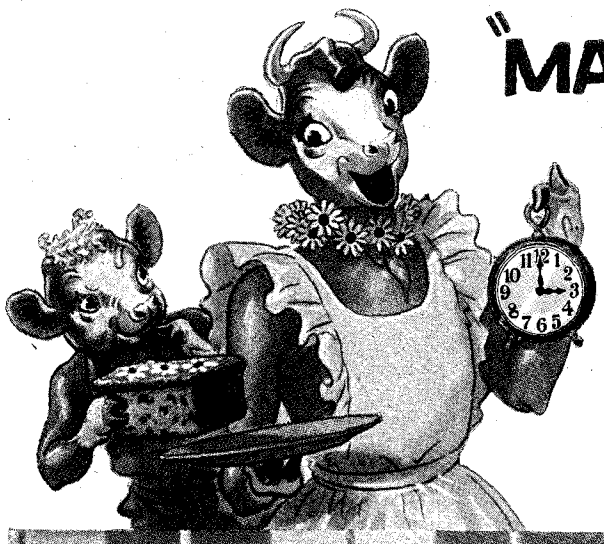

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MAGIC FRUIT SURPRISE CAKE

(Makes a 9x4x3-inch loaf cake; 2 lb. 5 oz.)

1 9-oz. package Borden's None Such Mince Meat*

½ cup water

1 cup walnut meats, coarsely chopped

6 oz. (¾ cup) mixed candied fruit, coarsely chopped

1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

1 egg, beaten **¾ cup flour**

¾ teaspoon baking soda

*or 1⅓ cup Ready-to-use None Such Mince Meat without water

1. Break mince meat into small pieces and put in 2-quart saucepan.
2. Add water. Place over heat and stir until lumps are thoroughly broken. Boil briskly one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and cool.
3. Add nuts, candied fruit, Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and egg; blend well. Stir in flour and baking soda, until just blended.
4. Pour mixture into 9x4x3-inch loaf pan which has been greased, waxed paper lined and greased again.
5. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 1 hour and 30 minutes, or until center springs back when lightly touched with finger, and top is golden brown.

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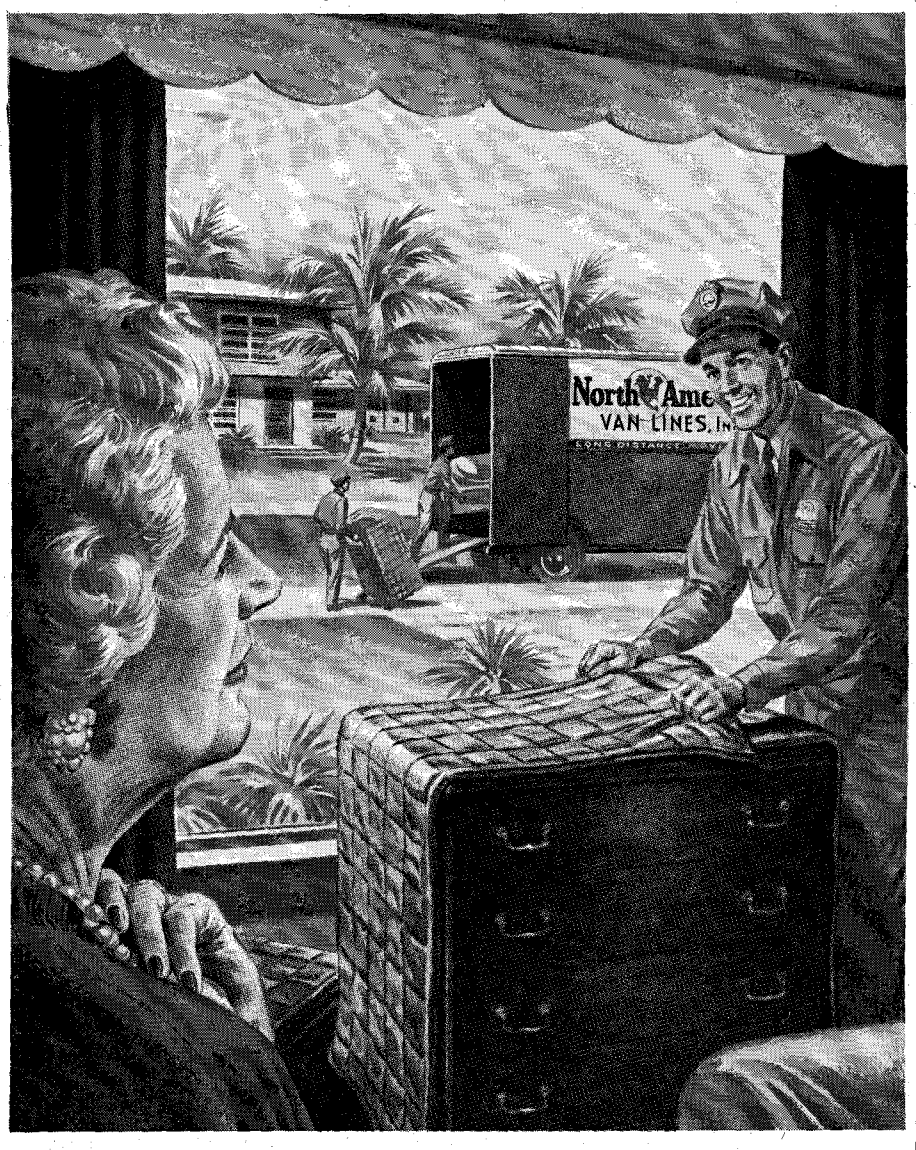

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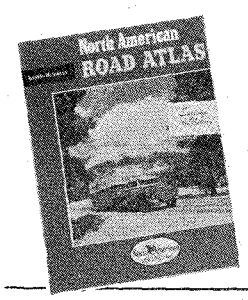

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(Continued from Page 108)

and his fist came wildly around and struck against the already torn jaw of the shockheaded man.

Evan Wellyn's voice was suddenly a great animal roar. "Tell!" he cried, and with the one hand he lifted George Parmalee and shook him, sending his head bounding in uncontrollable snapping surges fore and aft. "Tell!"

He released his grip, and George fell against the buggy, trying gaspingly to recover the air jolted from his lungs. "Tell!" came the terrible voice.

And George gasped out, "I asked you! I asked you, damn it!"

"Asked what?" The voice was a big-cat purr.

"To—to see your knife."

"An' 'twas not drawn against th'?"

"No! You stinking animal, will you leave me alone!"

George saw the faces around them, saw where he had fallen, in their eyes; he lashed out, as a trapped and terrified wild thing might, and once, twice, his frenzied fists found a mark on the shockheaded man, staggered him with the very blind fury of the attack, and then Evan's big fist came up and down like a striking maul, and George Parmalee fell and lay without moving.

The deep-stamped bitterness faded from the face of Evan Wellyn. He took a few trudging strides to where his leather bag squatted in the dust, took up its heavy weight in an effortless lift.

The stage had come in, unnoticed in the furor; a couple of passengers had clambered atop the box body to get a better view of the excitement. Evan moved toward it, sending his curiously unreadable look at the people, around him, and they moved back, giving him ample clearance. Then he saw Lettie Harrington.

She stood before the gallery of the hotel, her hands gripped tightly, looking at him. He stopped and half turned toward her.

"A'm sorry," he said simply.

Twice her lips parted before the word came out. "Why?" she said.

He moved toward her, seemingly without conscious volition. He stopped, looking down at her, his voice pitched for her ears alone.

"A've destroyed him," he said. "'Twould've been kinder if A'd killed him. He'll ne'er face any o' these people again, without he'll remember, and they. A've touched hand to cap to his like, all m' life. A've hated it, all m' days. How many times A've done this thing in m' thoughts, A've no words to tell. An' now 'tis done, 'tis a sma' thing A've done, an' A'm shamed by it. A'm sorry."

Her eyes had never left his face, and suddenly her face was smoothed, as if a tension were gone.

"And must you go?" she said.

He looked down at her, and a deep breath swelled his chest against his shirt. "Aye," he said. "Wi' me gone, they'll not remember so clear or so long. A'd best go."

Then, so softly that surely no one but the shockheaded man heard, Lettie asked, "And will you come back—ever?"

"Wud th' want me back?"

They stood near enough to touch, and her eyes were closely on his. "Yes, Evan," she said, "I want you to come."

Across the big man's lips a slow smile spread—a slow, sure, utterly joyous smile. "Then A'll be back," he said. "Be waitin'—darlin'."

He wheeled away then, moving through the crowd like a giant among lesser mortals, swung the heavy leather bag to the boot and hauled himself up beside the driver without excuse or apology. The driver, who had his own hard-won wisdom, made room and kept his silence. Then he cracked his whip and yelled his team into motion, and that was the last the town saw of him; the shockheaded man riding high and square-shouldered in the afternoon sun; around the turn, up the hill and out of the town.

Until he came back.

Biggest Bear on Earth

(Continued from Page 39)

Veteran guides have measured claw marks fourteen feet high on a tree trunk, left there by some misanthropic monarch as a warning to other bears: don't trespass here. A full-grown adult may go 1200 pounds, and mammoth Kodiaks have been weighed unofficially closer to a ton. The strength of these creatures is beyond belief. On Karluk Creek, in the center of Kodiak Island, I saw the remains of a wooden observation tower which had been erected by United States Fish and Wildlife biologists for their annual bear count. An irritable brownie had demolished the ten-foot-high structure, casually crunching two-by-four supports with its massive jaws.

The late Charles Madsen, dean of Kodiak outfitters, told me another instance of the bear's prodigious power. A sportsman he was guiding had killed a big male just at dusk. It was too late to skin out the hide that night, Madsen said, so they left the carcass on the beach. The following morning it was gone, and a wide trail of broken saplings and scraped dirt led up a steep mountainside. They found the body a hundred yards higher up, where its mate had dragged it with her teeth, hauling three quarters of a ton of dead weight up an almost vertical cliff.

The great Alaska brown has a hump of gristle at the shoulders, and a body even longer than a grizzly's. Its neck may measure five feet in circumference. The color of its pelt varies from brown-black to a light taffy gold, and under its hide the muscles ripple sinuously as it drifts along a trail or pauses to stand erect, sucking its nostrils in and out to test the breeze. The brown bear has perhaps the keenest scent of any wild creature. It can detect the presence of an intruder, man or beast, as much as two miles away.

King Kodiak is monarch of all he surveys. Every other animal clears out of his way—even timber wolves avoid a brown-bear island. He knows no fear, and will stand unintimidated on the highway in the path of an oncoming automobile. Veteran northwest pilot Mel Kuehn has seen brownies rear defiantly in the tundra near Anchorage and shadow-box the big passenger planes gliding high overhead. Despite the bear's fearlessness, the species has dwindled until today, according to official census, there are fewer than 5000 left in the world. Most of these are found on Admiralty and Baranof Islands in Southeastern Alaska, along the bleak Alaska Peninsula, and on Kodiak Island, whose whole interior has been set aside as a Federal game-management area with controlled hunting.

Conservationists are gravely concerned about the brown bear's future. New highways and small landing fields have opened up Alaska's hitherto trackless hinterland, exposing the bear's ancestral range to ever-increasing hunting pressure. Enforcement of game laws is difficult with only twenty-five wardens to guard a territory fully a fifth the size of the United States. There are other pressures, even more menacing. Lately the livestock growers on Kodiak, casting covetous eyes at the grazing land inside the Federal refuge, have demanded that the bears be outlawed. Commercial

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fishermen and packers, who find the brownie a convenient scapegoat to blame for the depleted salmon runs, are adding their powerful voices to the swelling chorus. Frightened homesteaders have urged the Territorial Legislature to declare a year-round open season on brown bears and offer bounties for their extermination. Unless the species is given continued protection, the conservationists warn, America's most majestic wildlife creature could be wiped out in a few short years.

Under normal conditions, a brown bear will not attack a man, provided the man doesn't challenge the bear's right-of-way in the trail. Unprovoked charges are rare. A bear can kill, but according to Charlie Madsen there has been only one authenticated fatality on Kodiak Island in over a quarter century. The bear, like an Oriental, cannot afford to lose face. But he may be argued out of charging, if he is given an opportunity to yield with dignity.

●

Discretion is the art of raising the eyebrows instead of the voice.

JOHN C. VIVIAN

●

Andy Simons, probably the oldest guide in Alaska in point of service, can mollify an obstreperous beast by talking to it in calm tones. "All you have to do is reason with the critter," Andy says. He recalls a discussion he had with a bear several years ago, when he was guiding a photographer on the Kenai Peninsula. They spotted a big brownie, and the cameraman started grinding. The clicking sound disturbed the bear; he whirled, let out a roar and charged. Andy stood his ground, explaining to the bear that it was being silly, if it came too close Andy would have to shoot, and how wise it would be to settle for a percentage of the motion-picture rights. The bear shrugged thoughtfully and walked away. Andy turned to his companion, whose face was a peculiar shade of green.

"It's O.K.," Andy said. "The bear's gone."

"I know," the photographer moaned, "but I swallowed my chewing tobacco."

The brown bear's Oriental character comes naturally, for it is a true Asian, the descendant of the legendary Siberian cave bear. In early geologic times, Russia and America were linked by a semitropical swamp at what is now Bering Strait, and across this ancient land bridge wandered such fabulous creatures as the hairy mammoth, the giant sloth and the saber-toothed tiger. Among these the brown bear was a midget. Today, all the others are extinct and the brownie reigns supreme, a living relic of the ice age.

For all its size, a newborn cub would fit inside a tobacco pouch. The young are born in February, in litters of two or three or sometimes four, while the female is in her deep winter sleep, and nurse blindly on their slumbering mother until she emerges from her cave in April or May. They continue to nurse all summer, and when the female dens up again in the fall they crawl in with her, suckling contentedly for another winter. Charlie Madsen recalled a two-year-old pantywaist, six feet high, still padding after his patient mamma and whimpering for nourishment.

During this nursery period the female's main concern is to hide her progeny from their worst enemy, the male parent. Alaskans are inclined to smile at the sentimental family groups of stuffed bears in museums, depicting the mother playing with her cubs while the father gazes at his offspring with pride. The fact is that a male bear would like nothing better than to devour his young if he could lay his hands on them.

The adult brown bear cannot climb trees, but his speed over the ground is amazing. Brownies have been clocked at thirty-five miles an hour. No man can hope to outrun a headlong charge—a fact to which Olie Olsen of Juneau can testify. He was strolling home from an evening's fishing, along a well-traveled highway on the outskirts of town, when he spotted a tiny cub at the roadside. On a rash impulse, Olsen picked up the baby. It squalled, and an answering rumble came from a clump of salmon-berry bushes nearby.

Olsen dropped the cub and raced for the nearest tree. The mother paused to slap her youngster and send it up a small hemlock, and the moment's delay saved Olsen's life. He had shinnied almost out of reach when the outraged female bounded after him. Rearing up, she sank her teeth in the heel of his right wading boot. The boot had an inner strap gripping the calf, the laces held, and as the bear gave a mighty tug, Olsen's hip was yanked out of its socket. He wrapped his arms around the tree and held on. The bear tugged again, and this time the boot came off. Half conscious, Olsen watched the mother rip the empty boot to shreds. At last she summoned her cub and wandered off. Olsen lowered his broken body to the ground and crawled to the highway, where he was picked up by a motorist.

The brownie's favorite diet consists of berries and roots and grass, but they are also expert anglers. I have lain concealed beside a bear stream by the hour as they splashed back and forth through the riffles, ducking their heads under water and grabbing the flashing salmon in their teeth as deftly as otters. Contrary to popular belief, a bear does not pin the fish with his paw, or bat it out of the stream onto the bank. A good proportion of these salmon are already spawned out and dying—Pacific salmon spawn only once—and statistics show that the bears' actual toll of live salmon in Alaska is negligible. Nevertheless the Fish and Wildlife people are making every effort to protect the spawning pools, and have stretched sections of electric fence along some wilderness streams on Kodiak Island. A brownie touching his wet snout to the charged wire gets a solid shock which discourages him from trespassing henceforth in that pool. (An interesting footnote to this experiment: Biologists on Kodiak have just reported that a fungus is developing among the salmon in these fenced-off streams, possibly caused by the surplus fish left to decay and pollute the water. Perhaps the much-maligned bears are actually a blessing in disguise to the salmon industry.)

At times the brown bear can be as playful as a kitten. Clarence Rhode, regional director of the Fish and Wildlife Service in Alaska, has seen them in the early spring, sliding on their shaggy rumps down a snow bank and toiling uphill to toboggan down again. Recently, director Rhode had an unnerving experience which he attributes to the brownie's sense of humor. He was observing a big bear on the far side of a stream; the animal caught his scent and floundered through the water toward him. In twenty years of close association with brownies and grizzlies, Rhode had never had to give ground before. He backed up a few steps; to his surprise, the bear kept coming. Uneasy, he turned and began to trot down the trail; the bear increased its pace, keeping about twenty yards to the rear.

Rhode tossed away his fishing rod and broke into a dead run. The bear loped after him, staying at his heels—but never trying to close the gap. With the bear just behind, Rhode galloped a full mile to the beach, where he had left his plane, and clambered, exhausted,

(Continued on Page 113)

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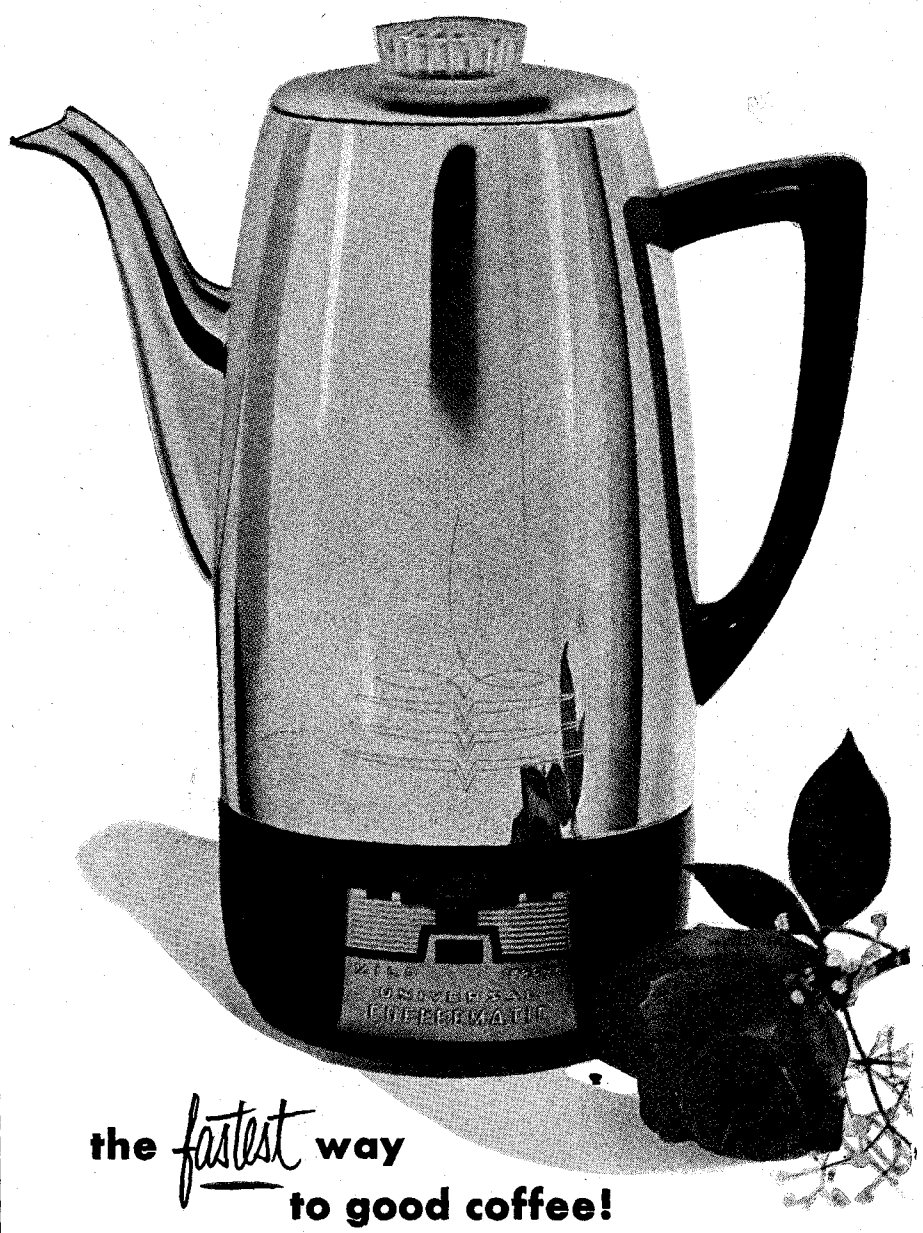

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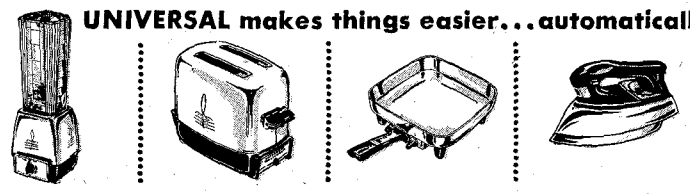

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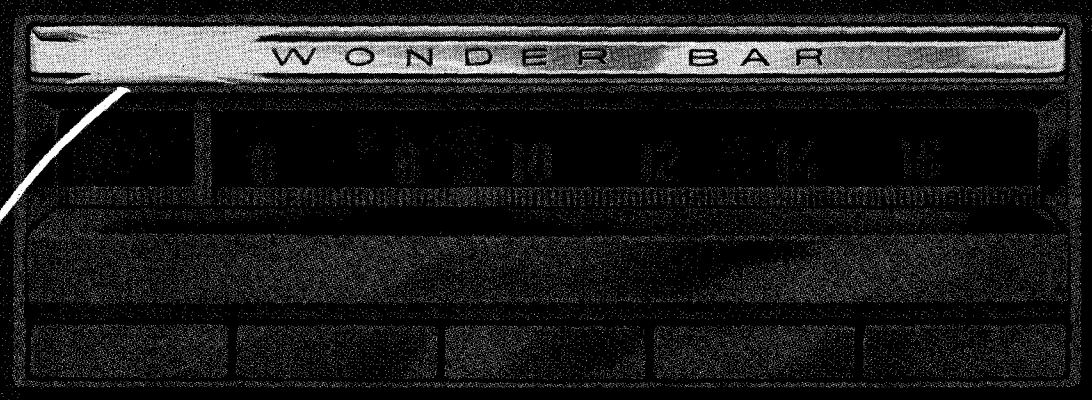

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(Continued from Page 111) onto the fuselage. The bear halted, watched as Rhode struggled onto the plane's nose, and then ambled back into the woods. Rhode swears he could hear it chuckling.

The bear's pelt is prime in the spring, so May and early June are favorite months for sportsmen who come from the States for this most prized of big-game trophies. Alaskan regulations require that a nonresident hunter or photographer, for his own protection, must be accompanied at all times by a registered guide.

The late Hosea Sarber liked to tell of a Hollywood producer whom he was guiding in Southeastern Alaska. They jumped a fine specimen and the producer aimed his rifle. But his hands began to shake and his wild shot just grazed the bear's left forepaw. Stung, the bear roared with anger and hurtled toward them. The producer froze with fear; Sarber fired and dropped the beast. They cleaned the hide and rowed out to the producer's yacht. There he exhibited the trophy to his admiring guests.

"Got it with two shots," he informed them. "Mine and the guide's."

Only a dead-accurate shot will halt a charging bear. The animal's heavy skull may deflect a bullet, unless it enters through the eyes or nose. Once Andy Simons shot an infuriated bear, making a hit with a .375 magnum that cleaned out its whole brain pan; the animal continued its gallop for sixty yards, and dropped dead at Andy's feet.

Often an injured bear will escape, to nurse a festering wound and a prejudice against the human race. One of these so-called rogue bears was responsible for a tragedy on the Kenai Peninsula a few years ago. King Turman, a trapper on Chickaloon Creek, was filling a bucket at a stream when he was jumped by a crazed brownie. The bear tore off his right arm at the shoulder and opened up his entire side. Half delirious, Turman crawled to his cabin, penciled a note with his left hand to explain what had happened, and blew out his brains with a revolver. A posse was formed and the rogue bear was killed. Dissection revealed that the bear's jaw had been shattered sometime earlier by a bullet; the animal had gone mad with pain.

When a rogue bear knocks a man down, the victim's only hope is to lie still and play dead, allowing the beast to rip and maul until its anger cools. Then, convinced the man is dead, the bear usually departs. But some bears have lugged their victims a considerable distance. After Otto Bergstrom, of Seward, was attacked by a wounded bear, the brute sank its teeth in his back and carried him fifty feet into the bushes, as a cat would carry a mouse.

At Yale's Peabody Museum, Lorna Hodgson gives a stuffed Kodiak an elevator ride. Toymaker A. C. Gilbert shot the 8 ft., 10 in. beast for his alma mater.

Such stories, told and retold with bloodcurdling details, have fostered among isolated settlers a hysterical hatred of brown bears. Private commercial interests play on these fears. Encouraged to take the law in their own hands, local residents sometimes cruise along the shore of a bay or inlet at night, shooting at feeding bears from the safety of a small boat. A cook in a fishing camp near Salmon River told me of a female with three tiny cubs, killed last summer by a couple of cannery workers. The bewildered cubs continued to suckle on their dead mother for a week, until the cook took his rifle and put the starvelings out of their misery.

An annual census of bears is made in the Kodiak Refuge area to determine their feeding habits and range. A young biologist explained a system he had devised to avoid counting the same bear twice. He used a crossbow and arrow, he told me. Each arrow is tipped with a small glass phial, filled with dye. When it strikes the bear's rear end, the phial bursts and stains the fur a telltale purple. I asked whether the animals objected to this abrupt method of identification. The biologist replied that no bear had attacked him. He added, "Yet."

A number of big brownies were working along Karluk Creek, he said; perhaps my photographer and I would like to wade upstream with him after dark and have a look at them. "There's nothing to be afraid of," he said. "I'll bring my bow and arrow."

We set out at midnight in a pouring rain, floundering knee-deep in the water over sunken boulders greasy with the slime of spent salmon. Here and there on the creek banks we could make out a trampled nest in the grass where a brownie had been bedding. Scurrying salmon bumped our legs as they raced past us. The rain was getting heavier and the photographer draped his slicker over the camera to keep it dry.

As we rounded a bend in the stream, he fired his flash gun. For a shocking instant I stared at a giant Kodiak, pinned in the circle of light. He was standing in the stream not more than twenty feet ahead. I was momentarily blinded by the flash. Then I could make out the dark bank of the stream, and above it the lighter gray of the sky. And suddenly the sky was blotted out as a mountainous shape rose before me. I could see the silhouette of its flattened head and small, rounded ears. The mountain lowered ominously, and the sky was empty again.

Someone found a pocket flashlight. In its beam we saw that the bear was moving away. We watched him climb the bank and amble off into the grass. The photographer looked down at his camera and groaned. A sleeve of his slicker had fallen across the lens; the negative was blank. But I had in my mind a picture that I should never forget.

Kodiak Island is approximately 100 miles long by 10 to 60 wide. Bears wander over its rugged interior, but a mile-deep strip of coastline—a sizable chunk, due to Kodiak's jagged shape—has been set aside for salmon fishermen and canneries, under permit from the Bureau of Land Management. Lately the stockmen have taken over this area for raising cattle, and last year the first permit for sheep was granted on Uganik Island, so close to Kodiak that the bears migrate back and forth. Still unsatisfied, local ranchers want their range extended. As the coastal area is not fenced, the cattle graze back into the hills, where a few are killed by bears in the spring, when other food is scarce. Stockmen complain loudly, but their losses are actually slight. Out of an estimated 700 cattle on the island an average of only five, including weak or fallen, were killed annually during a five-year period.

Conservationists, rallying to the brownie's defense, say that it is the bears' domain which should be extended, even to the mile strip around Kodiak. You can raise cows anywhere, they point out, but Alaska is the only place where you can grow a brown bear. And they offer an economic argument. Due to the excessive cost of winter feeding and transportation a cow or steer on Kodiak may net its owner no more than $100. On the other hand, the head of the Alaska Travelers Association told me that a single trophy bear may bring into the territory as much as $2500, spent by hunters on food, hotel service and outfitters' fees. A recent survey by the University of Alaska shows that the income from hunting and sport fishing runs to more than $15,000,000 annually. In a few years these recreations may be Alaska's No. 1 industry, outranking salmon or even mining.

"The trouble is," big-game guide Ralph Young said, "that the bears don't have a lobby in Washington."

Veteran Andy Simons sums it up. "Surely a nation as big as ours can afford a few acres of all its real estate," he says, "so that this historic creature will not go the way of the mastodon and hairy mammoth, and disappear from the face of the earth."

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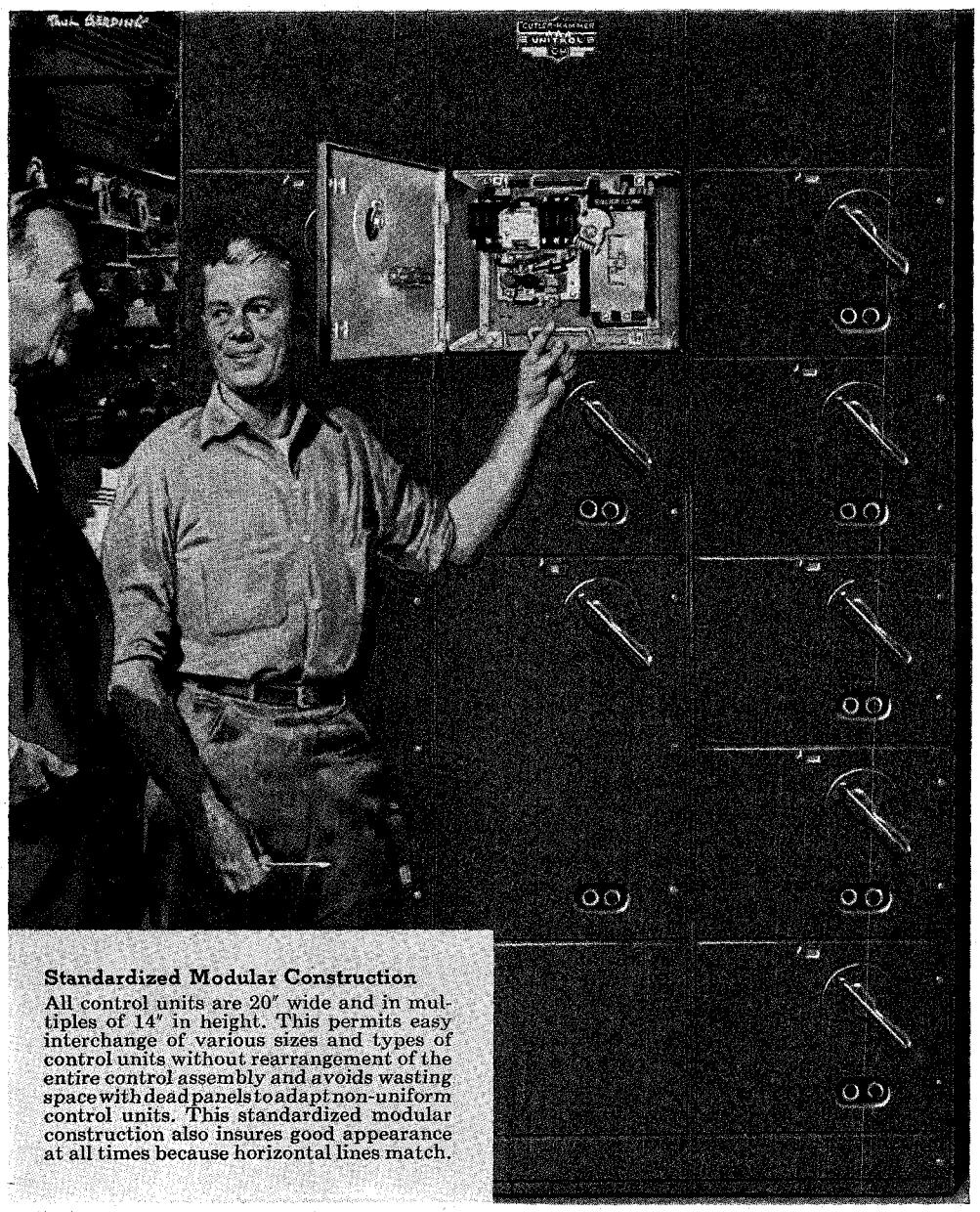

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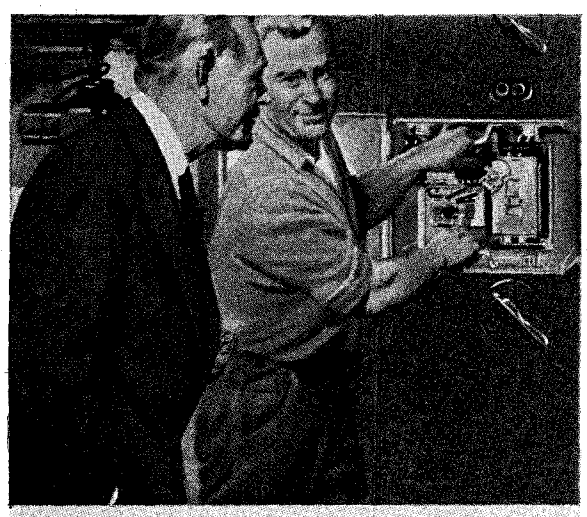
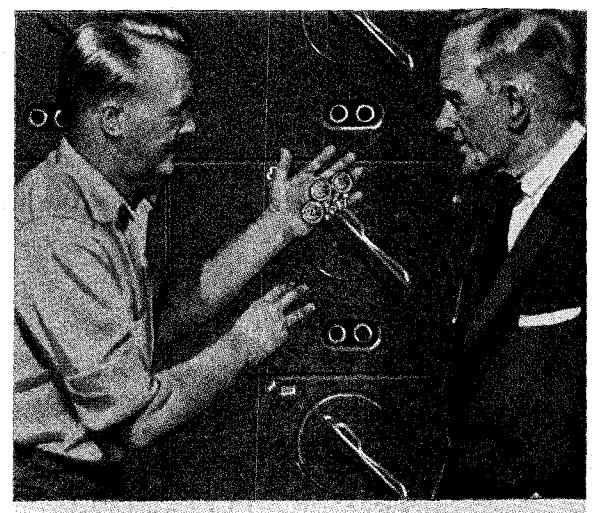


Uni-Plug disconnects control from power when unit is moved to test position, reconnects without misalignment when unit returns to operating position. Control panel is *always* vertical. Uni-Plug design permits back-to-back assemblies without staggering control units. Units are removed by merely disconnecting load and control wiring at terminal boards. This wiring is cabled, marked and color coded.



Unitrol provides either circuit breakers or fused disconnect switches of advanced design. Both have three-position self-aligning operators arranged for padlocking with as many as three locks in the "off" position. Recessed push-buttons and concealed door hinges are typical features that add to safety and fine appearance.

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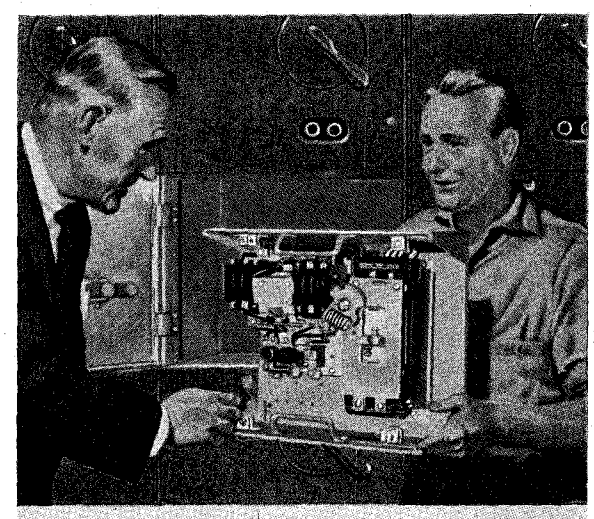

Components front of panel mounted without stacking. No crowding, no power connections near panel fasteners. Many Three-Star Control exclusives. Superlife vertical contacts *never* require maintenance expense in all normal control uses. Adjustable overload relay coils let motors work harder with safety. Full Three-Phase Protection with 3-Coil overload relays on standard size starter panels.

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Phooey on Popularity!

(Continued from Page 36)

well as dish it out. This is a priceless attribute for a coach in America's most rabid college-football community, where the team habitually is up among the leaders in attendance and a halfback's fumble may rank in importance with the Yalta papers.

Think that's an exaggeration? One Saturday in November of 1944, with the Allied forces penetrating Hitler's Europe and history's bloodiest war rushing to a climax, a Columbus newspaper carried this eight-column streamer headline on its front page: THE DAY HAS COME—OHIO VS. MICHIGAN!

In riding out the inevitable squalls at Ohio State, Hayes has shown more than a thick hide and a strong will. He has demonstrated a wholesome readiness to admit mistakes and to adjust accordingly. He also has a far from incidental asset in his wife, Anne, a delightfully effervescent woman who seems completely undismayed by the pressure that surrounds a coach s family. For instance, Woody's immediate predecessor at Ohio State, Wes Fesler, had an unlisted phone number. He and his family couldn't endure the abuse when the team had a mediocre season. It finally drove him into resigning—he subsequently served three years at Minnesota. In contrast, W. W. Hayes has been in the telephone directory since he moved to Columbus, although there were times during 1951, his first and worst year, when the phone must have seemed like a device of the devil.

"I remember answering it at four o'clock one morning," Mrs. Hayes says now, laughing. "The man said he was going to ring us and say good-by to Woody every week until the season ended. I asked him if he had a wife, and since it was nearly morning, invited them both to come to our house for coffee while we talked over the football situation. They didn't appear, and the man didn't phone any more. As far as we're concerned, things like that are part of the job."

It is no job for anyone who likes things calm and peaceful. Even last New Year's Day, when Woody's team climaxed its big year by running up a 20–7 score on Southern California in the Rose Bowl despite a drenching rain, there was discord along with the rejoicing.

One controversy started because Hayes had stormed both before and after the game about the bands "being permitted to tramp all over the field and damage the playing surface." This promptly brought Woody under attack from an influential quarter. John B. Fullen, Ohio State's national alumni secretary, dictated a biting editorial for his alumni magazine after getting back to Columbus.

"A couple of events since returning have convinced me our football is getting out of hand," Fullen wrote. "One was to find a number of persons agreeing with Woody Hayes that the bands should not have been allowed to perform. . . . The football tail now seems to be wagging the university dog visibly. Since when is the training of musicians less educational than the training of football players?"

Hayes set off another rhubarb after the game, when a West Coast newspaperman asked how Woody thought Southern California compared to the leading Big Ten teams. Most coaches would answer a question like that in cautious generalities, but Hayes responded with his customary candor.

"In addition to us," he declared, "I'd say that Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Purdue and possibly Minnesota, although we didn't play them, were better than Southern Cal."

Next morning there were headlines: HAYES INSULTS WEST COAST FOOTBALL.

Woody had no apologies. "What was I supposed to do, lie about it or tell them what I really believe?" he demanded.

His public outspokenness is the chief reason why there is considerable antagonism to Hayes in the football trade. In particular, many coaches resent his flouting of one cherished custom. As a matter of self-preservation, a coach is supposed to be ultraconservative in discussing his team's prospects. But Hayes goes in for cheery optimism.

This kind of talk does not win a man favor in the coaching brotherhood. It is significant that when national honors were being determined last year, Woody Hayes and Ohio State lost out on those awards in which football coaches have the final say.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Three Loves

By Louisė Eve Jenney

A gentle poet was the first.
He saw the young new moon
And said it was a pink canoe
Upon a blue lagoon.
(It sounded fanciful, I found,
Weighed in the light of
noon.)

The next love was a farmer
boy,
His mouth rough-sweet on
mine;
He watched the half-moon
like a clock
And hurried home at nine.
(I thought how harsh that
country wives
Must rise by candleshine.)

The last came when the
moon was whole
And it was he I wed;
He turned his back against
the sky
And gazed at me instead!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Buckeyes were voted the national championship by the sports writers in the Associated Press poll. But the United Press ratings, determined by a board of thirty-five coaches, gave first place to Red Sanders' unbeaten U. C. L. A. team, which took the Pacific Coast Conference title, but was ineligible for the Rose Bowl, having played there—and lost—the year before. And in the balloting by the American Football Coaches Association for the Scripps-Howard Coach of the Year prize, Sanders was the winner with 173 votes. Hayes was second with 134.

Midwesterners and many others who consider the Big Ten the strongest league in the country—it has won eight out of nine Rose Bowl tests with the Pacific Coast Conference—will never understand how anyone could rank U.C.L.A. over Ohio State last year. But then, it was a big surprise to find Woody Hayes and his Buckeyes in the national-championship picture at all. Few people had expected Ohio State to go very far in 1954.

This may have helped. For once, the Buckeyes were spared the pressure that goes with a big preseason build-up. Another fortunate development was the return to the coaching staff of Lyal Clark, a defensive specialist who had followed Wes Fesler from Ohio State to Minnesota.

In the sixty-five years since Ohio State organized its first football team, the university had enjoyed only two perfect seasons prior to 1954. Probably not even Woody Hayes thought there was much hope of a third one last year. However, he did say privately that if Ohio State could win two out of three from Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, who were being met on successive Saturdays, then the Buckeyes would have a good chance for the conference title.

The first of these games turned out to be no problem. Illinois' sparkling backfield received insufficient help in the line, and the Illini collapsed. Hayes was able to rest his stars most of the afternoon as Ohio State won, 40–7.

Against Iowa and Wisconsin, the Buckeyes earned a come-from-behind reputation, with a grinning redhead named Howard (Hopalong) Cassady, who was to become an All-American consensus halfback, engineering the clutch plays. In the Wisconsin game, which wound up as a 31–14 victory for Ohio, the Buckeyes stopped Alan Ameche, Wisconsin's tremendous fullback, for the fourth straight year. Ameche never did score on Ohio State in his entire college career.

After the Wisconsin win, Rose Bowl fever was surging throughout the state. Fans swarmed into airline and railroad offices to make reservations for California. This was a trying period for the coaches and the squad. They still had four games to play—three of them against conference opponents.

"We played 'em one at a time," Hayes recalls. "We had a secret agreement among ourselves that anyone who mentioned roses would get a punch in the nose—unless it was a lady over eighty."

Despite all precautions, Ohio State had a natural letdown the next week against lowly Northwestern, but survived, 14–7. Then the Buckeyes thumped a couple of potential spoilers, Pitt and Purdue. That left dangerous Michigan, Ohio's oldest and most bitter rival. More than ever, the Michigan game was the big one.

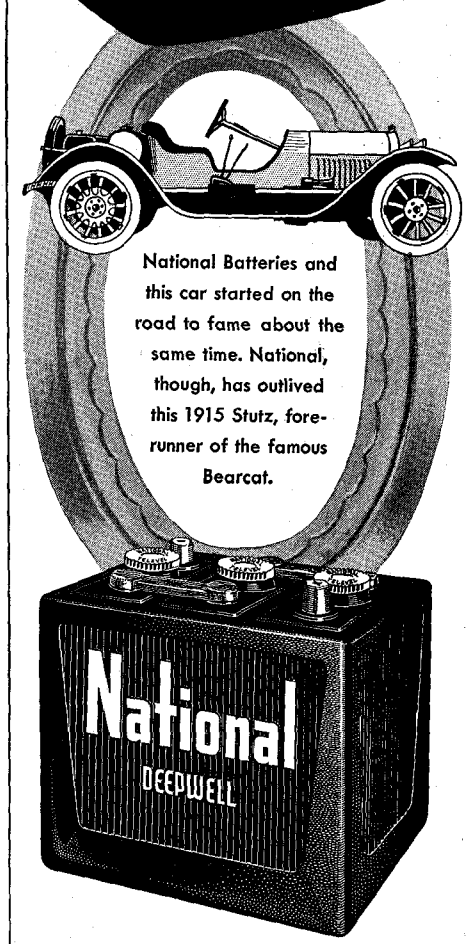
Hayes received a letter, purportedly from a Michigan student, asking if he would be interested in learning something about the Wolverines' special preparations for the game. Woody didn't want that kind of information, of course, but he began to worry about the possibility of spies in his own camp, since he was installing new plays himself.

Hayes went to extraordinary lengths to keep unauthorized observers from his workouts. He issued spare Ohio State football shirts to all noncombatants, including the sports writers and Dr. Walter Duffee, the team physician for thirty-five years. Woody gave strict instructions to campus police and team managers that no one was to be admitted unless he wore the identifying garb. "Then, when I glance over toward the side lines, I won't have to fret about who so-and-so is," Hayes said.

It was on the day of the Michigan game that Hayes staged his first dust-up about the bands. It had rained steadily all morning. Two hours before game time Woody marched into the office of Richard C. Larkins, Ohio State's director of athletics, and demanded that the bands be kept off the field to protect the turf.

It so happens that next to their football teams, Ohio State partisans take greatest pride in the outstanding Buckeye band shows. Hayes got nowhere in his attempt to get the musicians out of the act at the 1954 Michigan game. "I listened to Woody carry on for a while," says athletic director Larkins. "Then I told him I wouldn't think of ordering off the bands. But it seemed to me he was working himself into a state of mind where he might not be able to direct

WHO MADE THIS EARLY MODEL AND WHEN?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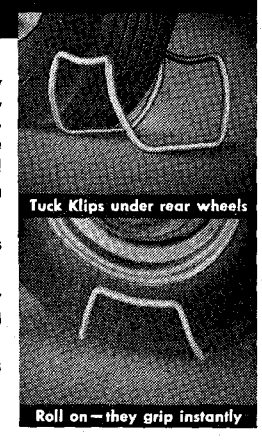

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the team to best advantage during the game. So I told him that if he wished, we would put it up to the president"—Dr. Howard L. Bevis—"who was at a pregame luncheon in the stadium dining room. Woody said he was all for that. We got Doctor Bevis' ear. Both he and Doctor Hatcher"—Michigan's president—"said it would be unthinkable."

Once the game began, Hayes had other things to worry about. An inspired Michigan team tore Ohio State apart in the first quarter. Another demonstration of rallying power was needed before the Buckeyes pulled ahead. When the game ended with Ohio State the winner, 21–7, there was the wildest celebration since the great gray stadium at Columbus was erected thirty-three years ago.

A blizzard of shredded paper fluttered from the top deck. Ohio's bench warmers engulfed their teammates. Rooters stampeded and mobbed the squad in unrestrained joy. Hayes was hoisted on his players' shoulders and borne off in triumph.

Much farther up, in the jammed press box, ticket manager George Staten squirted gusts of rose perfume into the air-conditioning system. The Ohio State band, purple-cheeked, blared the modern happiness song of Big Ten teams, California, Here I Come.

Inside the training quarters, Buckeye players howled and jumped, embracing and pounding backs. Finally they were quieted by Hayes' call for their regular postgame prayer. Then the husky coach addressed them. Pride and overwhelming joy shook his voice as he called them "the greatest team with the finest fighting heart I've ever known."

When he stopped, the players thrust him, fully clothed, under the showers. He had to dash to his locker for dry togs before he could hold his press conference.

It was one of those supreme days in a man's life. Not many people thought that Woody Hayes would last long enough to experience such a day when he was struggling through his first Ohio State season in 1951.

Woody has had a history of early difficulty on new jobs. His impatience with anything short of outstanding success and his burning desire for quick improvement have driven him to outbursts which shocked his players.

At his first college post in 1946 as head coach of his alma mater, Denison University, in Granville, Ohio, he had a difficult situation. The school had abandoned football in 1943 and was having a hard time getting back to its normal strength.

"That 1946 season was a nightmare," he says. "We won only two games. I guess they thought I was being too tough on the boys then. They darn near threw me out."

But Hayes was undefeated in his next two years at Denison, running up an eighteen-game winning streak. This brought him an offer to move to Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, in 1949. Hayes took the job—Miami was a bigger school in a more powerful league, the Mid-America Conference.

"I'll never forget the first year Woody was with us," relates John L. Brickels, Miami's director of athletics. "We roomed together in a dormitory during fall practice before classes began. He insisted on living football, night after night, until about three A.M. He'd talk until I could stay awake no longer."

After a shaky start, Hayes' 1949 and 1950 Miami teams won fourteen of nineteen games, rolling up 322 points the latter season. It was after the 1950 season that Wes Fesler resigned at Ohio State. Hayes entered a contest for the job that was to rock the university.

Seven men were interviewed before a decision was reached. Included was Paul Brown, whose famous Cleveland professional teams have yet to miss their league championship play-offs. Ohio State's president, three vice-presidents and the board of trustees, goaded by the tremendous public interest in Ohio, became parties to the deliberations.

Some trustees even attempted to get Gov. Frank J. Lausche to enter the controversy.

When Woody Hayes finally was named, he beamed. "I wanted this job badly," he said. "It's the greatest coaching opportunity in the country."

He automatically acquired a full professor's status. His starting salary was $12,500. Only last spring it was raised to $16,500, and he was given a five-year "gentlemen's agreement." Employees of the state university may not legally be signed for more than a year at a time.

Hayes immediately began capturing alumni audiences with his magnetic personality, good looks and enthusiasm. He reorganized the coaching staff, substituted the straight T formation for Fesler's single wing, and worked at a fantastic pace.

Much was expected of the new coach. He inherited a veteran squad, including the celebrated Vic Janowicz, Heisman-trophy winner and All-American halfback of the previous season. But Janowicz, like several of his fellow players, was not averse to extracurricular activities. There were other complications. Hayes was a rookie coach with a largely green staff. He was installing a brand-new system of offense. And the fact that Ohio State was a favorite for the conference championship made the Buckeyes a prize target for upsets.

The opening game was a success as the team checkmated Fred Benners, Southern Methodist's passing ace, in a 7–0 win. However, Michigan State edged out the Buckeyes the next week with a last-quarter maneuver, 24–20. When a 6–6 tie with Wisconsin followed, querulous Buckeye fans began second-guessing.

Indiana, frequently regarded as an automatic victim for Ohio, really gave the complainers something to scream about the next Saturday. Ohio State was drubbed, 32–10. By this time opponents had completed sixty out of ninety-one passes. Hayes was bitter and edgy. So were his players. The squad held a "grievance meeting," and delegated Capt. Bob Heid to tell the coach that they felt they had been "driven too long too hard."

Hayes did ease up on his whipcracking. He had been telling the players, "I want you thinking and living football." Now he made such concessions as relaxing his ban on singing in the showers. The tension was further eased by an unprecedented midweek party staged by some members of the Front Liners, the booster organization which does so much to recruit football players for Ohio State.

Temporarily, things were better. That Saturday, Ohio State laced Iowa, 47–21. Hayes then delivered a brief talk to the players, telling them, "You taught me a lesson today."

But the team was unimpressive again the next two weeks. Ohio State barely got by Northwestern, 3–0, and winless Pittsburgh, 16–14. The Pitt performance brought on another crisis. In his press conference afterward, Hayes blew up.

One Pittsburgh newspaper used an eight-column headline to report, OHIO COACH CALLS TEAM MUSCLEHEADS. In Columbus papers, Hayes was quoted somewhat more delicately as saying, "The thing that hurts me is, a lot of kids are sitting on the bench who never get a chance. They have to watch those other clowns out there."

With Hayes in that mood, no one asked why he didn't substitute the bench-warmers for the "clowns." When this reporter, who had been at another game that day, asked Hayes if he had been correctly quoted, Woody displayed his usual frankness.

"Yes, I was," he said. "But I intended only to castigate a couple of players who had been making the same mistakes over and over again."

Then ensued a week of great strain. Ernie Godfrey, veteran assistant coach, had a phonograph put in the training room. The records he played included one of Knute Rockne's famous fight talks at Notre Dame, and music such as the Ohio marching song, Fight the Team Across the Field.

Practice procedures were lightened. The coaches instead of the players whacked the tackling dummy. Again morale rose, although the next opponent was unbeaten Illinois, destined to reach the Rose Bowl. Ohio State fought the Illini to a scoreless tie.

Hayes was in a reflective mood after the Illinois game as he reviewed the season to date. "We shot the works back against Michigan State," he said, "and were licked in the best game we played—until today. After Michigan State we worked too hard and the boys went stale. We pushed and pushed when we should have let up."

Ohio State finished with a controversial 7–0 loss to Michigan to round out a generally frustrating season. The over-all record of four wins, three losses and two ties was far below expectations. At the annual "appreciation dinner" for the squad two days after the season, Woody Hayes stood up, squared his shoulders and said, "If people don't criticize me, there's something wrong with them. I passed a mirror this morning and almost took a swing at myself. You should learn something from getting licked, and I've learned a lot this year."

But many of his listeners were unappeased. One of the backfield stars, before stepping up to receive his varsity letter, told me, "I never would have believed I'd live to see the day when I'd be glad my college football was over."

It is from this dismal low that Hayes has fought his way back to win the respect and admiration of his players. Both in 1952 and in 1953 his Ohio State teams had six-and-three records. A 27–7 triumph over Michigan delighted Buckeye fans in 1952. Only a 20–0 loss to the ancient rival prevented the following season from being exceptionally pleasing.

Athletic director Larkins was quick to announce, "The coaching staff, headed by Woody Hayes, will return next fall. I say that in case there is doubt in anyone's mind." When Ohio loses to Michigan, there often is.

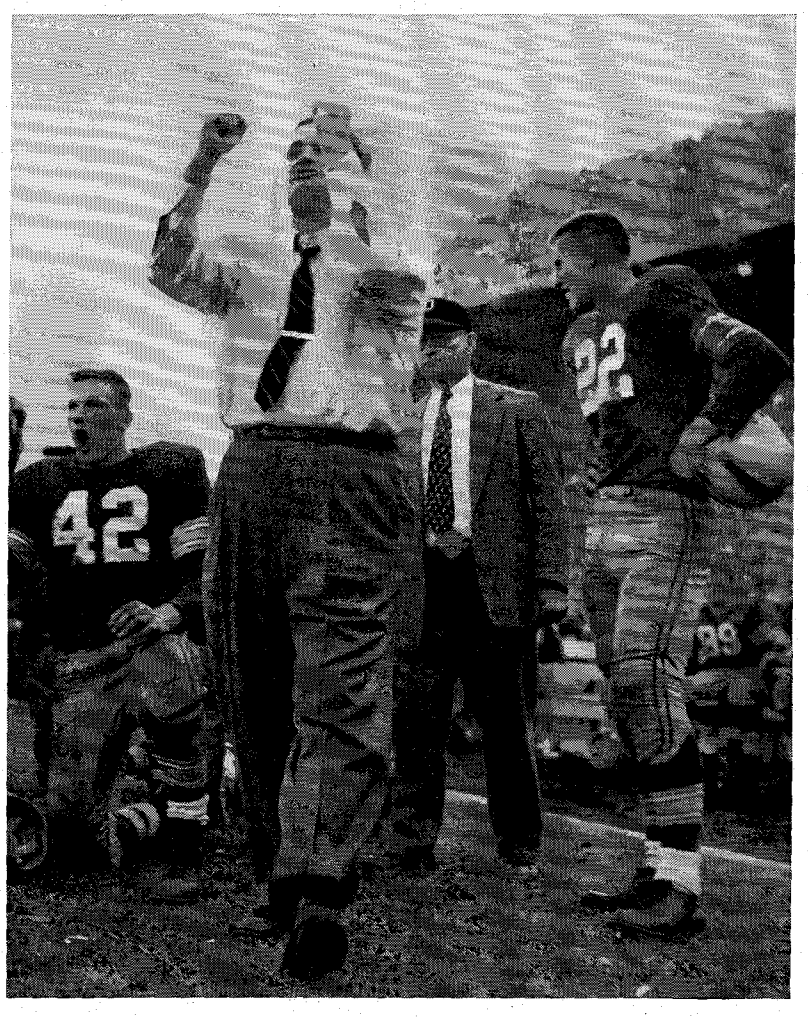
After the grand-slam season of 1954, of course, there no longer were any grounds for speculation about Woody Hayes' immediate future at Ohio State. This forty-two-year-old coach is now at the crest of a career that has covered a lot of years, although not much distance. He has spent all his football life in Ohio, where he was born, near Springfield, on February 14, 1913. His father, Wayne Benton Hayes, was superintendent of schools at Newcomerstown, Ohio, until his death in 1929.

"For twelve years I went to school where my dad was superintendent, and that can be difficult for a youngster," Woody says. "My grades were not exceptional. I'm afraid I was too darn ornery—always getting into fights."

Woody does admit to a special liking for history—a subject he later taught in high school, and which still interests him. He says his only outside activities as a kid were in athletics. At one point he took up amateur boxing and had something like ten bouts, of which he lost two.

In high-school football, he was a lightweight center and tackle. He weighed only 157 pounds when he entered Denison University. There he played three years as a varsity tackle. His top weight was 185. After graduating in 1935 he became an Ohio high-school coach, putting in a year at Mingo Junction and then going to New Philadelphia as assistant to John Brickels, later his boss

(Continued on Page 118)



An occasionally violent man, Ohio State's Woody Hayes shouts imprecations and maledictions against Wisconsin in 1954. They worked: State won 31–14.

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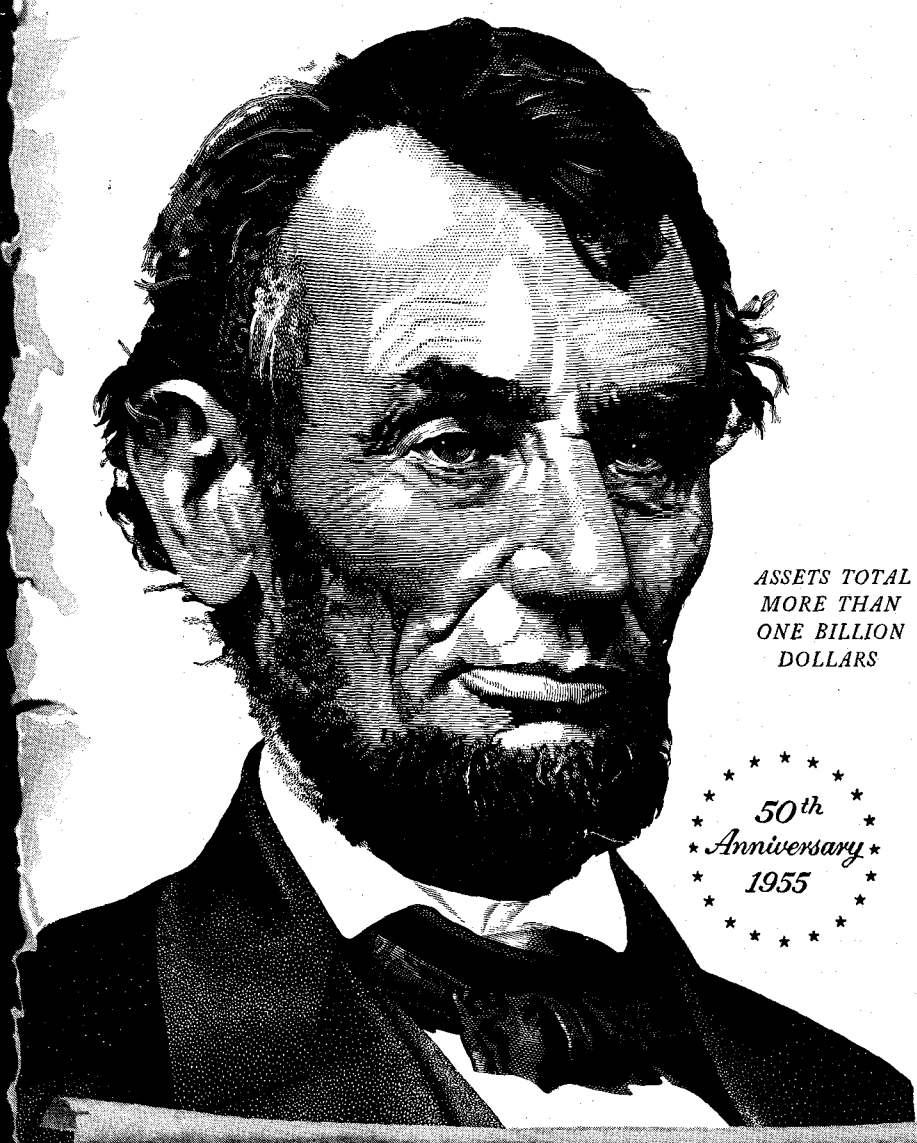

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(Continued from Page 116) at Miami. Hayes cites Brickels as his chief model. "John was a fine morale builder and disciplinarian," Woody declares. "He was rough and tough, but extremely fair. I tried to pattern myself after him. You know, many of the very successful football dynasties have been headed by stern men, like Earl Blaik at West Point, Bernie Bierman at Minnesota, Frank Leahy at Notre Dame, and General Neyland at Tennessee. But I believe you must maintain close contact with your boys off the field. Then you don't lose many. On the field it has to be on a rough-and-tough basis. That's the nature of football. Off the field we try to be a big family here."

During the time that he was at Brickels' home being interviewed for the New Philadelphia job back in 1936, Hayes noticed a charming girl who came to leave a May basket of flowers, in observance of an old custom.

"We had known Anne Gross for a long time," Brickels relates. "Woody seemed interested immediately. We phoned Anne at her home a little later and introduced her to Woody over the wire. He asked her for a date that evening."

Anne fills in the details. "I already had a date. And when I did start going out with Woody, we dated for six years, but never kept steady company. In fact, we never were engaged. Woody proposed over the phone one day in 1942, after he was in the Navy. He had some leave time due. I accepted, he came home and we were married."

Hayes' service record is unusual. He enlisted six months before Pearl Harbor and stayed in for five years, until the ship he commanded was mothballed in 1946. Woody was no land sailor. He got out of the Tunney and Hamilton physical-fitness programs and asked for more active duty. At sea, he rose to lieutenant commander. He was skipper of Patrol Chaser 1251 in the Palau Islands invasion in the Western Pacific in September, 1944, and of the Destroyer Escort Rinehart in both Atlantic and Pacific operations.

"People talk about how devoted Woody is to football," Mrs. Hayes observes. "He was just as dedicated to the Navy. Why, we had been married only five days when he asked for sea duty. He didn't get it at once, but he did request it. Stevie"—the Hayeses' only child—"was nearly nine months old before Woody saw him for the first time."

An impulsive man like Hayes is fortunate to have an understanding wife and friends. John Brickels describes him as the sort of fellow who flares up occasionally, but is sorry soon afterward.

"One day," the Miami athletic director relates, "we had a misunderstanding about an assistant coach's assignment. The mayor and a couple of Boosters Club leaders were in my office, but that didn't stop Woody from picking up an intramural sports trophy and smashing it to pieces on the floor. I knew he'd feel differently soon, and he did. The next morning he came back and said he wanted to pay for the trophy."

Like all successful modern coaches, Hayes is a good executive who stresses basic principles. This extends to the off-field conduct of his players. On road trips, Woody and Anne Hayes make sure of such things as that the boys don't miss church, and that they dress impeccably. "We try to pick boys for character and smartness," Hayes says.

Woody Hayes had no hope this year of catching any opponent napping. He suffered a real personnel loss in June when Hubert Bobo, a sophomore fullback star in 1954, was suspended from school for academic reasons.

In early-season games this fall, it quickly became evident that Ohio had an ineffective passing game. Nebraska, supposedly a pushover, was beaten only 28–20. Stanford, a ten-point underdog, brought off a major upset with a 6–0 triumph over the Bucks. Stanford stacked its defenses to stop Cassady's sweeps, and Ohio's overhead game was too weak to compensate. The next week Cassady broke loose despite continued passing inadequacy to lead Ohio State to a 27–12 victory over Illinois, but on October 15, Hayes' team fell back into the losing column, with a 20–14 setback at the hands of Duke.

If Woody Hayes were ever going to resort to the time-honored device of bewailing his chances in advance, this was the year for him to do it. So what did he say? "Our problem now is staying on top," he declared. "But don't worry about us. We're going to come back and play great football again."

In college football—and in other fields, for that matter—you just don't find many men with the uncompromising forthrightness of Ohio State's Woody Hayes.

Can This Man Clean Up New York? (Continued from Page 33)

that he is probably the best garbage man alive. He knows all the city's alleys and corners, all the old-timers in the department. What's more, he can still load a garbage truck, pilot a bulldozer or put the arm on a willful litterer as well as the next man.

Perhaps his principal hobby these days is tinkering with and improving Sanita Hills, the department's 1100-acre summer resort near Pawling, New York, where there are three big lakes, lots of woods, and bungalows which any Sanitation worker can afford.

Here Mrs. Mulrain and their daughter, Mary Ann, five, spend the summer, and the commissioner goes up on weekends. By a former marriage, which ended with the death of his first wife, the commissioner is also the father of twenty-two-year-old Andrew, Jr.

Whenever any weekend emergency arises at Sanita Hills, such as a child's getting lost, Mulrain halts all activities, organizes the campers and takes personal command. Otherwise, since all the other guests are department people, he has plenty of time to talk shop, make new plans for Sanita and keep his eye peeled for any sign of litter in this cleanest of summer colonies.

Mulrain is also fond of golf and American history. "I guess I'm kind of an expert on Americana," he admits, but since he never mentions his golf scores around the office, it is assumed his success as a golfer is mild.

When he started with the Sanitation Department in 1921, young Andy needed no off-the-job exercise. Since he lived eight miles from the stables, he rose at four, trolleyed forth, breakfasted himself and his horse, hitched up and was out banging barrels by seven o'clock. "In those days," he recalls, "the barrels were bigger and held a hundred or more pounds. You hoisted them up on the axle; then got under them and lifted them five feet to the tailgate and dumped them. Most street cleaners at that time wound up with hernias."

Andy kept his health all right, but was anxious to get to be a boss. "You see," he points out, "I'd had only four months of high school, so whenever it was time to take competitive exams I went to Delehanty Institute and studied at night. I made assistant foreman in '26, foreman in '28, district superintendent in '34 and borough superintendent of Queens in '38. Then, in 1944, Commissioner Bill Carey made me city superintendent. By then I was running the whole working end of the show. Finally, in 1949, Bill O' appointed me commissioner."

Right there Andy Mulrain had, from a standpoint of rank, reached the pinnacle of success in his calling. Only now, however, did he face his greatest challenge. For ambitious Andy wanted to be not merely another commissioner of sanitation, he wanted to be a triumphant one. "Look," he says. "I love this damn town. I'd hate like hell to leave it dirty. After all, this is my life's work."

The task before him was enough to cow a less confident man. It is a recognized fact that sanitation problems multiply fantastically with increasing density of population. Yet nowhere, outside New York, are so many millions so tightly packed and stacked into such tall hives. Every day of the year New York City creates 12,500 tons of waste which the department, working in a maelstrom of hurrying people and vehicles, must gather and remove as neatly and unobtrusively as possible.

When Mulrain first came into office he was stopped in his tracks by his own spavined department. No matter how badly he wished for himself and his town to shine, there wasn't a chance. The physical equipment supposed to handle the city's torrents of waste was obsolete. Some of his "salad wagons," as garbage-collection trucks are called, were ancient vans of mammoth tonnage perennially homesick for the garage and extensive overhaul. Even so, these commodious vehicles could carry only half the load of smaller modern compaction trucks. His barges were so unseaworthy that, though constantly patched en route, they sometimes simply gurgled and sank.

Yet where equipment was merely archaic, morale was doornail dead. Sanitation men were working forty-eight hours a week while almost everybody else in town was working forty. The hourly pay was considerably less than that of private industry. Since the Sanitation workers were forbidden by law to strike, they resorted to slowdowns and phony epidemics of sickness. Meanwhile America's largest city became increasingly dingy and smelly.

Plainly Mulrain's first job was to get hold of a lot more millions of New York's public funds. A new barge cost $150,000. He badly needed forty. Mechanical brooms cost $9000. He needed 260. A modern compaction collection truck cost $11,000. He needed 850. An up-to-date incinerating plant cost $5,000,000 and he needed half a dozen of these. A fifty-cent hourly raise for the 10,000 men on the street would cost $5000 every subsequent working hour. And that he most certainly had to have.

Today, six years later, after laying siege after long siege at the door of the mayor's office and the Bureau of the Budget, Mulrain has rebuilt his department. Whereas he had about $50,000,000 for current expenses as late as 1953, he now has $80,000,000 to spend on operating expenses, plus $20,000,000 more to pay on continuing projects. Old equipment has been replaced by the most modern automatic machines, including mechanical sweepers that do the work of twenty men, and snow-clearing machines that load a truck a minute.

Department morale is highest in years. Workers toil but forty hours a week, get about ninety dollars a week to start and a month's vacation with pay. The department now has a welfare fund, a clinic and, says the commissioner, "I guess I bit the hand that fed me, but our boys don't have to go to Delehanty's any more to study for exams. I got my own academy right here in the department." Another element in departmental morale is the fact that its band, clad in forest-green uniforms, is the pride of New York and has doubtless greeted more heroes, kings and other heads of government than all other New York bands put together.

Yet no matter how snappy and efficient his department was to become, the fact remained that when Mulrain became commissioner, much of New York's 6000 miles of streets was lined on both sides, twenty-four hours a day, by parked automobiles. It was impossible to use his mechanical brooms on the vast area beneath those cars.

It was then that he struck upon the boldest and most radical recent innovation in New York's daily life, alternate parking: allowing cars to park on one side of the street only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, on the other side Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

This scheme was first tried on a small section of the city. The public outcry at the prospect of this additional complication of city existence was tremendous. Then, when the first violators felt the barb of Mulrain's enforcement tactics, they joined their voices into a mighty, outraged roar. For Mulrain did not merely stick a summons on the windshield while the car remained in place and interfered with his sweepers. Instead—and this, too, was then a radical innovation—his wreckers simply latched onto and confiscated the parked cars, towing them away to impounding areas.

To retrieve their captured automobiles, the furious motorists had to appear in court, pay a fifteen-dollar police fine, a ten-dollar towing fee and a dollar-a-day storage to the Sanitation Department. Furthermore, unless the owner liberated his car within thirty days, it was auctioned off and the department kept the money.

Yet the louder the public howled, the more streets Mulrain took into his scheme, and the faster his tow cars worked. Today this parking policy encompasses almost all of the borough of Manhattan. The department tows in about 1000 cars a week, and the streets are being regularly cleaned for the first time since the mass arrival of the automobile. An automatic sweeper attacks a gutter crammed with paper, beer cans, wine bottles, dirt, crate staves and melon rinds and sweeps it spotlessly clean at the rate of eight miles an hour.

Now that Mulrain's people can gather even more litter, how do they manage to dispose of it?

New York has thirteen huge incinerators, but these have the capacity to burn only about a third of the 4,000,000 tons of waste that the department collects each year. All refuse, burned and otherwise, is towed or trucked to a 2600-acre reclamation project at Fresh Kills, Staten Island, where the city is building new ground for parks and other purposes at the rate of some 250 acres per year.

Previous commissioners have done their part in reclaiming thousands of acres of swampland, some of which became La-Guardia Field and Flushing Meadows, where the World's Fair was held. Yet all the while this land was abuilding, the department was under a continual bombardment of complaints from neighboring communities, which declared they were being gassed out of existence. One phrasemaker said his community had come to reek "like the scup-

(Continued on Page 120)

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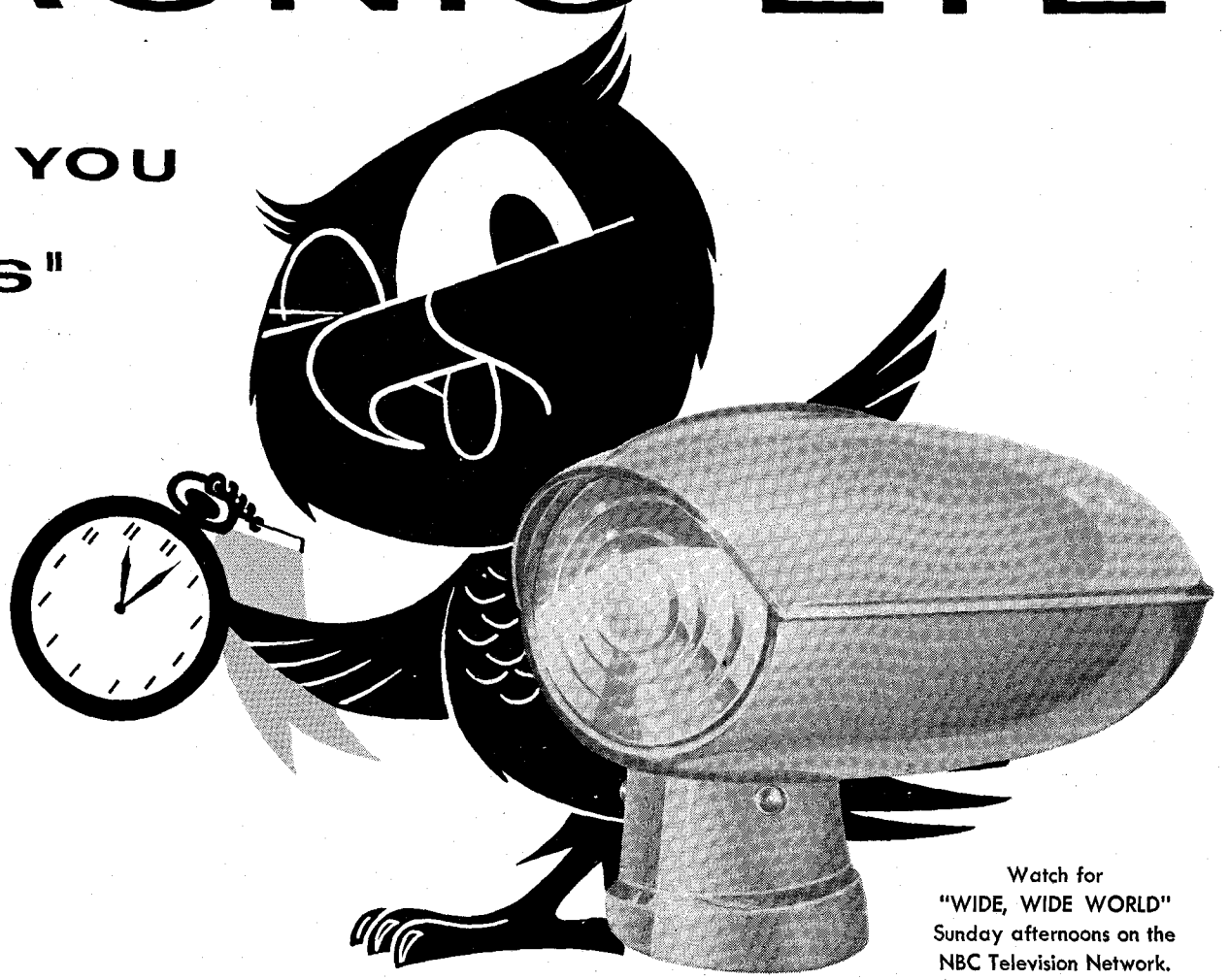

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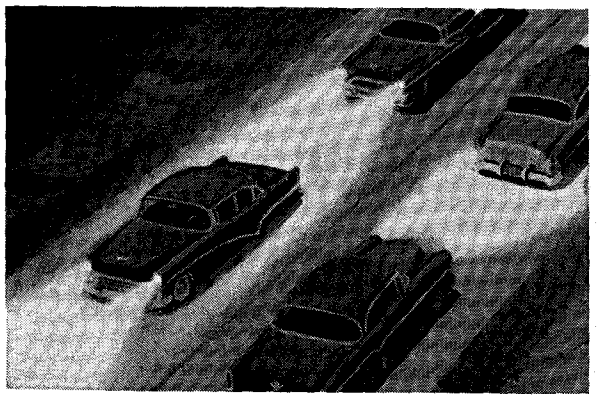

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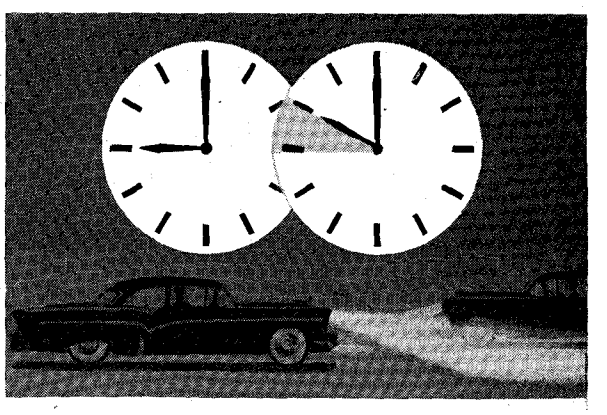

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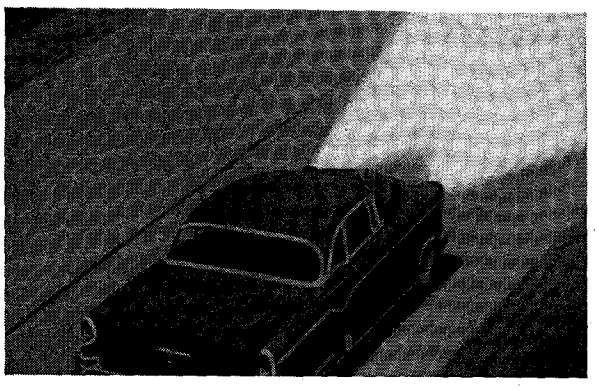

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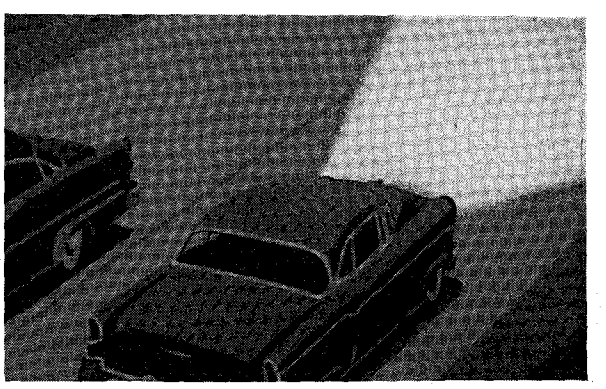

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(Continued from Page 118) pers of hell." Another threatened to sue because "the fumes are clawing the paint off my house."

Mulrain attacked this problem of landfill bouquet as soon as he came into office. Almost miraculously the complaints disappeared, not partially but entirely. When I asked a veteran Sanitation man the secret of Mulrain's odorless land-filling he said, "It is a highly delicate job and Mulrain is very, very meticulous."

Mulrain, the old magician when it comes to dealing with the city's leftovers, sees to it that each loaded barge is snugly covered in transit. On arrival at the land fill it is quickly unloaded, its cargo distributed, heavily sprayed with orthodichlorbenzine, smoothed and packed by twenty-ton bulldozers. Then as the end of the day's work nears, the entire fill, top and face, is covered with twenty-four inches of clean sand.

To test the efficacy of the commissioner's polysyllabic deodorizer, I sniffed at point-blank range 400 tons of sprayed wet garbage. The odor was mild and evanescent, slightly suggestive of fresh berries in a melon cup.

In an era when the White Wing with his broom and cart is disappearing in favor of the machine, the movement of every barge, truck or sweeper, is supposed to work on strict schedule. However, a wide variety of things is always happening to disrupt these schedules. A dead six-foot bear is found at Idlewild, evidently jettisoned there by illegal hunters. A whale washes up on Coney Island. A rodeo bull, a race-track horse, a circus elephant, a zoo lion passes on and awaits the men in the forest-green suits. A plane crashes on a city street. A drunk steals a snowplow and drives off, sending the snow flying just for the thrill. A load of hot ashes sets a truck afire and sends it speeding to a firehouse. The same thing happens to a barge, and the fireboats come asquirting. At automobile-registration time, 1000 jalopies are abandoned on the streets. Needed equipment goes, 44,000 times a year, to the department repair shop, largest in the United States. A fog closes in, the tugs and barges must be tied up, and trucks must drive great distances to the nearest land fill.

Of course, people are forever dropping rings or the rent money into the garbage. If the truck can be stopped before it reaches the incinerator, it is unloaded and searched. Sometimes the hunt goes on all day. When a doctor lost five capsules of radium worth $1300, the stuff was already on a barge before the department got word. But a Geiger counter turned it up.

Another thing that puts the department's daily schedule off balance, and one which may come as a surprise to those who think of New York City as an asphalt jungle, is the whopping job of gathering autumn leaves in the boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, and particularly on Staten Island, which is covered with meadows and trees. For that matter, the department harvests and destroys the twenty or so million dollars' worth of marijuana that grows—or is grown—on vacant city lots each year. Otherwise, this crop would be gathered, cellar-dried, ground in coffee grinders and made into reefers by local purveyors.

There are endless calls upon the departmental band to enliven every sort of civic function. It would matter less if these men, 96 per cent Italian, were merely musicians. Instead, each time a bandsman picks up his horn, he must set down his barrel or broom. The same is true of the department's crack 180-man drill team.

Parades are another special burden, particularly big ones such as MacArthur's homecoming, when New Yorkers threw 3249 tons of ticker tape, shredded phone books and an astonishing number of girdles. Incidentally, by cleaning up after parades the department usually has advance information on how elections will come out. For example, it was no upset to Sanitation when Truman beat Dewey in 1948. The Truman parade had netted sixty tons of "confetti," Dewey's only nine and a half.

Just as the 6000 Sanitation men of Italian descent parade on Columbus Day, so, on St. Patrick's Day, do the 5000 Irish-Americans in the department turn out to march. They are led by the band, which plays, besides Irish airs, the departmental anthem, Take it Away. The drill team is also there, but perhaps the most flamboyant figure of all is the beribboned, shillelagh-armed commissioner, who, though always invited to sit with the guests of honor on the reviewing stand, prefers to march in the parade. The last unit in this or any New York parade is the clean-up squad, with their sweepers and flushing trucks, their scoops and brooms—a group that always draws loud, spontaneous, friendly applause.

Of course, the biggest disruption to New York's Sanitation service comes in winter, when great blankets of snow cover the city. It is here that Mulrain and his department, which is the envy of all the "cold" cities in the world, are most dramatic. He starts preparing for snowstorms in the middle of the summer, when he has his snowplow blades repaired, his tire-chain makers hard at work, and gets his nineteen local weather stations in order. At the same time he, the first commissioner to use wholesale quantities of rock salt to melt snow, is caching tons of salt at strategic places around the town. Also long before the first snow falls, he has registered thousands of extra workers and pieces of equipment.

> The best place to keep the bathroom scales is in front of the refrigerator.
>
> IMOGENE FEY

The whole idea is to get the jump on the storm. When one is predicted, Mulrain moves into his office for the duration. He has a bed and shower there, and food comes in from outside. As the storm inches closer to New York, his first command is to arm all trucks with skid chains and attach snowplows. He knows that each order he gives throughout the storm until the streets are clear will inevitably cost or save the city many thousands of dollars.

The first contingent out as the snow starts falling is the task force that will salt New York's many miles of bridges and overhead highways. Since these structures have no warm earth under them to melt the snow, they are invariably the first to ice over, making their high-elevation approaches dangerous. Then, as the snow continues to fall, the whole department goes into action, working around the clock.

If his own force is unable to meet the emergency, he first calls in the trucks and men of other city departments. Next come the people on emergency rolls, and finally any person who'll man a shovel, rent a truck or a bulldozer to the department. This army of people and equipment must clear away the snow as it falls, so that traffic won't pack it down. No. 125 Worth Street now has become the news capitol of the city.

If the snow has started falling at night, the whole town not only listens to radio reports and reads about Mulrain's embattled horde, but, come daylight, avidly watches out the window. Now the Sanitation men are the heroes of the hour, with the stage to themselves. If the snow is as heavy as it was the day after Christmas in 1947, when an unpredicted 25.8 inches fell in sixteen hours and was followed by a long, hard freeze, the whole town lies locked in peril. The most violent effort is made to keep main thoroughfares, bus routes, hospital, police and fire-station lanes open, as well as the streets in the wholesale-market district, where the city buys its food. In the 1947 storm, still referred to as "the big snow," Mulrain, as chief of operations, at one time had as many as 20,000 men on the night shift alone. He and all his staff lived in the office a week, during which time they spent $5,000,000 on extra help.

Due to the freeze, this was one of the most tenacious snows in recent history. Some outlying parts of the town were still snow-covered at the end of two weeks. Yet the very next year, when a twenty-inch snow came along, Mulrain got the jump on it, the snow did not freeze and, with his force working at top speed, he had the town rolling by noon the next day.

In the years between 1949 and the spring of 1955 Mulrain had, beyond question, made very substantial inroads on the job of cleaning up New York. His street cleaners, strong in morale and modern equipment, were collecting and hauling off the city's refuse with neatness and dispatch. They were carefully sweeping one side of each Manhattan street every day. Fifty-one per cent of the city, including all of Manhattan, had daily garbage removal. From the rest it was removed three times a week. Nor did he shun the out-of-the-way or difficult spots. Harlem got more Sanitation service than Park Avenue.

And still the city remained littered. Already the department had bought 20,000 tall heavy wire baskets and set them out in the busiest spots. Each day people dropped 167 tons of paper in these baskets. Yet sometimes there was more litter on the outside than on the inside of the baskets. In apartment houses people piled bags of garbage high on the lids of garbage cans that were only half full, a manifestation which the collection men spoke of as "ice-cream cones," just as they speak of garbage tossed out of an upstairs window as "airmail." Sometimes airmail became "air express" as furniture or bed springs were pushed from upper stories. Recently a piano fell from a fourth-floor window into the alley. "As dust rose slowly," wrote the Times, "an arm appeared at the window and dropped the piano legs, one by one." Elsewhere people dumped their garbage down dumb-waiter shafts until it filled the basement and blocked the shaft.

Now the commissioner began to grow angry. And as everybody in the department knows, "when Mulrain blows his top, you can hear him breathe." It is said to be absolutely unforgettable. In any case, the fact had to be faced that the one group that seemed willfully to thwart Mulrain's heroic efforts to clean up New York was plainly the people of the city themselves.

For a politician to rise in holy righteousness and chastise the electorate just isn't done—by anyone, that is, except Andy Mulrain. He went to Mayor Wagner and the Bureau of the Budget and asked for 600 Sanitation inspectors, who would go out in the city and serve summonses on everybody and anybody who was guilty of an offense against the Sanitary Code. Mayor Wagner was strongly behind this move, and the Budget Bureau actually gave Mulrain 200 Sanitation cops to go with the fifty he already had. Prior to the crackdown, Sanitation police gave out about 40,000 summonses a year. Most of these cases the magistrates dismissed or else fined the litterer a dollar or two. Yet when Mulrain started his big push on March 15, 1955, the number of summonses jumped from 40,000 a year to 15,000 a month, or at a rate of close to 200,000 a year. What's more, the magistrates have taken an embattled stand, give stiffened fines and, according to Mulrain, "lecture the poor guy about fifteen minutes on why he should help keep our city clean."

The wholesale vegetable and fruit market, where normal spillage is bad enough, is closely patrolled. "Some farmers who don't want the bother of burying their trash at home bring it to town and dump it in our markets," Mulrain says. "But when they do, we nail 'em." Indeed, one of Mulrain's happiest moments came recently when a truck driver who'd dumped seventy cases of rotten onions in Washington Market was fined $500.

Next in the crusade to enforce Sanitation laws came the Mayor's Inter-Departmental Committee for a Clean City, of which Mulrain is chairman. This committee is composed of twenty-eight city departments bent on enforcing Sanitation laws. These days apartment-house owners or businessmen who are chronic offenders against the Sanitary Code suddenly learn they have also violated fire laws, the Building Code or any of a number of other departmental regulations. Until, therefore, they clean up and stay that way, life becomes a continuum of fines and days in court.

Today, then, Mulrain not only sweeps the city, hauls away its refuse and illegally parked cars, but, at the expense of making untold thousands of enemies, is forcibly badgering the people into the ways of cleanliness.

Most New York newspapers have strongly applauded Mulrain's courage in challenging and penalizing the littering public. Yet many veteran New Yorkers still frankly regard the job of cleaning up New York City as a sheer impossibility, as, for a long time, sports writers considered the beating of the four-minute mile and the rest of us looked on the prospect of flying through the sound barrier.

But already the light has begun to break through the clouds for beehive-busy Andy Mulrain. Not long ago the ladies of the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, a respected group which has in the past so often lamented the plight of the city, went out to inspect the town. At the end of the tour, Mrs. George E. Ruppert, an executive vice-president, declared, "We were delighted and pleased. We just can't get over it."

Another of the ladies, speaking of East Harlem, said, "The side streets were almost spotless, and rows of new garbage cans were everywhere."

Still later the Times headlined:

LOS ANGELES (HANG ON!) CITES US AS CLEAN CITY

What had happened was that William Gelfan, of Los Angeles, had presented a plaque to Mayor Wagner from the Painting and Decorating Contractors of America, extolling the city's cleanliness.

The New York Mirror also gulped, but after due reflection editorialized, "Come to think of it, the place does look cleaner, doesn't it? Maybe Mulrain is achieving the impossible. Maybe we'll have to change his nickname from Handy Andy to Miracle Mulrain."

Finally, when you get down to the hard facts of politics, the lackadaisical failures of the Department of Sanitation have traditionally been a serious political embarrassment to city administrations. To point out these shortcomings was the first act of every new candidate for mayor. That now is changed. Indeed a Wagner spokesman recently told this reporter, "We're especially proud of the work our Sanitation Department is doing. It's one of the strong points of this Administration."

As for Mulrain, he says, "I can't keep the wind from blowing in March or the snow from falling in winter, but by '57, when I have alternate parking all over town, I'm going to show New Yorkers what they never ever expected to see—the cleanest of the world's great cities."

THE END

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The Golden Journey (Continued from Page 47)

Anne in all this? He had waited for her sake; he had postponed a crisis; now there could not be much more delay. Not if he was to live in any sort of decency with his own soul. As to the effect upon his own career he did not dare to think of it. . . .

The next week brought further evidence. Their firm was handling a big damage case for the Public Building Authorities. The matter concerned land taken for sewage disposal on the North Side, and the attorney representing the group of property owners was Sheffley, a very clever lawyer not noted for his probity. Paul had had tilts with him before and knew his shrewd but completely unethical ingenuity, so he had worked doubly hard on this case, which was to come up at mid-September.

The first day he was able to be back at the office a call came from Sheffley.

"Hello, Devereux. I'd like to ask a favor."

"Yes?"

"I'd like you to agree to have time extended on this damage case. Some of my experts aren't ready. Surely you can grant us a little favor."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, my biggest client has poured out plenty of money to finance your race for senator. I suppose you know it takes some, don't you?"

"Who is your client?" His lips were stiff on the words, for he suddenly knew the answer that would come.

"Why, Camponelli. The big C. Don't tell me you're Kirkland's white-headed little boy and didn't know that. And, as I said, the stork doesn't bring the campaign funds these days. Now, about this time extension, if you'll just O.K. it ——"

"No," Paul said sharply. "I will not agree. I'm busy right now, Sheffley, so, if you'll excuse me ——"

Paul got up at once and went into Hartwell's office. His white face startled the old man.

"What's wrong, Paul? Is it as bad as you look?"

"Bad enough. I found out accidentally last week that Kirkland is in direct league with Camponelli. Arno apparently operates as liaison man. Just now Sheffley called me for a time extension on the damage case and tried to blackmail me into giving it, because he says Camponelli's his client and has put money into my campaign."

Hartwell's face looked strange. "You agreed to the extension?" he asked quietly.

"I did not. And I've got to have a showdown with Kirkland. There's no other way."

Hartwell walked around the desk and held out his hand. His eyes were misty.

"This, I think, is one of the best days of my life," he said. "I've hoped for this, waited for it, but I didn't expect it so soon. I suppose you realize this could affect your own ambitions?"

"I do."

"But you're going ahead in any case?"

"I've got to."

"Then bless you, my son," the old man said, and wrung Paul's hand. "I probably have more information," he went on, "whenever you want it. I didn't feel free to offer it before."

"I'll take it all," Paul answered. "I'll need you now." Then, unable to say more, he turned and went back to his own desk.

It was a beautiful late afternoon, mildly warm and mellow, as Paul drove back to West Hill. Round and round in his mind revolved the distracting uncertainty of when to have it all out with Kirkland. It must be soon, and had better be in his office downtown, of course.

They were dining that evening, he knew, with Mrs. Catherby, the first time since the birth of the baby. He found Anne very bright and eager.

"I always love to go to Gran's," she said, "and I'm dressing up. She likes that. She doesn't demand black tie, but I'd put on a dark suit if I were you. She wants us early, dear, so maybe you'd better get dressed."

"Ten minutes first to rest my eyes on you?" The anxiety and fear in his heart made his voice more wistful than he knew.

Anne smiled up at him. "You're such a sweet, sweet silly! All right, I'll grant you ten."

When they reached Mrs. Catherby's apartment, as usual its peace lapped them around. Kirkland sank into a deep chair with an audible expression of satisfaction.

"Listen to Jimmy purr!" Anne said, laughing. "I honestly don't know how you do it, Gran, but your room is somehow more comfortable than any of ours."

"Wait till you are my age, darling; then you'll have learned just where all the kinks come in the human frame and selected your chairs accordingly. We are having some cocktails out of respect to you two young things. Jimmy, will you join me in sherry, as usual? And by the way, how are you?"

"Yes, sherry, please. Oh, I'm all right. It's just this fool of a doctor that puts wrong ideas in my head. I've got to 'take it easy,' to 'slow up,' to 'remember I'm not so young as I was.' Makes me feel about a hundred. I promised him I'd follow all his confounded advice for a while, but if he thinks I'm going to keep it up indefinitely, he's crazy."

"Well," she said, smiling, as she led the way to the dining room, "you are the crazy one if you don't do as he says."

Before they left, Kirkland threw a mild bombshell into the group. "I've decided to go to the capital for a couple of weeks. Leave tomorrow. There are a few little things I want to attend to there before election. A few little things," he repeated, looking fondly and meaningly at Paul.

"Jimmy, the glorified puppeteer," Anne said teasingly.

Paul's heart failed him. "Leaving early?" He tried to sound casual.

"Yep. I want to get the eight-thirty train, so I'd better be saying good night now, Ellie. Wonderful evening, as always. Fine dinner. Tell that cook of yours she improves with age. . . . Well, you young folks staying on?"

Paul rose at once. "I don't want to tear you away, Anne, but I really should go too."

They made their affectionate farewells and were soon in their own car. Paul drove silently and Anne watched him with side glances.

"What's wrong?" she asked at last.

"You always know, don't you?"

"I should hope so. What is it?"

"I'm worried over something—I'll tell you later—but tonight I want to speak to your father."

"Oh—politics!" Anne said, drawing a long sigh. "Well, don't stay up too late, the two of you. Or have too many nightcaps again," she added.

When Paul had seen her safely to her room, he went to Kirkland's study and found the older man putting papers in a brief case.

"I've got to talk to you, Jimmy," he said. "I wouldn't have chosen this hour, but if you're leaving in the morning for two weeks, I'm afraid it will have to be now."

Kirkland sat down and motioned Paul to a chair, eying him shrewdly. "Go ahead," he said. "What's on your mind?"

Paul swallowed hard. All his premeditated approach left him. His heart was beating furiously. (Continued on Page 123)

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(Continued from Page 121)

"It's this," he blurted out: "I've discovered that you have a hookup with Camponelli."

He had expected Kirkland to show shock, shame, confusion. Instead he reached for a cigarette, lighted it and nodded calmly. "I have dealings with him, of course."

"City or state?"

"Well, both, if it comes to that."

"And you take money from him? You've taken it for my own campaign?"

"Sure. And glad to get it. Now look here, Paul. Just what are you driving at? I don't especially like being put on the witness stand like this. I know my own business and attend to it. Suppose you do the same."

"I tell you this is my business. When I accepted your offer I had no idea you were working hand in glove with the gangsters! I suppose Arno does the really dirty work for you while you sit back and take the money. The whole business is rotten! Can't you see that?"

"Now you just take it easy." Kirkland's voice was still calm, but an ominous light was growing in his eyes. "You don't know how the whole setup works these days. If I didn't play ball with Camponelli, I'd be out on my ear. And so would you. You've got to take things as they are."

"You do not!" Paul cried. "Can't you see for yourself what you're doing? Here we've got a mess of corruption! By accepting it and playing along with it, you're making it worse! As for me, I can't be a party to what seems to me to be filthy politics!"

Kirkland was calm no longer. His face was flushed and the veins thick on his forehead. "Just what do you mean?"

"I mean what I said. I'm not going round making speeches to decent people on Camponelli's money! If I'm elected I give you fair warning I'm going to fight against this thing. I'm going to tell the people the truth from now on, in the Senate or out of it. I'm going to stand on the side of clean government, and"—his voice faltered—"if this means a break with you, then it will have to be."

Kirkland was on his feet now, and his breathing was heavy.

"Why, you young fool! You don't know what you're talking about. Without me, you'd be nowhere! You don't know this game any more than a baby! I've arranged everything! I got you nominated! If you behave yourself, I'll get you elected! Why don't you let me run things and keep your mouth shut?"

"Because I know too much about the whole setup now, and I can't go along with you if you stick to it. From now on, I'll have to go my own way."

They were both standing, Kirkland furious, Paul tense.

"You've taken everything from me," Kirkland shouted; "everything! You married my daughter, you live in my house, you eat my bread, and now you turn against me! You'll block all we planned to do together! You're a damned, ungrateful ——"

"At least I'm not a dirty crook!" Paul shouted back.

He thought at first Kirkland meant to strike him, but he wheeled suddenly, left the room and tore up the stairs faster than Paul could have done. A door slammed above.

Paul sank into a chair, his head in his hands. "What have I done?" he muttered aloud. "But what else could I have done?"

He sat for a long time, wondering how he could ever tell Anne. When he went upstairs at last, he found, to his relief, that Anne was asleep. He undressed quickly and slipped into bed, lying tense and awake, his heart still pounding in his breast. A bitterness assailed him as he remembered Kirkland's last words. *He didn't have to throw up to me that I was eating his bread and living in his house*, he thought.

After an hour, however, he could feel nothing but distress at having caused the older man pain. His friend! Anne's father! He got out of bed cautiously and made his way to Kirkland's door. If he heard the slightest sound to indicate that the chief also was restless and awake, he would go in and try at once to soften the memory of the blow, though he could not recall it. But as he stood, holding his breath, in the still hallway, no sound came from within the room. He must, then, have dropped off. It would be wrong to wake him up to face disturbing thoughts again, if he had been able to sleep. He went back to his own room, and finally, toward morning, was wrapped himself in forgetfulness.

He woke with a knocking at the room door. He opened the door quickly to find Hackett there, his face stricken.

"Mr. Paul," he said huskily, "I can't waken Mr. Kirkland. I'm afraid—I'm afraid ——"

Paul brushed past him and entered his father-in-law's room. He lay as if in sleep, but one look, one touch, was enough proof that Kirkland was beyond any explanation Paul might make.

The great drawing room, so seldom opened, was once again filled with white flowers and candlelight, but now there were no echoing voices as at the wedding, only the cold hush and the still, vast dignity of death. Within this quiet and utter detachment, Anne sat close to the one who for the first time in her life did not reach out eager arms of love to her. Her grief was stony, remote, absolute.

Even at night when she and Paul were alone, her stricken reserve did not change.

"I know—oh, my darling, I know what he has always meant to you," Paul begged, "but don't put a wall between us now when I long to help you, to share the sorrow with you. Can't you see I'm suffering with you, especially since I ——"

"Don't," she said. "Don't remind me of that. I'm not putting up the wall. It's just there. It's because no one, of course, can feel what I do. I've got to get used to even the thought of life without him, let alone the actuality of it. I knew he wasn't well, of course, but I never once thought of a serious condition. I just wanted him to feel like himself again. I can't accept this—I can't adjust—I can't believe it. Just let me alone, Paul. Please."

She did not, of course, know all, but she did know that Paul and her father had had a sharp quarrel the night of his death. Through her white lips she had uttered only one reproach. "I begged you, Paul, never to hurt him." And from the depths of his own contrition he had answered only, "I know—I know. I lost my head."

So there was no break in that silence of the soul which is more still than lack of speech. Paul, in his own pain and remorse, had gone to Mrs. Catherby. The shock had been very hard on her, physically, and the doctor had forbidden her to leave her apartment, but her spirit was strong and steady. She took one look at Paul's drawn face and then put her arms about him as though he were a son.

"Poor boy," she said, "tell me everything. It will help you."

"But I'm afraid of doing you harm. I've done too much already."

"Dear Paul," she said quietly, "the human soul, by once suffering as much as it is capable of, purchases a strange and terrible immunity to all the rest of life's sorrows. This came to me when my daughter died. Now it is not that I cannot know grief again. I do. At the moment, I'm overwhelmed by it. But it is relative to a so much greater one that it is endurable. It is bearable. You can't hurt me by telling me the whole story of what happened that night."

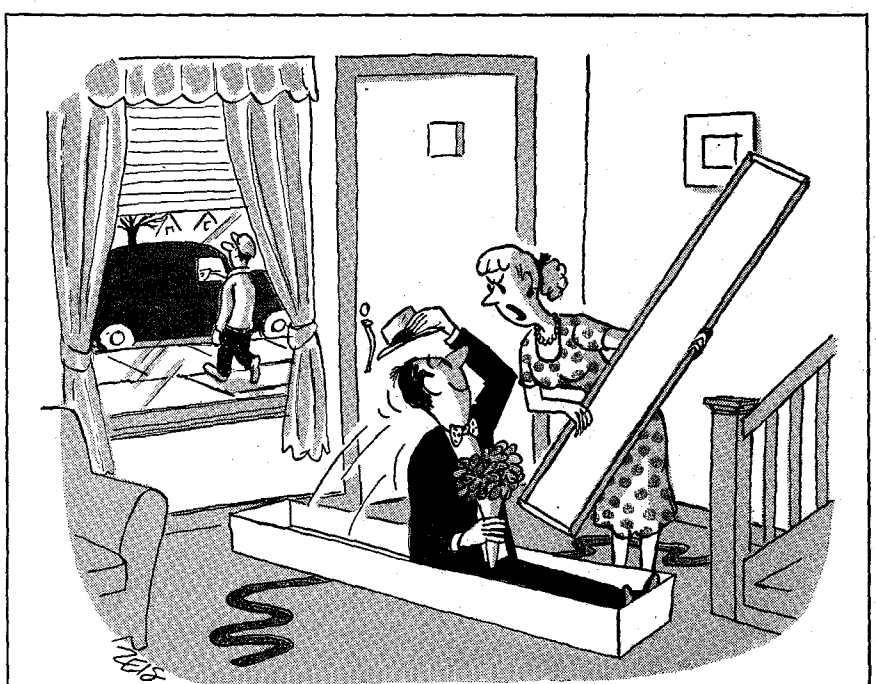
So he told her, omitting nothing. Sometimes she asked a pertinent question, sometimes she said sadly, "I suspected this," or "I was afraid ——"

"So you see," Paul ended miserably, "there is no doubt that I really caused his death, and while I didn't tell Anne everything, I think she feels this. Coupled with her frightful sorrow, it has all made her withdraw from everything. Even our love," he added, half under his breath.

She sat, thinking. "I've been putting myself in your place," she said at last. "You can't help feeling this way now, when your emotions are so shaken. But later on you will see it all in true perspective. The condition was there. The situation which you could not continue to ignore was not of your making. Poor Jimmy, dear Jimmy—for I truly loved him—was his own enemy. You must not blame yourself, Paul, and when a little time passes, Anne won't either. Just now she is stunned, crushed. Just let her feel your love, but don't press it on her. A woman's heart and her body are very sensitively attuned to each other. Let her rest in her withdrawal for a little. She will come back to you."

"I will," Paul said, his face coloring a little, "and thank you for everything."

She kissed him again when he got up to go.



"Roger Benton! I said I never wanted to see you again!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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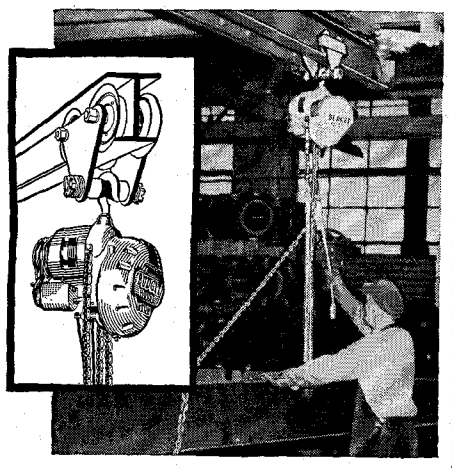

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"And your campaign?" she asked. "Will this change much in regard to it?"

"Time will tell," he said soberly. "The biggest change is in me. I've never thought of myself in the role of reformer before. I think I've just been a sort of selfishly ambitious person. But now, with all restraint lifted —— There are some things I'd like to put my hand to."

"God bless you," she said. . . .

And so once again the drawing room was empty, as was Kirkland's own room, as indeed was the whole house. Empty of the step of the master and of the strong, virile, dominant personality which had filled it. It was strange, Paul mused each time he reentered, that instead of feeling now more in possession, he felt more the stranger, more the interloper. Each time, as he paused at the foot of the staircase, watching its delicate, curving unsubstantial beauty, he was overcome by the feeling that he was in another man's home. Not his own. Ah, sadly not his own. And feeding this sadness was Anne's continued attitude of estrangement or at least of withdrawal. Her white face, that even in a week's time looked thin, struck him daily with anxiety. Against her loss he felt his own efforts to comfort her were impotent. Between them in the evenings, words sounded forced and silences dragged heavily. Then, at the end, Paul would kiss her gently and go to his dressing room.

Once wondering, hoping, he had said hesitantly, "Would you rather I stayed here, dear?"

But she had answered, "I think not yet," and the next week, too, had passed.

In the office, Paul had turned to Hartwell. "There is no reason now why you should not tell me all you know."

"It was hard for me before, Paul. I'm fond of you, as you know, and I've grown very fond of Anne. And in a curious way that surprised me, since I've been going out to the house I had come to like Kirkland himself. So I kept quiet about many things. Now, for instance, this water-resource problem that you've been letting yourself go on in your speeches. You've been perfectly honest about that, I'm sure."

"I certainly have."

"What you didn't see was Kirkland's angle to all that. If he could have got that reservoir put through, he would at once have bought in land all around it cheap. There would be, in that case, water mains, pumping stations—oh, a dozen related projects from which he would draw his graft. In short, there would have been for him and his minions what Doctor Johnson once called 'a potentiality of income beyond the dreams of avarice.'"

Paul groaned. "Even in that, then, I was misleading the people. Is there no honesty, no integrity left for me to stand on?"

"Yes," Hartwell said gravely, "your own."

Brennen came to see Paul soon. He was all broken up. He had been very close to Kirkland personally, but, in addition, he, like many others, had felt his fortunes were linked with those of the boss. Now the king was dead, and who was to succeed him? He presented all this to Paul one day at lunch, asking him if he would join a small group of leaders the next week to talk things over and decide what should be done.

"I've been down to see the governor already. He's pretty cut up. Of course, Jimmy put him where he is, and would have kept him there likely for another term at least. But every party man at the capitol is upset. The boys did anything Jimmy asked them, for he did everything for them. 'I have the votes,' Jimmy always said, 'and I elect my man.'"

Paul's own countenance was set. "Tell me more," he said. "This is new to me."

"Is it really? Well, I guess there's a lot you can learn from him. Nothing ever seemed to stump him. I mind one time there was a big fight on and it looked as though we hadn't a chance. Jimmy suddenly got one of his lobbyists to hand out fifty-dollar bills in the men's washroom! Turned the trick all right. Yes, sir, he never stopped at anything."

"And I suppose the money came from Camponelli and his ilk?"

"Oh, could be. C wields a pretty big stick now. You have to play along with him, but the dough's useful. Jimmy knew how to handle him. That's one big problem now. We've got to have someone else who can manage that end of things. Touchy business involved, you know."

"What about Arno?"

"Oh, well, he did the contacts for Jimmy, but he has his limitations as far as our present need is concerned. We'll probably still use him, though. He's smart, and then he knows too much. Well, how about next week? Could you join us to make some plans, on Tuesday, say?"

"I'm afraid not."

Something in the tone made Brennen eye him keenly.

"Look here," he said, "are you trying to say you won't meet with us at all?"

"I guess that's it."

Fireplace Fire

By TOM TALMAN

Though it may crackle, roar and blaze
And clearly is not smoking,
No man can view it and not feel
That it could stand some poking!

Brennen looked more puzzled than angered. "But I don't get it!" he said. "What's wrong? You're in this campaign up to your neck. We're all pulling for you. Now that the chief's gone, you've got to depend on the rest of us for a lot of things. These men I'm getting together know the ropes. They'll steer you straight. We all feel you're a comer. We want to back you, but you've got to play ball with us, naturally. What do you say?"

"I'm sorry," Paul said slowly, "and I'm certainly not lacking in appreciation of all you've done for me. But I've got to think things out for myself. I'm not going to follow in Kirkland's footsteps. In general policy, I mean."

Brennen's face was not only anxious but angered now as well. "I don't get this at all. What in heaven's name do you propose to do?"

"That's it," Paul said quietly. "I don't know myself. But I'm afraid it won't be what you expect of me."

Brennen made an obvious effort to control his temper. He parted from Paul as from a wayward and misguided youth who was going through a troublesome period, but would yet be brought to reason.

"After all," he said in parting, "no one's asking you to step into Jimmy's shoes. Nobody can fill them. Just take it easy for the present. Forget a lot of what I said if you didn't like it. Maybe I shot off my mouth too much. Well, I'll be seeing you soon again."

There was great relief to Paul now in talking everything over with Hartwell. From this point on, he need hide nothing, and the reactions and advice of the old man helped his own inchoate thoughts to take form. For there was still a disturbing ambivalence about them. While, on the one hand, he felt a revulsion to the whole machine as Kirkland had manipulated it, on the other, he felt a new and even stronger pull toward the political scene itself.

One day Hartwell asked him, "You've heard Kirkland's will?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, I think you should. Hasn't Anne been apprized of the contents?"

Paul hesitated. "She hasn't told me. You see, she's still so utterly crushed. But, of course, she must have heard of it or seen it by now."

Hartwell shot a keen glance at him. "I should think she would need you very much in an advisory way. She has doubtless now become a very rich woman. If I were you, I'd go up and talk to Kirkland's lawyer, Briggs. He's in this building, you know; sixth floor. Old friend of Kirkland's. I'd certainly talk to him about it. A will is no secret, and it may be easier for Anne if you know about it without her having to tell you."

"That may be so. I'll try to see him today."

He went up to the lawyer's office in the late afternoon. They had met before, so there was now between them a degree of familiarity. Before Paul could get past the first amenities, Mr. Briggs had opened up the subject himself.

"I'm glad you dropped in," he said. "I've really been meaning to ask you to. When I went, in my capacity of lawyer, to see your wife, I found her not only very sad but in what seemed to me an almost indifferent state toward the will itself. That was why I wished either to read it to you or tell you its contents."

Paul nodded.

"It is, I think, the shortest and simplest will I ever drew up. It states in the fewest words that after all his just debts are paid his entire estate goes to his only child, Anne. As I suppose you must know, this leaves your wife a very rich young woman. It might be well for you to talk this over with her and prepare her a little for the business responsibilities she will have to assume or that you will assume together."

He paused, and then went on: "I am the executor. Jimmy and I were friends since we were young men. I shall miss him greatly. As we set about administering the estate, I shall be very grateful if you will work with me. There is the coal business. Will you want to hold onto it or sell it? It will not be so easy just now to market it well, and yet I fancy Bovard would give a fair price. Maybe you'll want to keep it and let this Arno man run it. I understand he's capable. Jimmy was very fond of him—proud of him, you might say, since he had made him what he is. As a matter of fact, the only order he left in addition to the will itself was that a letter addressed to Arno be delivered by my own hand two weeks after his funeral. That," he added, glancing at the calendar, "will be tomorrow. I've no idea, of course, what it contains."

"No," Paul agreed vaguely, but with immediate uneasiness. "The thing is," he went on, "Arno and I aren't on very good terms. He just doesn't like me, to state the fact. I will go, though, of course, and discuss matters with him as soon as it is necessary. Meanwhile, thank you very much for this talk. I'll try to prepare Anne a little, as you suggest, and, needless to say, I'll always be standing by for anything. There's no immediate hurry about settlement?"

"Oh, no. We can let it ride a little."

"Good. I'm at your service in any way, and thanks again."

When he reached the house that evening, Hackett greeted him with a faint attempt at a smile. "She's in the library, Mr. Paul."

Paul felt his heart thudding in his breast, for Anne had kept to the seclusion of the second

(Continued on Page 126)

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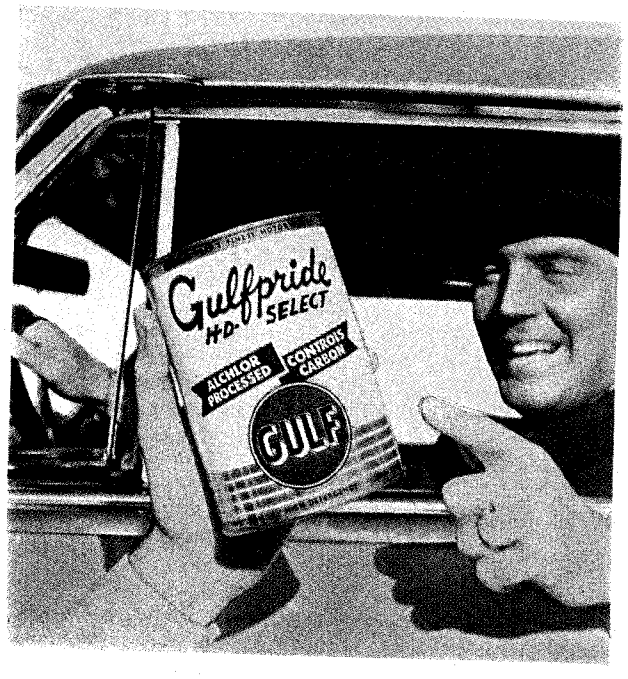
Why Pay for "Shrinking Horsepower"?



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(Continued from Page 124) floor night and day since the funeral. He hurried back along the wide hall, and paused for a moment in the library doorway, as he had done that first evening he had met her. She was sitting on a sofa facing him, only now she looked up at once. She was wearing yellow, his favorite color, and her white face lightened as he came near her. He sank down beside her and kissed her gently, holding himself in check.

"Darling," he said, "is it—are you feeling better?"

She relaxed against him and as he drew her closer he felt again the sweetness of her yielding body.

"A little," she said. "Most of all, I suddenly felt how selfish I was being to you. But thank you—oh, thank you for being so understanding. It's just as though I had been very, very sick and was still weak and bruised, but able to sit up for the first time. That kind of feeling. As though"—she smiled a little—"this is mixing up the metaphors badly, but it's as if I'd been away in a far country and now at least had my face turned toward home. A little like that."

"Thank God," he said.

"I've a long way to go and I'll have many bad relapses, I suppose."

"Time will ——"

"Oh, don't say that," she said, drawing away from him. "I've heard nothing but that in all the would-be consoling notes that have poured in. 'Time will heal.' 'Time will bring its own comfort.' 'Time will help.' I hate the word. It's as though time was going to steal Jimmy from me completely. I can't bear it!"

"You have it all wrong, dear," Paul said quietly. "Time doesn't alter our love. It only makes the sorrow bearable. It gradually pushes down the bitterness of the grief and allows the happy memories to come to the surface. It's a blessed thing, really, time."

She leaned slowly back again against him. "Go on, Paul, talk to me some more. It helps. Please go on."

He talked on, smoothing her hair with tender fingers. At his suggestion, they had dinner there, and then sat, still talking of many things, most of them unrelated to the past two weeks. At her request, he read to her, old favorites and newer, amongst the poems they loved.

It was late when they went upstairs. They spent some time in the nursery, the little, young, growing life breathing to them of the hope and the sure gladness of the future; then at last when their own room was enfolded in darkness, they lay once more in each other's arms.

The days since the news of Kirkland's death had been strange ones in the inner offices of the company. While Sayles herself still looked sober and bewildered, the shock to Arno had been devastating. His world, so long now established and secure, had been rocked beneath him. His sense of personal loss was irremediably deep.

He and Sayles had gone to the service in the big drawing room, for once together, according to Sayles' futile dream. Arno had strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of Anne's face through the opened door to a room beyond, but all he could see was her arm and Paul's face bending protectingly toward her. The sight of this had added the final bitterness to Arno's heart. In the cab which had borne them back to the office, he and Sayles rode without speaking, since his set lips had warned her to keep silence. She broke it but once.

"Arno," she said, "did he—I mean did you get—did he ever give you something before? You know, stock or money or something?"

Arno nodded.

She sighed. "He did to me too. And he helped me invest it. I'm sort of glad he did it like that. We don't have to wait and wonder now whether he remembered us in his will. Don't you think it's better this way?"

Arno did not reply, only kept staring out the window. But he agreed with Sayles. No fancies running through your head, in spite of you, about a bequest.

So, on the Thursday morning two weeks after the funeral, he was the more surprised at a visit from Mr. Briggs, the lawyer. The latter did not leave him to wonder long.

"Mr. Malotte, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Attached to Mr. Kirkland's will was this sealed envelope addressed to you and the instructions to me to deliver it to you in person at the time specified. I hereby give it into your hand."

He passed him the letter. Arno looked at it dully. "Th-thanks," he stammered. "Will you sit down?"

"No, I must be going. I know this has all been a great shock to you, as to all of us. He depended greatly on you. Well, I'll be in later, of course, when some decisions will have to be made in regard to the coal company. I am, as you may know, the executor."

"Yes," said Arno thickly.

"So, I'll say good-by for the present."

When he was gone, Arno sat down at Kirkland's great desk. He had been working here for the last week, partly to keep from under Sayles' prying eyes and partly because being here seemed to bring the chief closer. He looked at the letter, turning it slowly in his hands. At last he carefully slit the envelope and drew out the single sheet it contained. He read:

Dear Arno: It seems pretty queer to be writing what will seem to you a posthumous

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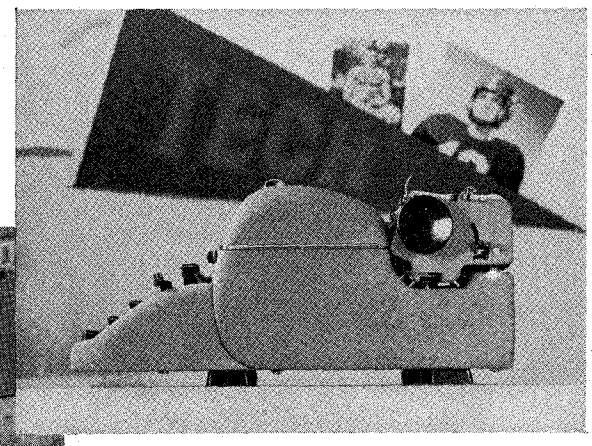

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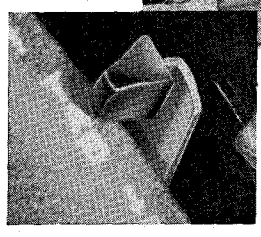

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note, if you ever get it. And yet we have to take account of what comes to all. As you know, I am the only one who has the combination to my office safe. I will write it down here. If I get blown away at any time, I want you to open the safe and go through the papers. Take out those you know I wouldn't want to have fall into anyone else's hands. You'll know the ones I mean. Destroy them at once; then give Briggs the combination and let him go at it. He's executor. Thanks, Arno, and good luck.

The familiar initials ended it. Below was printed carefully the combination.

Arno sat very still, reading over and over the short missive, and noting the date. Seven years ago. Anne would be only sixteen then. That was the year he had first seen her, when she came into the office, her cheeks all flushed, and her golden hair curling on her shoulders. "Is Mr. Kirkland here? I'm his daughter, Anne."

That was what she had said, and he had heard the words in his mind night and day a thousand times since, and seen her smile. How could he look at any other girl after that? He loved her. And he alone knew how fierce and relentless that love was. Even in the utter hopelessness of the present, he could think of no other woman with the idea of love. So now, as he held the note, the date of which aroused the first memory of her, he felt the abyss of the lost closing in upon him anew.

He glanced at the safe. He should attend to the papers soon. He knew well enough the ones Kirkland meant. There was a faint swell of pride in his heart that he, Arno, was the closest, after all, to the chief. Not Devereux, nor any other. He was the one who knew all his secrets, who now controlled their preservation. He decided to wait till tonight after Sayles had gone, and see to the matter. He put the note in his inside pocket.

"Aren't you leaving now?" Sayles said at five o'clock.

"No, I'm working on for a while."

"Anything I can do to help? I don't mind waiting," she added eagerly.

"No, not a thing, Go ahead."

Sayles slowly put on her coat and hat. With each new crisis, her heart stirred, waited, hoped.

"Well, see you in the morning."

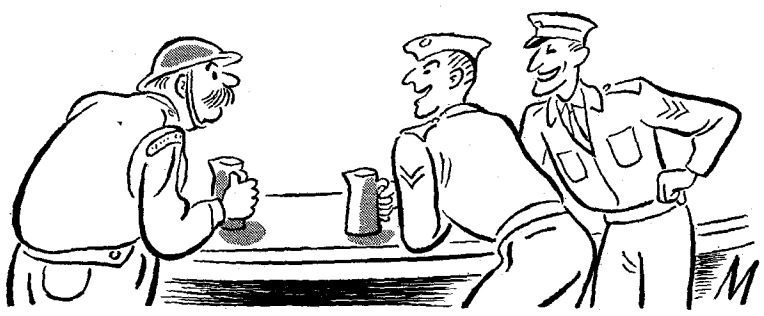
"Right," said Arno, without looking up.

When he was alone, he set the catch on the doors of Kirkland's office, drew out the note and went toward the safe. Slowly he read the directions, putting them into operation as he did so. The first time something went wrong, but the next was successful. The great door swung open and Arno began his task. It was not too difficult, for the papers were well sorted. Contracts and all business documents in one section; in the other, the ones that would be better destroyed. Arno read these latter over carefully, sometimes giving a low whistle. What meat these would make for the newspapers if the press ever got hold of them! What heads would fall or at least be bowed pretty low. For many of them represented deals in the political world over which Kirkland reigned, the signatures on the papers being part of the price set.

There were other papers, more incriminating to Kirkland himself. These were notations of money received from questionable connections. These represented the "other sources of income" on the tax report. Arno whistled again. He and the chief hadn't known everything about each other, that was for sure. He was a shrewd one all right. Or had been.

At seven o'clock Arno had completed his task. He took the papers one by one and burned them over the chief's giant ash tray; then went back to close the safe. There was nothing in it of any nature which he had not gone over with scrupulous care; no shelf, rack or pigeonhole the contents of which he had not examined. Except —— His eye was caught by something which looked like a tiny secret drawer at the top and back of the safe. Funny! He hadn't noticed it

(Continued on Page 129)



The Perfect Squelch

Two young British soldiers who had arrived in France early in World War II just in time to catch the first boats home during the Dunkirk evacuation were drinking in a London pub. When an elderly Home Guard came in, the soldiers began poking fun at him for the amusement of everyone within earshot. They deplored his unmilitary figure, his droopy posture and his ill-fitting uniform.

"Rum-looking bloke," one soldier said. "Can't imagine his fighting anyone."

"Doesn't look fit for much," the other agreed. "His shoulder patch says Home Guard, but I haven't an idea of what Home Guards do—if anything."

"So you don't know what the 'Ome Guard is for, don't you?" the elderly man finally spoke up. "Well, I'll tell you. You army fellows evacuated Crete. Then you evacuated Dunkirk. Now we 'Ome Guards will see to it that you jolly well don't evacuate England."

Fred Mindermann

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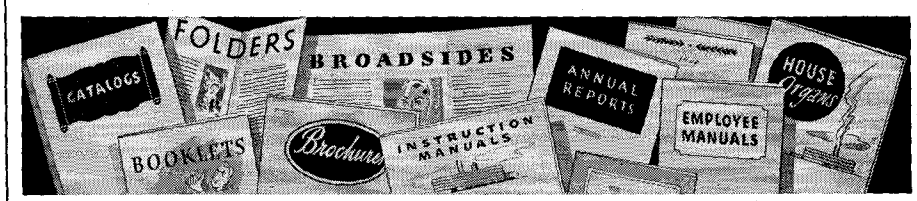

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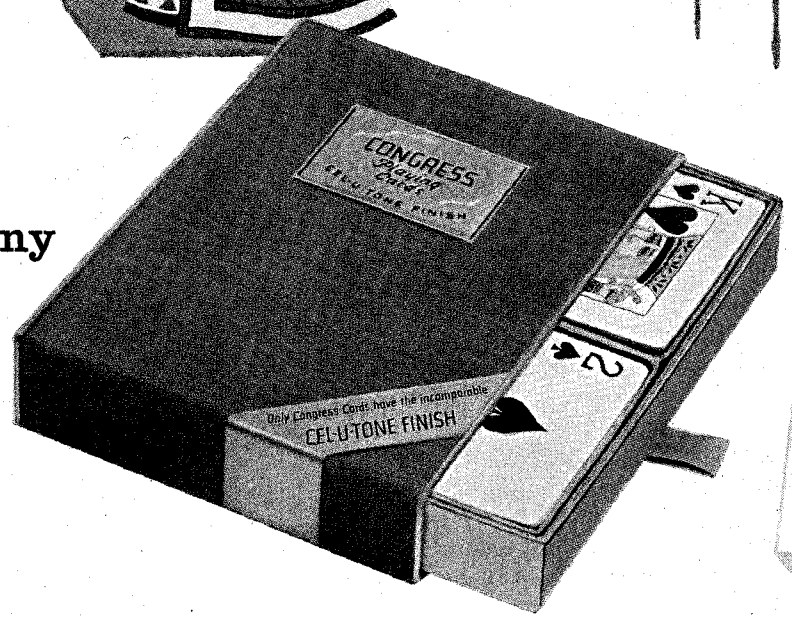

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(Continued from Page 127)

before. Looked as though it might be meant for jewels. He fingered it curiously until it opened. A small sheet of writing paper lay within. Arno took it out and read it quickly:

To Paul Devereux: If, after a period of three years, the plan decided upon between us has produced no change in physical conditions, you are free of all obligation to me to continue in that status if you desire to be released therefrom.

Copy. JAMES KIRKLAND.

Arno moved back to the desk and sank into the chair, his eyes glued to the paper in his hand. He read it again and then again; then sat holding it while all the blood in his body seemed to rise and pound in his temples. The meaning of the words, at first dislocated and uncertain, gradually clarified, phrase by phrase, until the full import struck him as though with a physical blow.

"So it was a deal! I knew it! The dirty, scheming rat!"

It seemed natural to speak his thoughts aloud, so articulate were they as they crossed his shrewd and perceptive mind.

"I see it all like a book. The chief thought she'd never marry the way she was. He wanted to give her a chance—kids and everything. He made the deal. He'd put Devereux where he wanted to be in politics if he'd give Anne the break. If she still couldn't walk after three years and he got fed up, the chief wouldn't hold him to it. What a deal! What a filthy lousy deal!"

He sat on for a few minutes, considering it as he fingered the paper. Suddenly a change came over him as violent as from an electric shock. He held the sheet up before him, his black eyes staring at it as though it were a sentient thing.

"Ah," he breathed. And again, "Ah," almost in a whisper.

For in the moment the thought had come to him that here was an instrument fitted to his hand. Here, given him like a miracle, was the means to his own triumph, to the fulfillment of his own desire. There wasn't a doubt of it! Out of the blackness and despair of the abyss in which he had been sunk, light broke like the blazing sun. Once again he was strong, completely sure of himself, invincible. He rose from the chair like a giant refreshed. Very slowly, and smiling, he put the paper in his inside pocket; then a shade unsteady, as though intoxicated, he closed the safe, put out the lights, locked the doors and went out.

Down the street he hailed a cab with the chief's own commanding gesture. Once or twice as he rode he smoothed his coat above where the paper rested. He got out at a *recherché* restaurant where he had never eaten before. He ordered an elaborate dinner and a bottle of champagne—not that he liked the latter particularly, but that he knew it was the wine of celebration.

He ate slowly, savoring the viands and his emotions at the same time, and always with the faint smile still on his face. This paper would fix Devereux. Couldn't be otherwise. Put him right out on his ear. He'd been a phony from the start, just as he, Arno, had always thought. Once, he held his glass poised during a moment of indecision. Would he take orchids with him again? No, he concluded, not this time. There would be plenty of chances for them later. This wasn't just a social call; this was more than that. His chest swelled as he thought how much more.

When he got back to his room he smoked endless cigarettes, his head dizzily going over and over again the past, the miracle this day had brought and the dazzling prospects of the future. He fell into an uneasy sleep as the clock showed two. The next morning he dressed with the slow meticulousness of a ritual. At last he could find nothing more to do, nothing else to change, and set out for the office. Sayles noted his appearance with wide eyes.

"Going out today?" she ventured.

"Errand," he said laconically.

As soon as he thought Anne would be up, he dialed the house number from the chief's own phone with unsteady fingers.

Hackett answered.

"I'd like to speak to Miss Anne, please. I mean Mrs. Devereux," he corrected, though the words stuck in his throat. "This is Arno Malotte from the office."

In a few seconds Anne's voice came, "Yes, Arno. How are you?"

"Well, I'm fine. I—how are you? I mean—well, I know how these last weeks have been for you."

"Thank you, Arno. I should have called you before to tell you how I appreciate the fact that you're carrying on at the office. Later, of course, we'll have things to talk over, I suppose."

"Yes. Miss Anne, I'd like to see you today alone, if I could. It's important."

"Today? Would this afternoon at three suit you?"

"I'll be there at three. You'll be alone?"

"Yes, I'll be alone and in the library. I'll ask Hackett to show you right in."

"Thanks, Miss Anne."

"Thank you, Arno. I hope it's something I'll understand."

"I think you will," said Arno in an odd voice. "Good-by."

He arrived on the second of three, and Hackett ushered him into the library, and then, in accordance with Anne's instructions, closed the door behind him.

Arno stood, his pulse throbbing, his eyes fixed on Anne, who sat watching him with a pathetic attempt at a smiling welcome.

"Do come in, Arno, and sit down. I'm so glad you have brought me a problem—as I suppose you have. Maybe something new to think about will do me good. Is everything going all right at the office?"

Arno made a slight gesture as though disposing at once of that routine. "What I've come to see you about is not connected with the business. It's—well, it's pretty personal, you might say."

"Personal?" A wariness, a reserve, was in Anne's voice now. And at the sound Arno's resolution returned to him. There was no use beating round the bush.

"Miss Anne," he said—"somehow I can't call you anything else—I've thought from the very first that Paul Devereux was after something when he married you. Money or a boost in his political career, you know. I thought there was some kind of a deal between him and the chief. Your father would want you to get married like any other girl, and as things were with you, there wasn't much chance, so he ——"

"Stop!" Anne cried. "How dare you say such things to me! I'll have Hackett show you out, and please don't ever come to this house again!"

"Just a minute!" Arno was on his feet now, standing in front of her. His black eyes were blazing. "Just a minute. There's more to this. I've told you what I always thought inside me, but I couldn't say anything. Now, I've got the proof. Right here." He drew the paper slowly from his inner pocket as Anne's eyes, wide with amazement and horror, watched him.

"In black and white," Arno went on. "In your father's own hand. He left me the combination of his safe. Me! I was the one he trusted to go through it and get rid of some papers he didn't want anyone else to see. I found a secret drawer with this in it. Read it for yourself if you don't believe me it was a deal. Read it!"

He thrust it into her hand and, breathing hard, watched as her eyes followed the words. When her hand fell a little he bent over her.

"Anne," he said thickly, "now you know Devereux has lied to you! He never loved you! But I do, Anne! I've loved you since the first day I saw you. As soon as you're free, I'll marry you and I'll not run out on you in three years or in thirty, whether you can walk or not. I can manage the business for us both. I'll take care of you. I tell you I love you!"

Interpreting her stony stillness as acquiescence, he stooped, put his arms fiercely around her and pressed his hot lips to hers with all the starved passion of the years. Stunned at first into helplessness, she submitted; then, moaning as if in pain, she began to struggle, trying to push him from her. But Arno did not cease from the kisses he had dreamed of for so long. With desperation then, and a strength born of extremity, she fought him off with violence.

"Stop! Stop! Go away from me! I hate you! I loathe you!" The words burst from her between his caresses.

At last, dazed and shaken, she realized that she was free, that he was no longer holding her. Instead, she saw him, his face white, his eyes terrified, backing away from her as from a ghost. "My God! My God!" he kept muttering as he turned, stumbled against the door, clutched at it, opened it and left precipitately.

It was only then that she realized that she was standing—a little distance from her chair.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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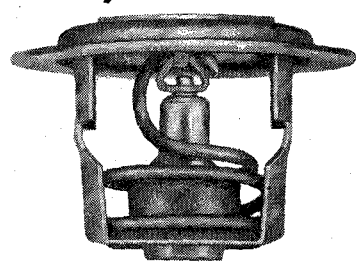
for Lazy Car Heaters



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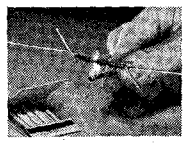

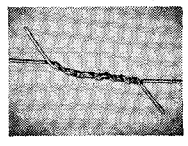

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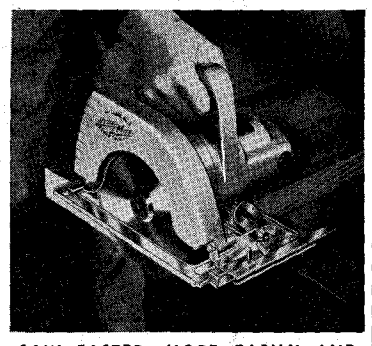

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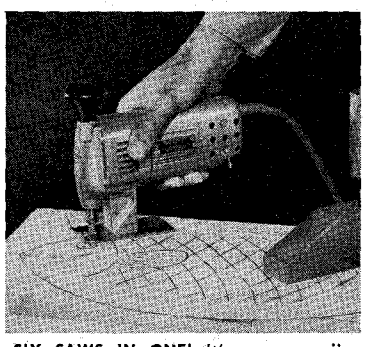

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Death in the Wind (Continued from Page 41)

He had been through an ordeal. He had saved his life in the hurricane, only to find that someone had tried to brand him as a murderer. She was very glad now that she had not gone straight to the police. Thank God there had been an explanation. The future, she thought, looked much better for Pierre.

When she turned in between the stone gateposts she saw that Alex's car was gone. Porter Bellows was standing beside one of the white Doric columns supporting the side gallery, and for a moment he appeared unfamiliar, because he was not wearing his horn-rimmed glasses.

"What happened?" Paula asked. "Did you break your glasses?"

He set his jaw grimly. "I like to think of myself as a peaceable man, Paula. I don't usually give in to anger." His full lips trembled a little and his voice shook. "I found him up in Ruth's office, going through her things, and when I asked him what he was doing there, he said it was none of my damned business. He was insulting. He was ugly."

"Do you mean Alex?" Paula asked unbelievingly.

"Paula, I loved Ruth," Porter Bellows said. "You know I did. I would never do anything to harm her. You know that."

"I'm sure of it, Porter," she said gently.

"He came here while I was away from the house." Porter swept one arm erratically. "He went up to her office and started going through her desk, and when I caught him he insinuated that I had killed my wife. Paula, he was ugly. I hit at him and he knocked me down and broke my glasses."

"Where was Pierre?" Paula asked quickly. "I hope he wasn't around when all this happened."

"I'm afraid he saw some of it," Porter said. "He came up from the beach and got into Alex's car. I called to him, but I guess he didn't hear. He drove away with Alex."

"Alex was taking him back to my house," Paula said. "I asked him to." She took his hand and pressed it. "Porter, we're all upset, and on top of it all, we've got hurricane nerves. Alex was hard hit by the storm, and he thought very highly of Ruth. I'm sure he'll come back and apologize."

"I don't want his apology," Porter said. "I don't want him coming around here. He had no right to talk as he did. It's obvious that Davis killed Ruth, and he's paid the penalty. I don't want to think about it. I want to forget it."

"Yes, I know," Paula murmured.

His fingers tightened on hers. "Thank you, Paula, for helping me with Peter in this crisis. He needs you. Take care of him, will you?"

"I hadn't intended to leave him alone, but he wanted to try out his new rod," she said. "I'd better get along home."

As she drove back toward town on the causeway road, which crossed the marshes and climbed a wooded elevation, she thought that Alex was an impulsive man and had been influenced by his dislike of Porter Bellows. At the wedding he had talked about investigating Porter. He disliked Porter, he was suspicious of Porter, but it was going rather far to accuse Porter of murdering his wife.

She found Alex's car parked in her driveway, and Alex taking Pierre's bicycle out of the back. His face was flushed and he seemed to avoid her eyes.

She asked, "Where's Pierre?"

"He went on into the house."

"I just came from the point, Alex," she said. "I talked to Porter Bellows. He said you had a fight."

"I guess I ought to make allowances for the guy," Alex said. "He's lost his wife and all that. You see, I was teaching Pierre to surf-cast and he snarled up his line because the jig was too light. I wanted to get a heavier weight and he said he had some six-ounce leads in a tackle box up in his room. I left him working on the snarl and I went up to get a lead." He smiled self-consciously. "These things are kind of hard to explain, Paula. I was passing Ruth's office, and the door was open and I turned in. It was her room, where she worked and ran her garden-club stuff and all that, and I guess I felt kind of sentimental. I stood there looking around and thinking about her, and suddenly Porter jumped into the room and demanded to know what I was doing there. He didn't give me a chance to explain, and then I got mad."

"'You shouldn't have hit him, Alex," Paula said.

"I didn't hit him. We just kind of wrestled around a little. I'm afraid I lost my temper, though, and I said some things I wish I hadn't said." He shrugged. "He came in there accusing me of going through Ruth's desk, and it struck me that he was kind of scared, like there might be something in that desk he didn't want me to see, and I got mad and said some things."

"Apparently," Paula said, "you said a good deal."

"I'm sorry about it," Alex said. "I'll talk to Porter. I'll see if I can fix it up."

"I'd let him cool off a little first. If I were you."

"I got to cool off myself," he said, and backed his car to the street.

Her father's car was not in the garage, Paula noticed as she turned toward the house. She went up the stairs and found Pierre in the room that had been hers in childhood. She sat on the bed beside him and took his hand. "Feeling all right, Pierre?" she asked.

"Dad-dee and Uncle Alex had a big fight," he said.

"It was a misunderstanding, Pierre. Sometimes people misunderstand each other and lose their tempers."

"Dad-dee broke his glasses," Pierre said.

"I know, but he has an extra pair somewhere."

Pierre's eyes were bright and questioning. "Paula, is it right to call someone who is not your uncle 'Uncle Alex'?"

"Why not?" she said.

"Then if you had a true uncle what would you call him?"

"You'd call him uncle too."

"It is confusing," Pierre said. "I call Mr. Davis 'papa,' but he is not my father; and I call Mr. Bellows 'dad-dee,' but he is not my father, either; and I call Mr. Fawcett 'Uncle Alex,' but he is not my uncle. I mean there is no word left for a real father or a real uncle."

"Mr. Davis wants to be a real father, Pierre. Don't you think he tries to be?"

"Yes," Pierre said. "And dad-dee too."

"They are both very nice men," she said. "But Mr. Davis has been your father for a long time, since you were very small."

"Oh, of course," Pierre said, in a tone that seemed to settle it.

"I have a surprise for you, Pierre," Paula said softly. "A big and wonderful surprise. Your father is safe and well. He swam ashore in the storm and I saw him this morning."

Pierre sat upright. "You saw papa?"

"Aren't you happy?"

"Oh, yes, very happy." His voice sounded breathless, but his face remained tense.

"He wants to see you, Pierre," she said. "Want to come down to Oak Beach with me? He's waiting there."

He jumped off the bed and cried, "Now?"

"Now," Paula said. "But we ought to take him a razor and some clothes. I think

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he's about my father's size, and we'll take him a pair of slacks and a shirt. And he's barefoot. He had to swim ashore to save his life when his boat sank and he lost his shoes. I don't suppose you know what size shoes he wears?"

"No," Pierre said. "Is he hungry? Has he had anything to eat?"

"A good thought," Paula said. "I'll make him some sandwiches."

"Let me make them, Paula," Pierre said eagerly. "Please let me."

"All right," she said. "You run down to the kitchen and see what you can find."

Brad had waited impatiently in the kitchen, and as the minutes dragged on he had moved through the doorway overlooking the water. The door had been washed away by the hurricane and the boards of the unroofed porch were buckled and twisted. There was much debris on the beach beyond, and high above the tide line was an inboard craft with the stern stove in.

The widow next door had gone down to the beach and was stretched out on a beach towel in a green bathing suit. Brad moved out into the sunlight. The dinghy was where he had left it the night before, with the oars beside it. He walked through the sand and sat down near the inboard with the shattered stern. From here he could see the beach road, and he lay down on his side with his head cradled on his arm, and watched for Paula's blue convertible.

It was only as he began to relax that he realized how tense he had been, and for how long. He had saved himself in the hurricane, he thought, but in a sense he was dead, because he would begin a new life. He would get Pierre back, and he could arrange a life to suit a small boy. The managing editor of the Courier had suggested that he go to Washington, maybe do a column for the syndicate. He could put Pierre in a good school down there, maybe buy a house. He needed a home for himself as well as Pierre.

"Pardon me," a voice said politely. "I would like to talk to you, M'sieu Davis."

A man in khaki pants and shirt was sitting on the inboard, smiling at him, a small man with a red face and a black mustache waxed in points.

"Who are you?" Brad asked.

"Don't you speak French, *m'sieu?*"

"Yes, a little."

"Then let us speak French," the man said. "My English is not good and we do not wish to be overheard."

"Why not?" Brad said. He noticed the redhead get up from the sand, gather up her beach towel and move back toward her cottage. He looked again at the man in khaki. "How do you know who I am?"

"I am at the dock this morning and a lobsterman tells me somebody steals two oars from his island," the man said. "Then I find you here on the beach, wearing a *maillot* and one *espadrille*. I recognize you. Two days ago I saw you at the dock in your boat with your son, Pierre."

"All right, you recognize me. Who are you?"

"They call me Frenchy," the man said, and fingered the waxed points of his mustache. "I think you and I can make business together, M'sieu Davis."

"What kind of business?"

"You can help me," he said, "and I can help you."

"How can you help me?"

"You are in trouble with the police, are you not? People say you killed the madame your wife."

Brad shook his head. "People are mistaken, and I'm not in trouble with the police."

"*M'sieu*, I know more than you think I know," the Frenchman said. "I know that you were on the sea wall with the madame Monday night."

"The police know that," Brad said, then looked up alertly. "But how did you know?"

"I told you I could help you, *m'sieu*. I have information."

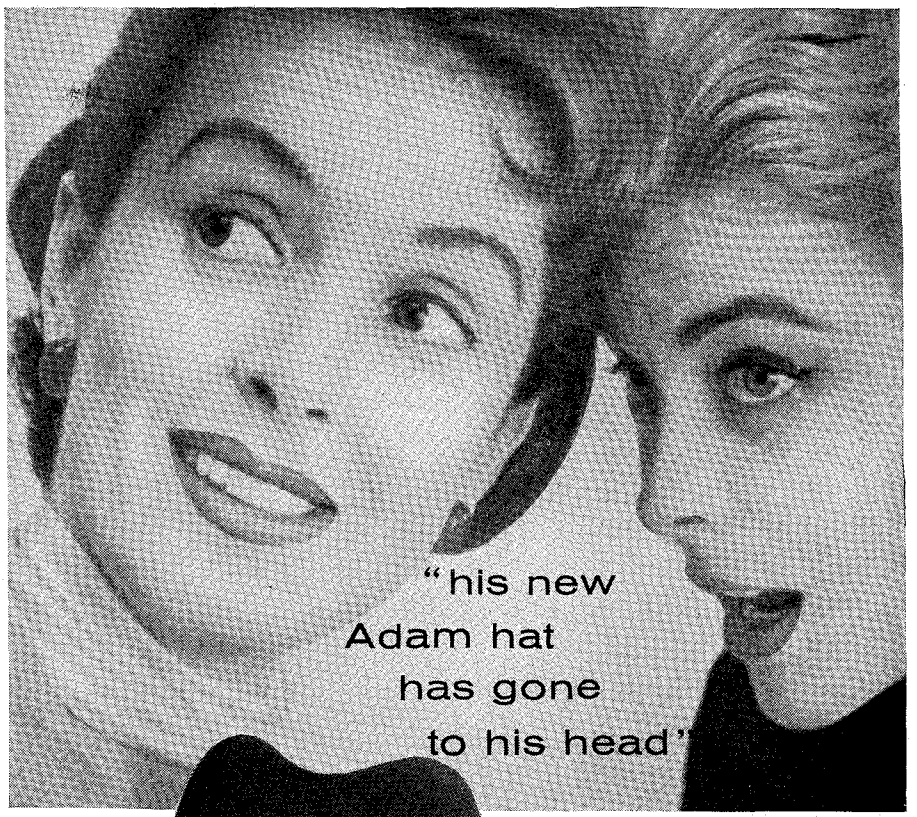
"What information?"

"I need money very much," Frenchy said, leaning forward with his elbows resting on the knees of his khaki pants. "I have cleaned fish; I have washed dishes. I cannot take a good job because I do not have the social-security card. Is five hundred dollars too much to ask?"

"I don't carry five hundred dollars around in my pocket," Brad said. Actually, he had the money for his vacation in his wallet, and it amounted to more than five

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Sorry, man, this isn't Hot Lips. It's Daddy-O."



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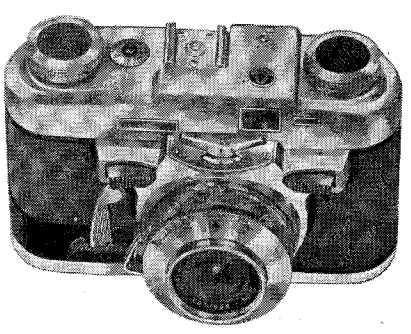

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hundred. He had come through the hurricane with the wallet in his hip pocket.

"There is no hurry about the money," the Frenchman said. "You are a rich and important man. Someone will cash your check. I will wait."

Brad picked up a handful of sand and let it stream through his fingers. "Why don't you give this information to the police?"

"I do not wish to go to the police," Frenchy said.

Brad glanced up. "You're in this country illegally, is that it?"

The Frenchman smiled and spread his hands. "You are right. If I went to the police they would ask for passports and visas, and I have only my seaman's papers. You see, you can trust me. I think we could make an agreement that would profit us both very much."

"Agree to what?"

"You agree to help me, *m'sieu*, and I will agree to help you. The information I have is very important to you."

Brad scooped more sand. "I could call the police, you know. I could have you picked up."

"If you do that you will never get the information," Frenchy said. "No, you will not do that." The Frenchman rose to his feet. "When you bring me the five hundred dollars we will talk, M'sieu Davis."

"I'm not buying any information," Brad said.

"I think you will change your mind," Frenchy said. "When you do, you will find me at the dock. I clean fish at Sam's Market. I wash dishes at the Fisherman's Bar."

He walked away through thick sand to the road, where he mounted a bicycle that was leaning against the wall of a cottage. He should call the police, Brad thought, and have this dockside eccentric picked up. They would have him sweating red wine.

He looked toward the road; still Paula had not come with Pierre. He saw the widow emerge from her house, dressed in slacks and a halter, and go into the adjoining garage. He heard the sound of a starter; then she backed to the road and drove away west.

Coming down among the trees he saw a flash of blue and moved quickly to the road. He had reached the door of the gray cottage when the convertible stopped there, and he saw Pierre's face, pale and anxious. He jerked open the door, held out his hands and said, "Come here, son."

"Papa, I am so glad," Pierre said; then the frail body was in Brad's arms. He hugged the boy tightly and heard him whisper, "I was afraid you were drowned."

"But here I am," Brad said, "and here I'm going to stay. We'll be together from now on, Pierre, you and I."

"We will?" Pierre's eyes were shining.

"If that's what you want, Pierre."

"Oh, yes," the boy said.

"I won't leave you again, son. Never again. Wherever I go, you'll go too."

"Papa, we brought you some shoes," Pierre said, "and some clothes and a razor, and some sandwiches I made myself. Here they are."

As Brad took the bundle, Paula said, "Those are some things of my father's. I hope they fit."

"Wonderful," Brad said. "Come on in, everybody, while I get rid of this beard."

As he held the door of the cottage for Paula he asked, "Did you ask him about the watch?"

"No, not yet."

Brad put the bundle on the kitchen table and turned to Pierre. "Son, do you remember the watch I got for my birthday a long time ago, with my initials on it and the day of my birth?" He glanced at Paula. "Do you have it with you?"

She took the watch from her handbag and gave it to him. He dangled it by the strap and said, "Remember this, Pierre?"

"Of course," Pierre said. "You let me strap it on my wrist and I wore it on the boat all the way across the ocean."

"When did you last see it?"

"It was a long time ago, papa. *Maman* took it away. She said it belonged to you and she would send it back. I should not keep anything of yours, she said."

Paula's face looked ghastly. She moved back a pace and leaned against the kitchen sink. For the first time Brad felt alarm, felt moisture gathering in the pores of his forehead. He closed his hand hard around the watch. "But she didn't send it back," he said. "It's been in that house all this time. Didn't you ever see it there? Don't you know where she kept it?"

"But I was sure she sent it back," Pierre said. "I must not keep anything that belonged to you, she said. I must forget about you, she said." His eyes filled with tears. "I didn't hurt the watch, papa. I was careful."

"Sure you were, son," Brad said, and pulled the boy closely to him.

Paula backed away almost to the door, and there was a shocked look in her eyes. Brad put his hand on Pierre's head, rumpled it fondly, and said, "I'll go upstairs and get shaved and dressed. Why don't you play on the beach meanwhile?"

As soon as the boy had gone, Brad said, "I never saw this watch again, Paula. Ruth never sent it back." He spread his hands and said, "My God, do I look like a murderer?" He faced Paula, and he was a woebegone sight in the soiled *maillot* and torn white pants. He smiled grimly and said, "I guess the truth of the matter is that I probably do."

Paula's eyes had a veiled look when he glanced at her.

"Ruth and I separated more than two years ago," he said. "I had no violent feelings toward her. Ours was a marriage of petty spites and triumphs, but there was no hatred in it."

Paula said in a very low tone, "It would be like Ruth not to send the watch back to you. She was negligent about matters that did not concern her immediately."

"If I had lost that watch at the sea wall, do you think it would have been found?" he said. "There was a hurricane. The waves must have been gigantic there. And why didn't the police find it yesterday?"

"The water was roiled," she said.

"Here's something that may set your mind at rest," he said. "I was sitting out there on the beach a little while before you came with Pierre, and a man came up to me and started speaking French. Ever run into a character named Frenchy who works around the dock?"

"Is he the little man who helps out at Sam's Market?"

"Yes. He came up to me and said he had information about Ruth's murder, but he wanted five hundred dollars for it."

"He wanted money?"

Brad smiled. "The French tend to keep matters on a cash basis."

"You'd better just call the police, then."

"If I do that he won't talk," Brad said. "He told me that I could find him any time down at the town dock, and I think I'd better go see him. Maybe you'll drop me off at the dock?"

"Isn't that a job for the police?"

"He's in this country illegally and he won't go to the police," Brad said, and smiled. "I wish you wouldn't keep harping on the police. They don't knock themselves out weakening their cases, and right now they have a powerful case against me. This watch is the clincher. How am I going to prove that it was never returned to me? I can't go to the police—not yet."

"Are you asking me to suppress evidence?"

He looked at the watch in his hand; then his lips tightened and he put it in his pocket. Her eyes followed the movement of his hand and she made a low, sighing sound.

"I'm asking only this," he said: "Go away. Forget you saw me. Let me handle this in the way I think is best."

She was looking at the pocket where he had put the watch. Angrily he pulled the watch out and tossed it on the table. "All right, take the thing!" he said. "Take it to the police—if you think I killed Ruth."

Paula made no move to take it.

"I'd like to get hold of that Frenchman and persuade him to tell what he knows," Brad said. "I wish you'd hold off until then."

He carried the bundle of clothes upstairs, and munched the sandwiches as he was dressing. As he was shaving, the widow returned to her cottage next door. She put her car in the garage and walked away toward a small general store two hundred yards east. He had finished shaving when she came out again, carrying a lamp and a clear jug of kerosene. She walked with a firm, long stride, a strongly built girl with largish hands that must have done more than a day's work in their time. But she was also consciously feminine. She used scarlet lipstick and painted her nails red, and he recalled that when he had seen her on the beach her toenails also had been tinted.

He went downstairs again, and found Paula alone in the kitchen.

"Made up your mind?" he asked.

She nodded and murmured, "Here comes Pierre."

The boy appeared on the porch, eating a doughnut. He finished the last of it, gulped and said, "I have something to tell you, papa."

"Where did you get the doughnut?" Paula asked.

"The lady next door gave it to me. She is very *gentille*. She is a friend of Uncle Alex, you know."

"So I understand," Paula said. "But I didn't know you were acquainted with the lady."

"One day I rode down to the harbor on my bicycle, and she was at the boat yard with Uncle Alex, talking to Mr. Strong about renting a boat," Pierre said. "She tried out one of his inboard boats and they took me for a ride. It is out there on the beach, all broken by the storm."

"Pierre, you said you had something to tell me," Brad reminded him.

"Yes, I have remembered something," Pierre said. "You asked me where *maman* might have kept the watch, and I remember that she had a secret place in her desk. You take out the top drawer and put your hand in and do something, and a piece of the desk comes out in front. I have seen her do it."

"She had an antique Chippendale desk that belonged to her grandfather," Paula said. "A lot of those old desks have secret drawers."

"Uncle Alex and dad-dee had a big fight today because Uncle Alex was in *maman's* room," Pierre said. . . . "Papa, you look very nice now. Are we ready to go?"

"All ready," Brad said. "You wait in the car, son. I have something to say to Paula." As soon as the boy had gone out the door, he asked, "What's this about a fight?"

"It was one of those things," she said. "Hurricane nerves. Hot tempers. Alex was in Ruth's office, and Porter found him there and they said some nasty things to each other. Porter said that Alex practically accused him of murdering Ruth."

"But you said Porter Bellows had an alibi," Brad said. "He was in a poker game."

"I suppose Alex didn't know that," she said. "He was in the game, too, but he didn't get there until later."

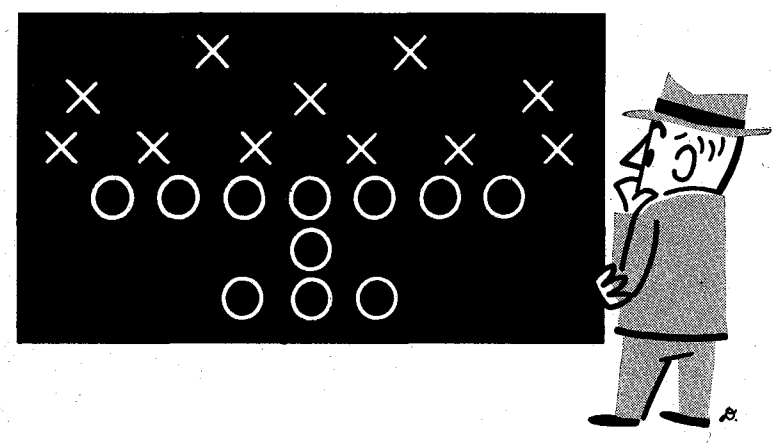
"But what was he doing in Ruth's office?"

"The door was open and he went in. It was an act of sentiment, but Porter didn't understand. He had an idea that Alex had taken something."

"Taken what?"

"Of course, he didn't take anything," she said. "I know how he felt about Ruth. I understand why he went in there."

Brad remembered that Pierre had called Alex her *jeune homme*. The fact remained that Alex (Continued on Page 134)



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Richard Cohen

(*See page 134 for answer*)

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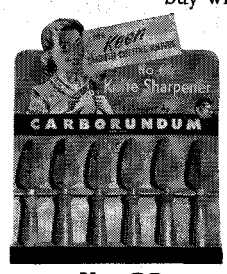

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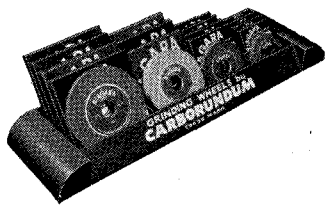

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...d. "But our house isn't
...e. You go back up Water
... the third turn to the left.
...come back for you, if you like."
... don't know when that will be," he
..."I'll work it out, and thanks. . . .
Pierre, I'll see you later on."

"Yes, papa," the boy said.

Paula did not smile as she turned and drove off toward the green.

Brad walked out on the dock and sat on a bollard, here where a section of the planking remained. He recalled now that Ruth had mentioned Alex Fawcett more than once, but she had been speaking of an old man, now dead. Two brothers had inherited the points of land that held Menasset Harbor in their embrace—old Cyrus Fawcett and his brother, Alexander. The other point got its name because Alexander Fawcett had invested disastrously in a plan to operate coastal vessels out of Menasset Harbor, and for many years the wreck of his first and only ship had been marked on the charts, a mile or so off Steamship Point, where it had foundered in what they called a nor'easter then, but had possibly been a hurricane. Alex Fawcett must be a grandson of the old man, which would mean that Ruth had been his second cousin.

Paula had let slip more about Alex Fawcett than she had intended, he thought. He had been a twice-disappointed lover, with a jealous attitude toward Porter Bellows. Whoever had planted the watch and, therefore, whoever had killed Ruth, was familiar with the house on Fawcett Point. Alex had been there, searching Ruth's desk, and when Porter Bellows caught him in the act he had precipitated a fight so that he could get out of the house with whatever he may have found in her desk; it was possible. And another thing Paula had let slip: Alex Fawcett had not known about Porter's alibi be-

Answ...

Let's Play Quarterback

Page 132

Pass is just what Layne did. And the result was calamitous. Oklahoma back Joe Golding (above) intercepted on the one-yard line and raced ninety-nine yards for a touchdown. Score: Texas, 14, Oklahoma, 13. It took a later touchdown to put the game on ice for Texas 20–13.

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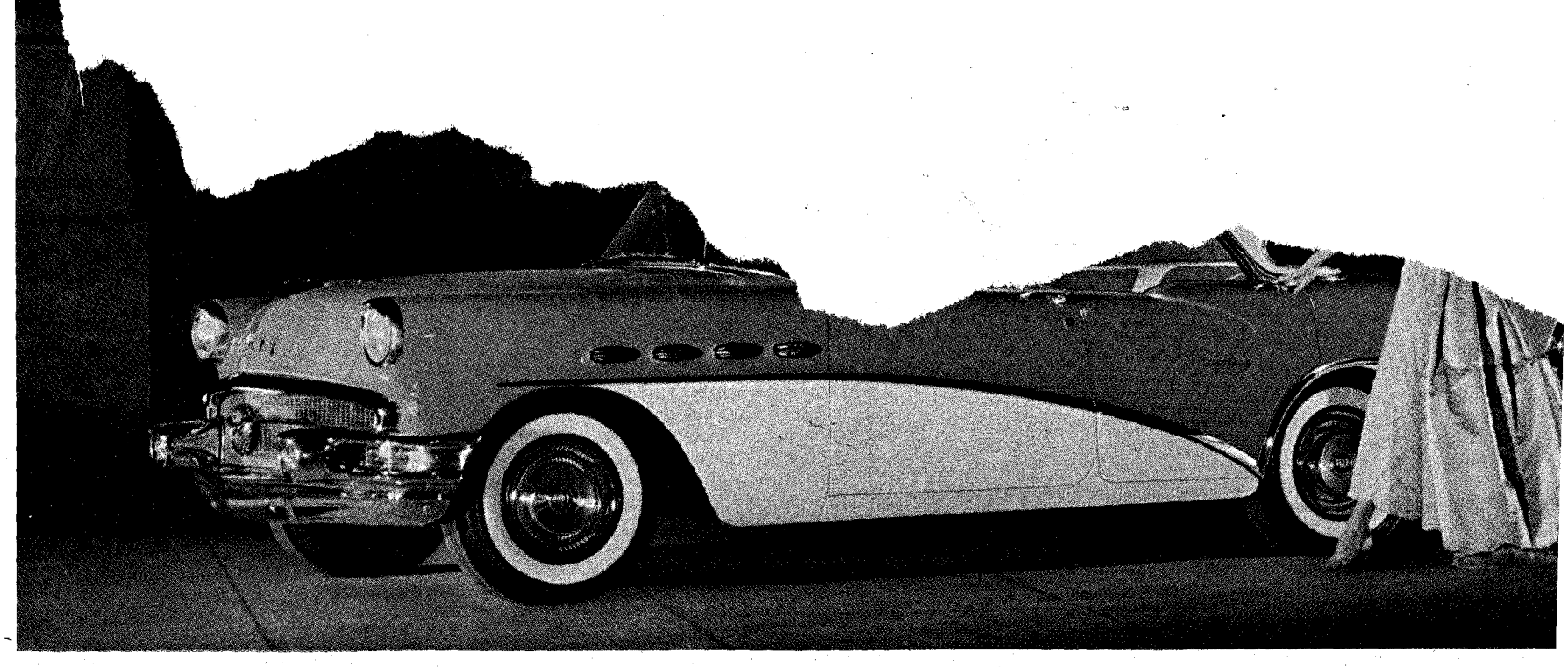

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will eat anything that comes out of the water. He spends most of his days fishing. Nights too. He goes out on the flats by the point and spears 'em."

"By Fawcett Point?" Brad asked.

"That's right, on the sandbank east of the channel."

Brad remembered seeing the brief flash of a fisherman's light as he left the point in his yawl on Monday night, and asked, "I wonder if he was out there night before last?"

"I recollect he was," Tom Childress said. "That was the night before the hurricane, and he borrowed my rowboat and kicker. Next morning in the storm he came rowing out to my mooring and helped me save my boat. We ran her up the river and I put two anchors over and we had the motor opened wide, but we just managed to hold."

The Frenchman had been spearing fish off the point on Monday night, Brad thought; that was how he knew Brad had been on the sea wall with Ruth.

He said, "Tell me, do you keep some pots out on Coot Island?"

"Yes. I got a little shack out there."

"I made a promise to you," Brad said. "I promised to buy you a case of whatever you like to drink. You name it."

The lobsterman looked up. "I don't get it."

"I borrowed some oars from your shack," Brad said. "You'll find them on the sand over at Oak Beach."

The lobsterman grinned. "Bourbon is my drink."

"I'll have a case of bourbon put aboard this boat in the morning," Brad said. He sat down on the bollard and lit a cigarette. "You know Frenchy pretty well, I gather. How does he happen to be here in Menasset? He's a long way from home."

"He's just passing through," Childress said. "He's a sailor, been all over. He's waiting here for a letter or something. Says it's real important. Says he's going to come into a lot of money. He can talk pretty big for such a little fella."

"I think I'll try his shack again," Brad said, and walked back to the dirt road behind the boat yard. He wanted to talk to the Frenchman before someone reported to the police that he was down here, hanging around the town dock.

He sat down on the cot to wait, watching an angle of sunlight move across the floor as the sun sank lower. Men knocked off work in Strong's Boat Yard, and he knew that five o'clock must have come, but still no Frenchman.

He waited two more hours, and dusk was at hand when he walked back along the road to the Fisherman's Bar. He asked at the back door for Frenchy, and was told that the restaurant section was closed for lack of electricity, and that there would be no dishes to wash tonight.

The door of the bar opened and a woman came out. Candlelight shone on her red hair, and close at hand she looked older, Brad thought. She was probably about thirty and her face had a masklike composure.

She spoke with a careless slurring of her words. "This is kind of tiresome, Mort," she said. "A woman has a right to get off by herself and take her hair down now and then."

"Off by yourself," a bitter voice said. "Is that what you call it?" The man with the widow was tall and lean. He wore khaki coveralls and was carrying an orange safety helmet. "I called you," he said. "They told me that they didn't know where you'd gone."

He had not seen Brad standing in shadow close to the building, but the widow had. She moved on two steps, but did not lower her voice. "I'm on vacation, kid," she said.

"But they said that you had quit your job and cleared out. You might have let a guy know."

"I told you I just wanted to get off by myself," she said, with an irritated lift in her voice. "I didn't want you following me down here."

"I didn't follow you," he said. "I've got a summer job with the light company and they sent me here with an emergency crew to help clear up the hurricane damage. I've been clearing wires since dawn, and when I walked in there for a nightcap and saw you with Alex, I was as surprised as you were." He hesitated a moment, and added, "Of course, I should have figured it."

The widow smiled at Brad and said, "Hi."

"Hi," Brad said.

The lean young man put the safety helmet on his head and strode abruptly away. He got into a car and slammed the door hard.

The widow moved back into the Fisherman's Bar, and Brad glanced in and saw her move to a table where a man was waiting, a robust young man with blond hair and pinkish skin. He looked like a tackle on a championship football team, big, physical, self-sure, guileless. The widow spoke to him and he suddenly got to his feet and came to the door.

He threw it open and said, "You're Bradley Davis, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm Bradley Davis."

"Mrs. Parker thought you were," the man said. "I'm glad you're alive, Mr. Davis. Congratulations."

"I made it to shore last night," Brad said.

"I guess you don't remember me," he said. "I'm Alex Fawcett and I was a second cousin of Ruth's. I was at your wedding. Maybe you remember?"

"That was a rather busy day for me," Brad said.

"I thought you might have noticed a kid in a GI uniform that didn't fit, getting tight on his first glass of champagne," Alex said, and chuckled, then his face sobered. "Say, have you checked in with Vern Gray?"

"Is that Lieutenant Gray?"

"Man, they think you're dead," Alex said. "Don't you know that? They've got airplanes looking for you, helicopters looking for you. They've even got the fish alerted."

Brad smiled. "I guess I'd better tell them to call off the search, then."

"My car's right here," Alex said. "I'll run you out to the barracks."

"I'll just telephone," Brad said.

"Telephone's not working here," Alex said. "Come on; I'll take you."

He was smiling, but his eyes were narrowed and watchful. It was useless to protest. Brad could think of no valid excuse for not reporting to the state police. He shrugged and got into the car. Alex drove away with a burst of speed.

"You know what happened out at the point, I guess," he said.

"Yes."

"Let me tell you something," Alex said. "I hope they get the guy that killed her. I want to see him burn."

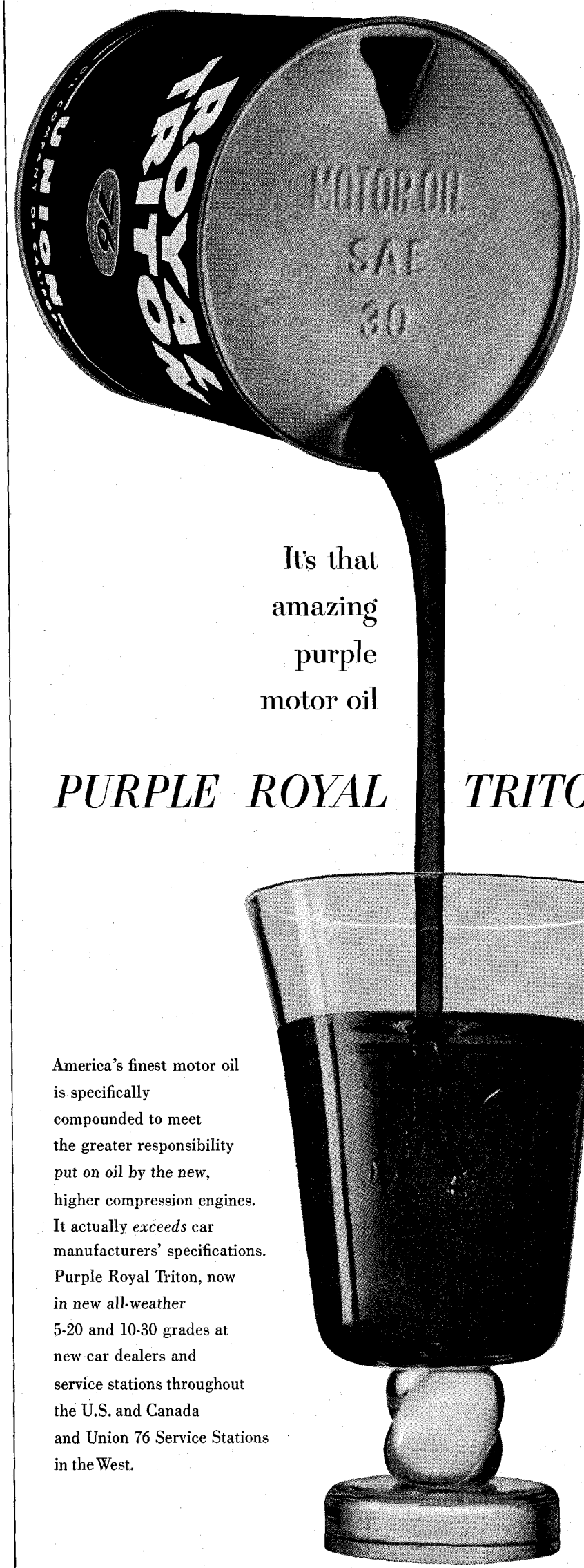
"If they catch him, I'll be satisfied," Brad said mildly.

"I think they'll catch him," Alex said. "Yeah, I think they will." He braked violently and turned off the road into a wide driveway. "Here we are." Alex nosed his car up to the wall of the barracks and got out. "This way," he said, and led Brad up three steps to a side door. He called out, "Hi, sarge. Is Vern Gray around?"

A sergeant at a desk behind a railing glanced up and said, "In his office."

Alex moved a few steps along a corridor, knocked on a door and pushed it open. He said in a voice loud and triumphant, "Vern, I brought you something. Here's Bradley Davis. Here's your man."

TO BE CONTINUED



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PURPLE ROYAL TRITON

America's finest motor oil is specifically compounded to meet the greater responsibility put on oil by the new, higher compression engines. It actually *exceeds* car manufacturers' specifications. Purple Royal Triton, now in new all-weather 5-20 and 10-30 grades at new car dealers and service stations throughout the U.S. and Canada and Union 76 Service Stations in the West.

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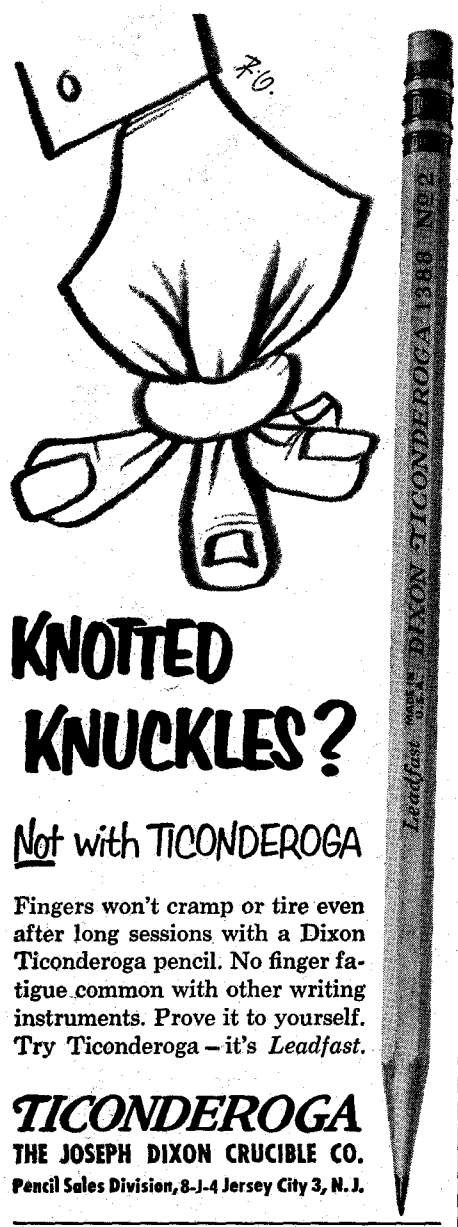

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TICONDEROGA
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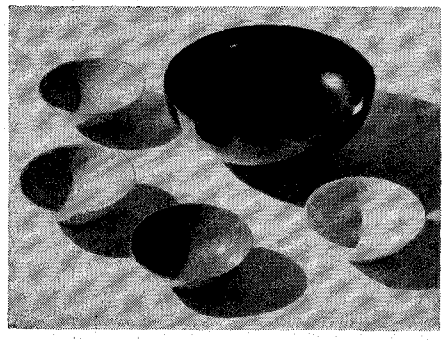
SALAD BOWL SET



THIS versatile, attractive set of durable melamine bowls is a graceful companion to your loveliest dinnerware. Large bowl 11 inches in diameter, 3½ inches deep; perfect for all salads, food, and punch servings. In mixed colors each set is attractively packed, and guaranteed for one year against breaking, cracking, or chipping in normal use.

This wonderful set can be yours for only two 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10 each, or three 2-year *Ladies' Home Journal* subscriptions at $6 each, or four 1-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $5 each.

All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full advertised prices. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. Offer good in Continental U. S. only, until February 29, 1956. Sorry, no salad bowl sets may be sold for cash.

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KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 35c and 60c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.
KLUTCH CO., Box 5519-K, ELMIRA, N. Y.

This is My Story

(Continued from Page 21)

shimmering up from it. I worked like a horse, and before long the chief moved me up to be platoon leader.

After three weeks of boot training, I was transferred to Unit D for "seaman training." Unit D was alongside the Signal School, where they taught the use of blinker lights. Blinkers are lights which flash code from a yardarm. With the Signal School right beside me, flashing lights off and on all night while I was taking my seamanship course, I took that entire code course, too, just watching it; so that by the time I finished six weeks of seamanship, I was able to send and receive ten or twelve words a minute "in blinker."

By this time I had risen to platoon leader. I didn't carry a rifle any more, I carried a saber, and I had a room to myself. Looking back, it's hard to believe that I got to be coxswain of the race-boat crew, platoon leader, and was sent on special details so quickly. I accomplished this by following the simplest rule in the world: I paid attention.

At the end of my first six weeks they came around to us boots and said, "O.K., now you put in for a school. Do you want to be signalmen, electricians, deck force, engineers or what?" I put in for radio school, and they said to me, "Let's test your radio aptitude."

In learning the Morse Code, I had committed it to mind the way it was in the book. The book said dit-da for A, da-dit-dit-dit for B, and da-dit-da-dit for C, but I'd never heard it on the earphones. They took me to the radio school and said, "Sit down and send some code." I sat down and sent fifteen words a minute. I sent it so fast that the instructor couldn't take it.

"Holy smokes," he said, and looked at me with a funny expression on his face.

I said hurriedly, "I used to be a radio operator on a merchant ship at sea."

"We can use you right here," he said, and he made me an assistant instructor in the radio school.

The priest at Akron had given me a letter to a priest at Hampton Roads. I'd been working with him. And now came the time when I completed my religious studies and my catechism, and my priest friend baptized me a Catholic and, in addition to my other names, gave me the name of Leo—so my name was Arthur Morton Leo Godfrey. Every Catholic gets a saint's name. Anybody would have thought that I was doing fine, but the priest said, "Arthur, you can stay an instructor for the rest of your cruise, and while that's pretty soft, it's not getting you anywhere. You don't know anything but code. You need study. Take my advice and get transferred to the radio school at Great Lakes." So I put in for transfer, and off to school at Great Lakes I went.

All the way up through my fourteenth week at Great Lakes I pulled grades of 3.7 or 3.8—about 90 per cent—for my study of radio theory, and after going through the rudiments of electricity we came to arc transmitters and vacuum-tube receivers. I pulled a grade of 4.0 for those. In addition, I was a demon with a wireless key. I could send as fast as the chiefs. In fact, every once in a while they let me send practice speed to the kids, and I got so I could take thirty-two, thirty-three, even up to thirty-four words a minute. As a result, the head of the school asked me if I would like to stop going along with my class and teach.

I said, "Yes, sir," and my class went along without me. However, by studying at night, I kept on working with them. In that way I completed the nine months' course in four or five months and was rated a petty officer—third-class radioman. I was going around holding my arm stiff, looking at my new chevrons, and was getting sixty dollars a month.

Everything would have been O.K. if it hadn't been for the coal pile. I'd been studying so late at night that I overslept all the time in the morning. The Navy doesn't exactly encourage that, so I drew extra duty as a penalty. I spent that duty on the coal pile. It was a huge pile of coal—400 or 500 tons of it—and it supplied the power for the place. While I was in that school I must have personally moved all of it. Seemed like all I did was shovel.

Once I got a rating, I stayed on that job for quite a while, but in the summer of 1921 I began to tell myself, "Teaching school is getting me nowhere." So I put in for sea duty. I was sent to the Norfolk Naval Radio Station of the 5th Naval District for temporary duty until I was assigned. I'd been in the Navy for two years, I was a radio operator in a naval radio station, and I was wearing a hash mark because I'd re-enlisted. I had extended my enlistment one year in order to go to Great Lakes, and I thought I was quite a guy. I was nineteen—according to my record I was twenty-one—and I was tall and beginning to fill out. I'd won a silver watch in a boxing match and I was cocky, obnoxious and proud of my rating badge and my sixty dollars a month. I was sending fifteen dollars home and fifteen to the bank; I'm afraid I squandered the other thirty dollars a month.

My first sea duty was on Destroyer No. 193, the Abel P. Upshur. We steamed down to Charleston, tied up beside five other cans, and swung around buoys in Charleston Harbor all that winter. I had nothing else to do, so I applied myself to the radio department of that destroyer with such energy that before long I had all the apparatus, even the auxiliary radio room, working.

During the summer an admiral inspected those five cans, to see what shape they were in before they were decommissioned. When he came aboard the Abel P. Upshur, I had the angle irons in the radio room enameled white where the linoleum of the bulkhead met the deck. I'd put lights under my tables. I'd even calibrated the radio compass. When anyone came into my radio room I turned on the lights and blinded them. When the inspection party came aboard and saw my radio quarters, it knocked their eyes out. After they finished their tour, I was made second-class radioman at seventy-two dollars a month and was commended highly. There's still a letter in my naval record about that.

That summer we made a cruise to Philadelphia and, as we headed north, every man on that can was sick except me and the skipper. The skipper was a two-striper named C. P. Cecil. He was a nice guy and he'd been coaching me for the Naval Academy. He and I had been studying together all winter long. Later, he was killed in World War II, but not until after he had become the captain of a big cruiser. What with his coaching, by the time that year was out I think I could have passed the entrance examinations to any academy or college anywhere.

But let's get back to that cruise north to the Philadelphia Navy Yard. I'd saved between $150 and $200 in cash. I put it in my pocket and took a month's leave. I called a girl I knew in New York from a telephone booth in a railroad station at Philadelphia.

"I've got a couple of hundred," I said. "How about me coming to see you and we'll have a time?" I walked over to the newsstand to buy a magazine, and found that I'd left my pocketbook in the booth. When I got back, it was gone. I walked all the way back to the Navy Yard and spent my thirty days' leave on the Abel Upshur. For all I know, that girl in New York is still waiting.

After the Upshur was decommissioned, I was sent back to the Norfolk Radio Station to take the exams for Annapolis. I took the examinations all right, and I found out later that I'd passed them, but while I was waiting for my appointment to come through, war broke out between Turkey and Greece, and the President of the United States sent a squadron of destroyers on emergency duty to the Near East. At least half of the Navy was wild to go, especially those, like myself, who'd missed World War I. A call went out for radiomen, I put in my application, was accepted as a second-class radioman

(Continued on Page 138)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It was a lovely dinner, Mabel—not very nutritious, of course, but lovely!"

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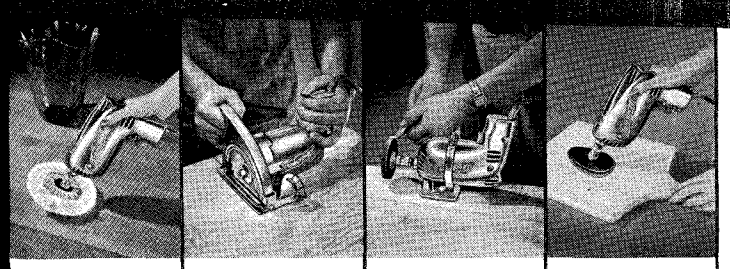

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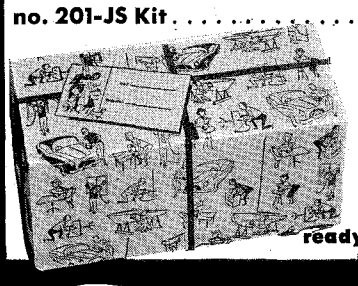

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(Continued from Page 136) aboard the U.S.S. Hatfield, and off we went to Constantinople.

Turkey was something in a medieval history book. The last sultan was still in power, with his harems and his palaces. His summer palace at Dolma Bagtche, on the European side of the Bosporus, had gold all over it. Even the iron fence around it had gold tips. He was a big shot, all right!

Riding at anchor in the Bosporus was one of the greatest fleets ever assembled. There were Italian men-o'-war, French men-o'-war, Spanish men-o'-war, British men-o'-war, American cruisers, destroyers and tenders, and Turkish men-o'-war. In addition, the British had garrisons in Turkey who lived in barracks down along the Bosporus. With all those servicemen on hand, enlisted men were supposed to be off the streets by midnight. But that didn't cramp our style. We'd just put on a red fez and an old pair of baggy pants and pose as Turks. Got away with it too!

We hoisted our homeward-bound pennant in December, 1923, and we got back to the Brooklyn Navy Yard around Christmas Day. In New York I saw my father for the last time. He told me, "I may not be here when you come back," and I said, "Don't talk that way." We got to be pals that trip. He was proud of me because I had saved my money, and we talked about getting a dairy farm and about how I'd come home and help run it. So, when my shore leave was up, I went back to sea to finish out my enlistment.

On March 24, 1924, I was in my bunk in the radio room, where another man was on duty at the desk below me. I was lying half asleep when my father appeared at the end of the bunk. "Hello, son, and good-by," he said. "Be good." I got up, but he was gone.

The kid at the desk said, "What's the matter with you? You nuts or something?"

"No," I said. "Guess I was dreaming."

After that I couldn't sleep, so I said to the kid, "Knock off. I'll take over." About an hour later there came a call for our ship. I knew what it was. I didn't even put pencil to paper. The message was: "Following received for Arthur Godfrey, Radioman 2nd Class. Father died this afternoon at (and it gave the time)." The time was exactly when he'd been standing at the end of my bunk.

I was paid off on May 16, 1924, in the North River, New York, at 96th Street, and I went back to Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, to be with my mother and the other kids, who had taken a house there. My first job was as a salesman for typewriters, and my greatest triumph was selling a portable to Otto H. Kahn, the famous financier. I did it by crashing his office. "If you've got enough gall to do that," he said, "I'll buy what you're selling. What are you selling?"

"Portable typewriters," I said. He turned to his secretary and said, "Buy one!" It was the only one I sold.

My next job was with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. As an audit correspondent, I was in charge of the work done by the auditing girls. When I'd been there two or three months, I discovered that it had taken my boss twenty years to get where he was. The man above him was young and would probably live another thirty years before he moved up to make room for my boss and leave an opening for me. So I quit and got a job with the Creske-Everett Advertising organization in New York, through a man named George Perry, who'd been a very close friend of my folks.

Perry brought me into the agency as a copywriter as a favor to my mother, and I resented getting a job on that basis. Not that it wasn't a good job. I got fifty dollars a week and an expense account, which was terrific in 1925 for a kid with no advertising experience. I wrote copy for a line of toilet goods—cosmetics, face powder and rouge. For some reason which escapes me now, that product was Irish as all get out, and I had to write such things as "this powder captures the fragrance of the hills of Killarney."

I got fed up with that pretty soon, bought a 1922 four-door sedan and started West, the way Horace Greeley said. I wound up in Detroit, but the first thing I did was get pneumonia, working in the Briggs body factory as a body finisher. I wound up so sick I couldn't work. I had to sell my car, too, so in the spring of 1926 I was down and out.

When I was convalescent, I went downtown in Detroit and found a hotel—a real flophouse—with a sign: ROOMS 50c UP. I walked up one flight of stairs to the registration desk and took a room for the night, paying my fifty cents in advance—the rules saw to that. Then I walked out into the place at the top of the stairs, laughingly called the lobby, and met the man named Julian who ran the joint. He said he'd been born in Constantinople, and I began to speak Turkish with him, and Greek, and Armenian. I knew a little of each from my Navy days, and he took a liking to me because I reminded him of home. When I told him my own story, he said, "So you were going to be a priest, you were going to be a naval officer, you were going to be this, you were going to be that. You study hard; now look at you."

"I'll get going again," I said.

"Sure you will," he said. "But first you need some clothes. There's a Greek restaurant across the street. It can't keep countermen. Go over and tell them Julian sent you. They'll give you a job."

Pretty soon I was screaming, "Fry two! Bowl of stew!" I started at six in the morning and finished at seven at night. My pay was twenty-five bucks a week, no tips. It was all I needed, because I worked so hard that when I was through I didn't do anything but go to bed anyhow. In a few weeks I bought a suit, shoes and some shirts.

Then one day Julian told me, "We need a man here in the hotel to run the joint nights, so tell them you're through at the Greek's."

As I got used to the job back of the hotel desk, I began to notice things. There was a guy with both of his legs cut off at the hips who pushed himself around the flophouse on a platform mounted on roller-skate wheels. He used a couple of flatirons to push his platform around, and he had a very witty nickname—Stumpy. When I first saw him he filled me with pity, but my pity quickly changed to fascination. He'd leave in the morning to take up his station in front of a store in downtown Detroit, and come in every night drunker than a billy goat. He had a cap he kept before him all day. When he came in at night, he'd throw the cap on the desk and say to me, "Count it." I'd count it. His day's take was never less than forty dollars; usually it was closer to seventy or eighty. After I counted it, I put it in a bag for him, and the next day he sent it to a bank.

One night a bum came into the hotel, demanded a room, and when I showed it to him, he complained loudly that it was nothing but a fleabag.

"What did you expect," I asked him, "the Ritz?"

He kept asking, "Where are the girls?"

The five Godfrey kids: Dorothy, Kathryn, Charles, Robert and Arthur, who joined the Navy in 1920 when he was 16. He had to fib about his age to get in.

I said, "We don't have any girls," and he said, "You'd better get some."

I'd done some boxing in the Navy, and at that time I still had two good hips, so I heaved him down the long flight of stairs to the sidewalk. That night, when I went out to get something to eat, I was waylaid in an alleyway. Two or three characters came at me with knives. One of them ripped me in the back and tore my shirt. I was barely holding my own with those monkeys when some pedestrians came along and the knife wielders scattered. I went back into the hotel and was bandaging my wounds when Stumpy came in.

I told him what happened, and he asked, "Did you recognize anybody?"

"One of them was that creep I threw out of here," I said.

"Be back in a little," Stumpy said.

It was marvelous to see the way he went downstairs. He walked down on his hands. He had the biggest arms I've ever seen. He took his roller-skate platform in his truncated lap and went down those stairs faster than I could have made them.

After a while, he came back and said, "You won't have any more trouble, Reds."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Don't ask questions," he said.

Later, two Detroit city detectives dropped in. "We found a body down here in the alley next to the hotel," they said. "Know anything about it?"

I said, "No," and they said, "Well, come down and see if you can identify it." I went down, and there was the guy that I had thrown down the stairs—the same guy who'd jumped me in the alley.

I said, "But I don't know who he is," and I went back upstairs. *H'm-m-m*, I thought, *what goes in this place?* So I went to Julian and asked, "What is this?"

"It's time I explain a few things to you," he said. He mentioned a string of gambling joints and a chain of speak-easies where you could get the Greek drink masticha, prohibition or no prohibition, and he said they belonged to him. "I also control a lot of these bums' votes," he said. "We help put people in office and nobody bother us. We pay off with vote."

"What about Stumpy?" I asked.

"Stumpy is the brains," he said. "Stumpy sit all day with the hat and he work out things while he sit there. He think for me."

It dawned on me that I was up to my ears in a cesspool of gangsterdom, so I said to him, "You know, Julian, I've been brought up different from you. I did four years in the Navy. I love my country and I'm a good citizen, or at least I'd like to be. I don't like this. Because a fellow attacks me—which I could have handled myself—a guy kills him!"

"Stumpy don't kill the man," Julian said. "Stumpy don't dirty his hands. Somebody else kill him."

"That's great," I said. "That's just swell."

Julian laughed. "Don't be foolish," he said. "You won't be happy if you leave here."

"O.K., Julian," I said. I kept on working for a week. Then I saw an ad in the paper. "Wanted: Young man with a good personality and ability to meet people." I went for a walk and answered the ad. It was for a job selling cemetery lots.

"I'll put you down for a drawing account against commission," said the fellow who'd placed the ad. "If you do what I tell you, you can sell lots." He gave me a territory out toward Willow Run, where the airport now is.

I never went back downtown in Detroit, and Julian and Stumpy never found out where I'd gone. I didn't hear of them again, except once. Years later I picked up a detective-story magazine and I saw pictures of some of that hotel mob being led away to the pen. Somebody had cleaned up the town.

Selling those cemetery lots brought me the first big money I'd ever made. I knocked on doors and said, "Good morning, madam; I'm from the Federation of Churches. May I ask you a few questions? How many in your family, and what church do you attend?" If she said, "Catholic," I thanked her and left. Catholics have their own cemeteries, so she was no prospect. Then I moved on to the next house and started all over again with "Morning, madam, I'm from the Federation of Churches. (There was no federation, but no one questioned that.) Are you Protestant or Catholic?" I asked. This time the answer was "Methodist," and my next question was, "Madam, the purpose of this survey is to find out if you own a cemetery lot." If the answer was "No," I said, "Far too many of our brethren have no place in which to lay their loved ones. Is your husband working?"

Her answer was, "He's in an auto factory." My next move was a grim one. "I don't want to alarm you," I said, "but suppose he meets with an accident? Where are you going to put him?"

She thought that over, and asked, "How do you go about getting a lot?"

"When is your husband coming home?" I asked her. "I'd rather talk to both of you." That night when her husband got home, she'd give him such a loving greeting it took him back to the day he was married. (Continued on Page 141)

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A work-saver for busy Thanksgiving!

Busy, busy days like Thanksgiving and other holidays emphasize the work-saving convenience of Pure-Pak disposable milk cartons. Nothing to wash, return or set out! Save space in crowded refrigerators, too! Over half of all bottled milk is now in cartons. Get milk in Pure-Pak . . . at store or door. Call Western Union Operator 25 for names of dairies offering home delivery.

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Pure-Pak

YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER

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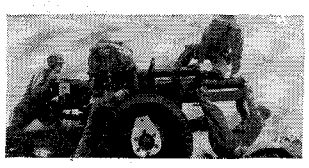
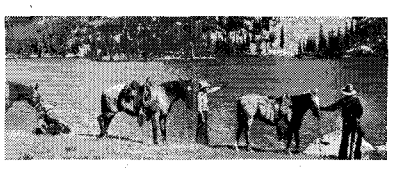
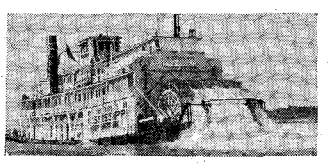
Out of your living room into the "wide wide world"



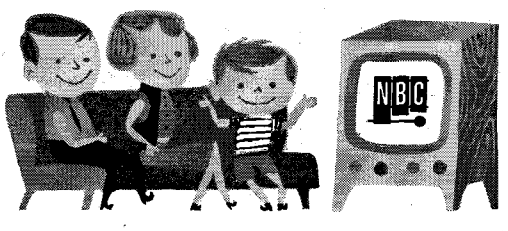
All of us dream of the romantic journeys we would like to take, the exciting adventures on which we would so willingly embark, the friends we would like to make.

Out of these dreams has been created NBC's great new "live" television program, WIDE WIDE WORLD, to take you out of your living room into faraway places, along adventurous roads, among exciting people.

On twenty Sunday afternoons this season, WIDE WIDE WORLD offers you a ninety-minute tour of the wonderful world you live in. You will clamber down trails on mule-back, deep into the heart of the Grand Canyon with a "live" television camera. You will wander along the Midway and into the sideshows of a small town circus. You will accompany the U. S. Army in maneuvers, try out with some hopeful rookie for a major league baseball team, race down a ski-trail at Sun Valley and lie in the sand at Palm Beach.

And you will do a great many other things that haven't quite been figured out yet.

This week's program, on Sunday, Nov. 13, at 4 P.M. New York Time, is called "A Sunday with Youth." You will take part in hot rod races in San Fernando, Cal., share Sunday worship with young men and women in Old Bennington, Vt., work out with a high school football team in Massillon, Ohio. And piling miracle on miracle, WIDE WIDE WORLD will take you "live" to Havana, for the first direct television pickup from outside this continent.



Following are the dates of remaining WIDE WIDE WORLD programs this season. Keep all these Sunday afternoons free — each is a reservation for a voyage of adventure, out of your living room into the WIDE WIDE WORLD.

THESE ARE THE BIG SUNDAYS

13, 27, NOV.	MAR. *4, 11, 25*
4, 18, DEC.	APR. *1, 15, 29*
1, 22, 29, JAN.	MAY *6, 20*
12, 19, FEB.	JUNE *3*

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(Continued from Page 138) Then I showed up and she said, "Oh, John, here's the man who's going to tell us all about a cemetery lot."

I didn't gyp anybody. We sold those lots for as little as $300. Tops for a big corner lot was $1500. Today you couldn't buy a lot in that cemetery for less than $3000, so they got value received. We salesmen got 15 per cent commission. This meant that sometimes I knocked over as much as $500 a week. I was making out so good I moved into the Book Cadillac and bought a Stutz Bearcat car. But there must have been flaws in my own sales resistance, for I went out one day to sell a man a lot, and I wound up buying a half interest in his vaudeville act. He had a banjo on the piano, and I picked it up and started to play.

"Where did you learn that?" he asked. "You do it like a pro."

"I learned it in the Navy," I said.

"You ought to be in the theater," he said.

The next thing I knew, he was telling me about an act he owned. "If I could find somebody who'd put in about a thousand bucks," he said, "this act would really go places. The starting salary would be at least six hundred and fifty dollars a week." Since there were six of us, that wasn't very much money, but it was enough for me. I fell for it.

It was a big act, which used the whole stage, and it had dancers—we featured two adagio dancers—and music. I not only bought part of the act, I left town with it as a banjo player. Maybe that was what was wrong. Something was, because the whole thing blew up in our faces at the Los Angeles Hippodrome. I hocked my banjo and rode the freights back to Chicago, where I held a cabbie job for a Chicago taxi company long enough to buy some decent suits.

Then I took a job as an entertainer in a night club called the Sunset Cabaret. The time was January, 1927. I learned later it was one of Al Capone's places, but I didn't know him and I never met him. I played the uke and went from table to table, singing. I also emceed the show and its chorus line of twelve dames. That chorus was very nude—a spangle here and a dangle there.

After I'd been there about three weeks, an ex-shipmate of mine dropped in. He was wearing the uniform of a Coast Guard officer.

"Why don't you come into the Hooligan Navy with me?" he said. "With your experience, you could get a commission in no time." The Hooligan Navy is what Navy men affectionately call the Coast Guard.

The idea of brass buttons still had a pull for me, so the next morning I went to the recruiting station, and I shipped in the Coast Guard for two years. Immediately I was sent to the radio school at New London, Connecticut, for a refresher course. While I was there I met my first wife, Kay. She was working in Hartford for the Library Bureau, which was used by all of the insurance companies. After that, I began to spend my leaves in Hartford.

Pretty soon I was given sea duty, and we patrolled up and down off the coast with an eye peeled for rumrunners. When we found one, if she was inside the twelve-mile limit we boarded her. If she was farther out, we couldn't pick her up—it was against the law—but we could picket her.

A typical runner was a big boat loaded with cases of booze that would lie out there and wait for speedy little craft to sneak alongside, take on a load of whisky and make a dash for the coast. When we found one of those floating unloading platforms, we stuck to her until we were relieved by a smaller patrol boat. Then the picket boat stayed there until the rum ship was starved out and had to come in. When she did, we could arrest those on board if we could find liquid evidence, but that was hard to do. For in the dark of night the crew would dump their booze overboard.

On the third of March, 1928, I married the Hartford girl I'd been courting, and we moved into a couple of rented rooms in New London. Being married filled me with ambition. I applied for admission to a school run by the Navy at the Bellevue Research Laboratory, in the District of Columbia, and was accepted. Bellevue was a school set up to make chief radiomen out of first-class radiomen. It was really Cornell University's four-year radio-engineering course condensed into six months. They let me in because one of my few accomplishments, other than playing a banjo and a uke, was being a fine radio operator and a good radio engineer. I could shoot trouble in a radio shack better than most, and do expert installation work, and not to be too modest about it, I was an all-round good radio man. My wife, Kay, and I took one room with what was called "kitchen privileges" in Northeast Washington. That meant using somebody else's kitchen. Kay hated that, and I didn't blame her, but she put up with a lot because the school was supposed to mean promotion for me.

During the first six weeks at Bellevue we were given mathematics. We went from simple fractions and decimals through to the rudiments of integral calculus. We either got it or were dropped. There was a high mortality. At the end of the six weeks there were only twenty-eight left in a starting class of eighty. I was one of the survivors.

Soaking up that math really strained my brain. In desperation, I bought myself some tutoring on the side by signing up with a correspondence school. As a result of this—and no sleep—I not only mastered math, I was No. 1 in the class.

In the afternoon we worked in a laboratory staffed with Government scientists. Radar was developed there—I helped work on it myself—and supersonics for submarines was also being developed. My wife was a real soldier about putting up with my working all day and almost all night. At that point, we were happily married. Our son, Dick, was conceived while I was in school at Bellevue. He was born the following February, 1930. When I finished the school, the Coast Guard was happy about my record because it was the first time a Coast Guardsman had even finished the course, not to mention being at the head of the class. As a reward, they gave me my choice of duty. I asked for shore duty at the Coast Guard Depot at Curtis Bay, Maryland, outside Baltimore. The Coast Guard had a depot there for reconditioning its vessels. It was equipped with a repair shop and laboratory for radio.

One night in the fall of 1929 I was sitting in a beer joint just outside of the depot gate, playing the banjo and singing and laughing it up with the boys. We happened to tune in on a little Baltimore station, WFBR, which had an amateur program starting at midnight, Saturday night. Anybody who could sing a song or play an instrument could do his stuff if he felt like it, and it went on until the station ran out of talent toward morning.

The announcer said, "If you can sing or play or whistle or tell a joke, come on up and we'll put you on the air."

The guys with me said, "Why don't you go up there, Arthur? You're better than those jokers."

So I went up and played a couple of banjo solos and sang a song somebody must have thought good, for I was asked to come back the following week.

The third time I was there, one of the people who worked for WFBR asked, "How'd you like to be on the air with your own program? We've got a sponsor for you. It's the Triangle Pet Shop, a birdseed store. It buys a spot two or three times a week."

"Why not?" I asked. So I was billed as Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist; some of the mail came addressed to the "wobbling banjoist." They paid me five dollars for each fifteen-minute program Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. I think we sold some birdseed too.

This is the second of eight articles by Arthur Godfrey as told to Pete Martin. The third will appear next week.

The Doctor Who Sees Through You (Continued from Page 43)

typist and various X-ray apparatus. Some seventy large photographs of young Sosman-trained radiologists border two walls just below the picture molding. One picture compels a double take. It is of a frightful-looking fellow with cauliflower ears; a massive prognathous jaw; a bald, receding dome, and no visible neck. A wrestling fan might recognize Maurice the Angel, now dead. A pituitary-gland tumor caused the Angel to develop acromegaly, a face-deforming disease that enhanced his attraction both as a wrestler and as a subject of scientific study. Sosman has X rays of the Angel's skull, too, but these resemble well-trained young radiologists even less.

A final example of the professor's fun-loving side may be found just inside the door of the same room. A wall exhibit displays the metal and rubber parts of an old stethoscope, with the typed legend beneath: "Rare and unusually well-preserved fragments of an instrument known as the 'stethoscope' . . . formerly in common use in the diagnosis of pulmonary and heart disease. This contraption was . . . actually in general use until the Roentgen era." (The word—we might as well settle it now—is pronounced "RENT-gen," with a hard *g*. It refers, of course, to Wilhelm K. von Roentgen, German physicist, who in 1895 discovered the X ray, a form of radiant energy having the power to penetrate most solids.

Sosman is the first to admit that his little joke about the extinction of the stethoscope overreaches itself. It is still a handy instrument, allowing the doctor skilled in its use to tune in on a subterranean world of whistling, bubbling, tinkling noises in ailing lungs and, equally, the various thud-thuds, skips and gallops of a beating, but somewhat beaten heart. Nonetheless, Sosman's little museum exhibit succeeds very well in twitting old-fashioned bedside diagnosticians who, even after World War I, insisted that they could trust their eyes and ears a lot farther than this newfangled magic lantern, the X-ray machine.

Doctor Sosman, at the age of sixty-five, is a middling specimen of a man with the rough-as-a-cob features of a Midwestern dirt farmer. Possibly his most impressive physical feature is his voice, which has the tonal finality of a bass viol. His manner, however, is an intriguing blend of the man and his work; he combines an emotional quietness amounting almost to self-effacement with a pedagogical air ranging from archness or low-register amusement to the cold aloofness of a man who is aware that medical admirers have described him as the greatest X-ray diagnostician in America

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and, unquestionably, one of the greatest clinical teachers in all medicine.

This estimate, it should be noted at once, grants that no man is bigger than the experience he has to offer. As a master at making sense out of a shadowy film profile of your insides, as a teacher whose students do not forget his words of wisdom, and as a scientist whose contributions have won him a place in such high-altitude circles of scholarship as the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Sosman draws on a vast accumulation of sober observations about the 525,000 patients and more than 1,000,000 X-ray films seen in his department in the last thirty-three years.

On the wall of his small, seclusive and bookish office is one of these films. Depicting the great Dr. Harvey Cushing's stomach ulcer, this X-ray study involves a Sosman success in a difficult, differential diagnosis of an ulcer from a cancer. The ulcer developed in 1933, the year after Cushing, who pioneered modern brain surgery, retired from Harvard and went to Yale University School of Medicine to continue his work. The ulcer grew larger in a month's time, and New Haven medical opinion leaned toward a diagnosis of fast-growing cancer, requiring quick removal of a large part of the stomach. Sosman, who had done all of Cushing's X-ray work in Boston and at that time had made more films of brain tumors than any other man alive, was called to New Haven as a consultant. He insisted that a stomach ulcer also may get bigger before healing. Something about this one suggested the advisability of further waiting and watching. Sosman was outnumbered, but his opinion carried weight and it prevailed. In another month, Cushing's ulcer was much smaller, and later it completely healed. He died six years afterward, of heart disease.

Entirely within Sosman's professional lifetime, the X-ray machine has become possibly the single most important diagnostic tool in medicine. Together with the pathologist's clinical laboratory, it shares credit for moving the sickbed from home into hospital.

X rays—invisible and painless—pass through the body like pins through a cushion and make a shadowgraph on the photosensitive film or fluorescent screen on the other side. Interpretation of the shadows—"We deal only in shadows," emphasizes Sosman—gives the doctor a mind's eye view of the source of that wheeze or squeak in your lungs, plus a reliable measurement of whether your heart is enlarged, among other things. Chest films account for one third of all X-ray diagnostic work, and bone films for another 20 per cent. Indeed, routine X-raying of the lungs to detect tuberculosis in its curable stages deserves much of the credit for driving this disease down from second to seventh place as a cause of death in the United States, the rate having dropped about 85 per cent since the X ray was discovered. Before Roentgen, moreover, doctors detected and reduced fractures by the torturous method of bony crepitus, the crackling noise made by rubbing the broken ends of a bone together. Now the orthopedic surgeon simply X-rays a fracture beforehand to see what he has to do, and again, after setting it, to see how he has done.

Fluoroscopic examinations of the gastrointestinal tract—mainly stomach, small intestine and colon—rank third in volume—about 15 per cent. In addition, the radiologist has a large bag of special techniques for contrast studies of other organs, such as gall bladder, kidneys, brain and bladder; the liver and pancreas are the only two left that cannot be seen satisfactorily. In most instances, a chemical is injected or swallowed, thence to concentrate in the organ and outline its structure. The chemical is harmless and eventually excreted. Often such a test, humdrum from the standpoint of usage, is of critical importance. The 1924 introduction of dye in the bile by Drs. Evarts A. Graham and Warren H. Cole has been ultimately responsible for the saving of many thousands of lives. Inasmuch as X rays go right through most gallstones, only about one in five can be picked up by roentgenology without this contrast study. With it, however, the stones appear as mottled spots against the bladder's shadow.

Rarely would today's abdominal surgeon attempt a big operation without having satisfactory X-ray films to guide him. Contrast this with the operating schedule when Sosman became Brigham roentgenologist in 1922. Half the operations then, he says, were exploratory—to find the cause of the patient's undefined "pain in the belly."

Any person who has gone to school, college, work or to war these days is likely to have been X-rayed not once, but several times. Yet few have met a full-fledged radiologist, of which the American College of Radiology reports there are some 4300 in the United States. This is not simply because the bulk of X-ray equipment is in the offices of general practitioners or other doctors who do their own X-ray diagnosis or treatment, nor is it merely because the films often are taken by X-ray technicians who are not physicians. Our lack of familiarity with the radiologist is in part due to the fact that he is, as one internist termed him, "a fellow who does his best work when he is completely in the dark." Certainly this is true of Sosman and his three associates, Drs. James B. Dealy, Jr., Alexander S. Macmillan and J. Leland Sosman, a son. At peak times, they may spend as much as half of their typical 8:30-to-6:30 day in a dark room.

It was my privilege to follow Sosman and his associates into the fluoroscopy room. Twenty minutes before fluoroscoping, the radiologist dons red-lensed goggles, thus assuring maximum dark adaptation of his eyes. Over the left breast pocket of his long white coat he wears a monitor badge which contains a piece of unexposed dental film; the film is taken out and developed every two weeks to see how much he has been exposed to stray X rays. There rarely are any, thanks to the safety precautions taken.

Prolonged exposure, as some early martyrs to X ray failed to appreciate, can result in burns, ulcers and cancer. For this reason, the radiologist puts on a lead-rubber apron when he enters the room, and wears a lead-lined glove while passing his hand through the rays. Likewise, the glass screen through which he looks is lead-impregnated. Lead is one substance which stops the X ray cold.

The patient's safety is assured by the fact that he is not long exposed. An automatic timer cuts the electrical current operating the fluoroscope every five minutes. The rule is that no patient can be examined more than ten minutes at a time. In the fluoroscopy room, which is dimly lighted by a single red lamp, the patient stands against a tilting table which enables the X rays to strike him at any angle, including the horizontal.

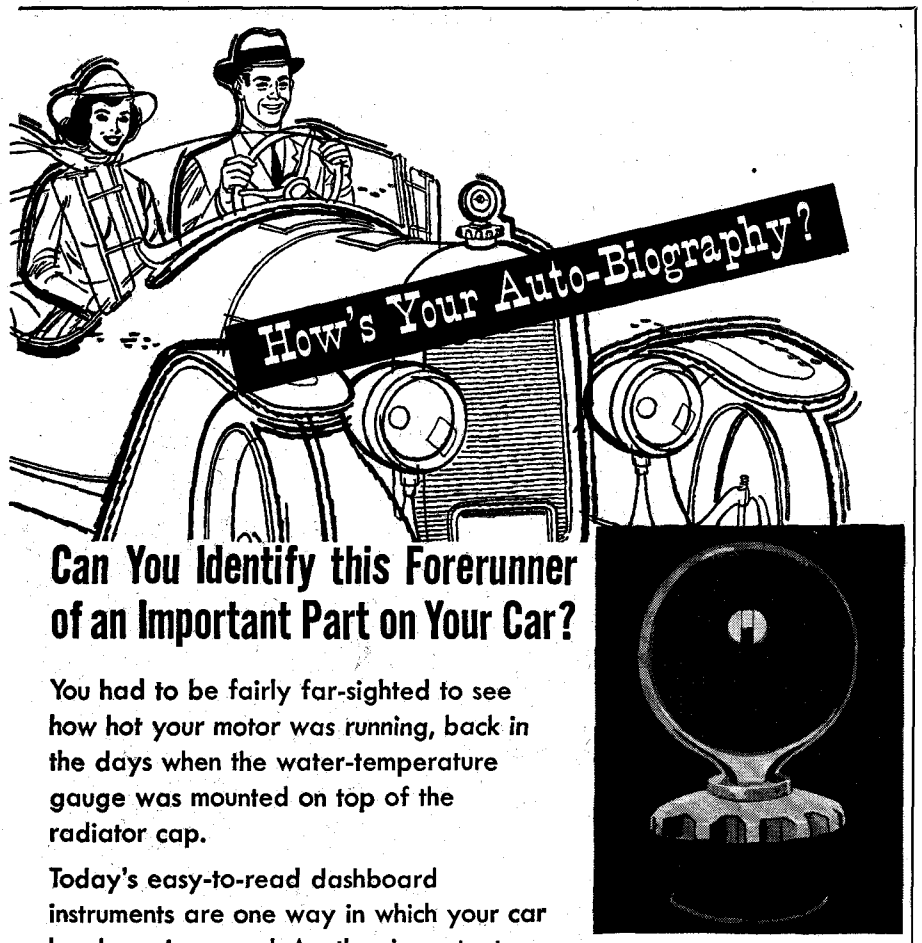
I watched Sosman examine three hearts. One was normal, one was enlarged, and in one overextended heart he clearly demonstrated, even to my untrained eyes, the presence of calcification in its valves. The technique is possibly his greatest single contribution to medical diagnosis. Calcium deposits may accumulate in the valves of the heart as the result of rheumatic fever or arteriosclerosis. Sosman is credited as the first man to have seen them under an X-ray examination of the beating heart. His report of the technique was published in 1933.

It was in his work with "hardhearted patients," as he likes to call them for teaching purposes, that Sosman introduced a favorite axiom extending far beyond radiology: "We see only what we look for. We look for only what we know."

To produce a shadow and a sharp outline in a gastrointestinal series, the radiologist has the patient—who stands there rather forlornly in his pajamas or nightgown—drink barium and water from a beaker. Barium is a harmless, chalky-tasting stuff that is radiopaque, meaning it blocks X rays. The doctor asks the patient to take a sip and, in the movable fluorescent screen, we watch the black blob streak down the esophagus. In an instant, the barium hits the patient's otherwise empty stomach.

The stomach, we discover, is not a phlegmatic, unresponsive receptacle, but lively. It and the small intestine below—and, indeed all surrounding organs—are constantly shifting position. Now we learn a trick of the trade. Normal tissues move. The abnormal may be fixed and unmoving.

Persuading the patient to take another gulp or two, the radiologist now watches the barium as it profiles the stomach. Any crater or break in the smooth outline is



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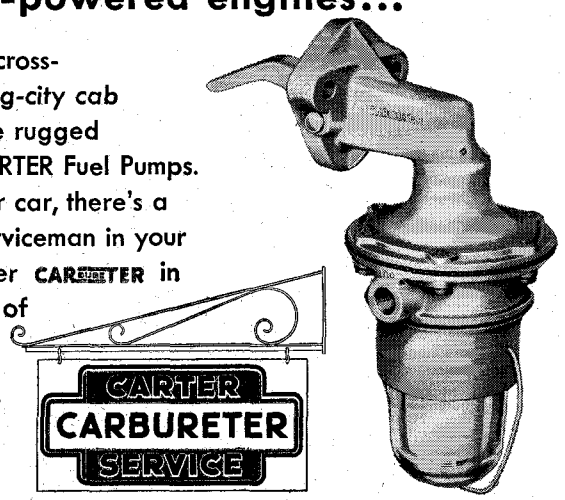

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cause for further study, in which case the doctor snaps a spot film, or "still picture," of the area. The lower part of the stomach, where it narrows, is a favorite place for cancer as well as ulcers.

Thence we come to the all-important pylorus, the opening between the stomach and the duodenum, or topmost portion of the small intestine. The radiologist wants to see this muscular valve open and close as the barium hits bottom and passes through. He watches, among other things, for pyloric spasms; they account for many of the human race's "upchucky" feelings.

But the chief stamping ground of the "stomach ulcer" is not the stomach; it is the duodenum. This stretch of the road is strangely resistant to cancer, but duodenal ulcers outnumber true stomach ulcers better than 5 to 1. All ulcers outnumber stomach cancers something like 40 to 1, according to a 1950 Sosman study of 1825 fluoroscoped patients. Cancers of the colon, detected via barium enema, outnumber stomach cancers 5 to 1, a significant commentary on their greater curability, for stomach cancer is the No. 1 cancer killer among men.

In the dark, patients find Sosman rather friendly, in contrast to some radiologists who maintain a severe silence. He chats with them and asks some questions a family doctor would. "Our patients," says Sosman, "seem quite willing to tell us their troubles in the fluoroscopic room, and doing so seems to give some relief."

Sosman, who has a staff of thirty persons, including six X-ray technicians, shares with all radiologists an annoyance with people who assume that the doctor "takes a picture" that invariably "tells" him what's wrong inside. "Unfortunately," he says, "no X-ray machine yet available furnishes a diagnosis along with the film." What counts, he insists, is the man who interprets the film.

This is made plain to the kibitzer in the X-ray reading room, where every morning there is on hand a stack of films, plus interested staff and house doctors, waiting to "see what the professor says." Here's a chest film. What does it show? Perhaps those gray little clouds seen through the ribs on each side of the spine are the ravages of disease? They could be, but in this particular location the shadows are cast by a convergence of arteries, veins and bronchi in the hilar spaces, or hollows, between the lungs. This is a common mistake among the inexperienced. Early tuberculosis appears only as cumulus wisps where there should be dark spaces between the ribs. You have to know your X-ray anatomy. Cancer may look a little different, typically. You must read hundreds of films to know. As Sosman says, it is "like telling a Chinese from a Japanese."

The trained radiologist can deduce an amazing number of facts from these cryptic shadows—age, sex, height, weight, previous diseases or injuries, and perhaps something about occupation or nationality. The growth zones at the ends of the bones are almost as good as a birth certificate in indicating a child's age; the bone density and condition of the joints give you a good approximation in later life. Sex is a matter of bone size, plus a glance to see if there are faint outlines of the breasts, just above the diaphragm. As an internationally known consultant, Sosman receives films for an opinion from everywhere, including Hollywood. Once he had the opportunity to examine the chest film of a well-known pin-up blonde. He diagnosed her chest as "normal, but rather thin."

The length of the bones shows whether the person is tall or short. Excess fat blurs what's to be seen underneath, a fact causing radiologists to join in the general denunciation of excess weight. A large spleen suggests either disease or that the person is an Italian, for large spleens may be normal for this nationality, according to Sosman. Manual laborers show their toil in the signs of wear and tear on their joints. Sosman can look at the X-ray film of your foot and tell you whether it has pained you much recently, a trick most doctors would muff. People favor the parts that pain them, and this results in lack of use. Disuse produces decalcification of the bones. Sosman can read loss of calcium in the shadow cast by a bone. Simple? For him, yes.

Sosman endeavors to transmit his stupendous body of knowledge to other doctors in consultations, conferences, classes or lectures, as well as in his scientific papers. In teaching, he resorts to humor to keep his listeners awake and dangling on the sharp hook of memorability. Thousands of medical students have seen how Sosman puts other professors on the spot during Tuesday X-ray conferences. Over the years, he frequently engaged in spontaneous or verbal duel with Dr. S. Burt Wolbach, Brigham pathologist in chief, who died in 1954.

Attempts have been made, naturally, to turn his trap-the-professor game against Sosman. At a Denver conference, a playful doctor produced X rays of a small animal and asked the radiologist what it was.

"This," he said at once, "is a curly-tailed Siamese kitten with blue eyes." Sosman knew his Siamese cats from his consultations with Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, chief veterinarian of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston.

Dr. Samuel A. Levine, renowned Harvard heart specialist, delights in recalling a typical example of Sosman's ability to arrest attention. As part of their medical lecture tours, they appeared before the Orleans Parish Medical Society in New Orleans.

When it came Sosman's turn, he waited for silence and then asked the chairman, "Do you have a Bible?"

"They just don't make 'em the way they used to."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"No, I don't, sir," replied the startled doctor.

The radiologist asked the society's secretary and then the audience. None had a Bible on hand. This compelled him, he said, to quote his text from memory. For an apt analogy to looking into the screen of an X-ray fluoroscope, he cited I Corinthians XIII, 12:

"'For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then I shall know even as also I am known.'"

Sosman, known here in part, even as all of us are known, is one doctor who has managed to live a well-rounded life. That he is as happy at his home as at the hospital or medical school is evident to anyone who visits his ten-room, tan stucco house in Newton, one of Boston's close-in suburbs. The house is on Chestnut Hill. The chestnuts were blighted, but other trees and the Sosmans, who arrived in 1924, bloomed and prospered. A son—now father of four—and a daughter grew up and departed; the house is now occupied by Doctor Sosman, the gracious Mrs. Sosman and his alert mother-in-law, Mrs. Harry S. Adams.

"I used to think he was something of a nuisance," says Mrs. Adams, who is in the neighborhood of eighty. She refers to when the Sosman boy charged through the Adams house back in Chillicothe, Ohio. Merrill Clary Sosman was born in Chillicothe on June 23, 1890, the son of Francis Sosman, a railroad paymaster and later insurance salesman. Merrill was the youngest of four brothers left motherless when he was eighteen months old. They were raised by a maiden Aunt Mary until Merrill was ten, when they acquired a stepmother, Nettie May Sosman, who completed the task quite satisfactorily. "I ran barefoot and wild," says Sosman.

His father sent him to the University of Wisconsin, where he sang bass in the glee club and obtained his A.B. degree in 1913. Thence he went to Johns Hopkins University Medical School and got his M.D. in 1917.

In 1918 he obtained a first lieutenant's commission in the Army Medical Corps and a wife, Arline Adams, his childhood sweetheart. It was otherwise a rough year. Recovering from the influenza which killed thousands of soldiers, Sosman went on to Army Medical School and Walter Reed Hospital assignments enabling him to study roentgenology; as a matter of fact, he became a radiologist "by order of the Surgeon General." In 1921, he was sent to the Massachusetts General Hospital, another of the Harvard family, to train under one of radiology's greatest teachers, Dr. George W. Holmes, after which he was to go to the Philippine Islands. In 1922, however, Doctor Cushing used his influence with the Surgeon General to bring Sosman to the Brigham.

Now the Brigham staff's oldest active member, Sosman is still a year away from compulsory retirement. While he tries to hold to a nine-to-five hospital day, he is still in full pursuit of his philosophy: "There is no use working hard to make a living unless one can enjoy living while making it." By accepting medical lecture and meeting dates where the fishing is good, and by taking a fly rod in addition to his lecture notes and box of X-ray slides, he has been able to fish in some of the best waters, fresh and salt, of North America. But his first fishing love is, as anglers call it, "killing" salmon on the Grand Codroy River in Newfoundland, where he is co-owner of a cabin.

He enjoys wing shooting equally, seldom missing partridge, pheasant or woodcock with his sixteen-gauge Browning automatic shotgun. Once, while hunting in Sudbury, he and two other Brigham doctors fired in quick succession at a pheasant. Rather than cut the bird apart, Sosman took it to the hospital and X-rayed it to prove that the shot that had brought it to earth were of the size he was using, No. 4 and not the No. 6 or 8 used by the two others. The Sosmans ate the pheasant.

A member of The Country Club—this *haut-monde* Brookline institution, America's first country club, has no other name—Sosman used to golf in the eighties, but now limits his club activities to skeet and social events, of which his calendar is quite full. Recently, he was host at a cordial little dinner for twelve. After much talk about fishing, the four guests of honor, including doctors from New Zealand and Great Britain, were surprised to find a small goldfish in each of their finger bowls.

Doctor and Mrs. Sosman are patrons of the Boston Symphony, and seldom miss a concert. When Serge Koussevitzky was conductor, Sosman used to see some of the orchestra's musicians under the fluoroscope—their ulcers at any rate. The temperamental conductor, it appeared, was capable of producing the emotional crisis or frustration which Sosman says, in agreement with most medical opinion, nearly always precipitates a duodenal ulcer.

Sosman twice has had serious occasion to patronize his own specialty as a patient. The facts thereof are fully noted in the annual reports of the Brigham radiologist in chief, themselves so whimsical, chatty and flagrantly newsy that some members of the staff protest Sosman is altogether too gay, while others claim Sosman's is the only report they read. Gay or not, who but a happy, secure man would dare start an annual report, as did Sosman, "Radiology is fun"?

Other reports find him commenting on the forty-three-pound salmon he hooked in Norway in 1950, his inability to recommend the Kinsey report, the poor upland shooting in 1953, the loss of another secretary to marriage and, of course, his operations.

In 1948, he told of a "fifty-eight-year-old male physician who was brought into our X-ray department early Saturday morning. . . . The patient," he said, speaking of himself, "complained of abdominal gripes, dry heaves and a sensation of constant *do-si-do* movements across the solar plexus." He then went on to relate how an X-ray film of his abdomen disclosed dilated loops in the small intestine and a probable intestinal obstruction. Taken to a hospital room, he was assaulted with a stomach tube, "a well-greased garden hose." The attending doctors attempted to pass it through his nose, esophagus and stomach into the small intestine and thus relieve the pressure there. But a pyloric spasm seemed to be blocking passage of the tube.

He was then taken back to X ray to see if the tube might be guided under the fluoroscope to the seat of the trouble. Examination on the hard, cold tilting table availed nothing, and presently he found himself headed for Surgery—"Somewhere along the route a large needle had been inserted into a vein in the arm, and connected to a Dripolator, whence soothing fluids entered his collapsed venous system." The anesthetic ended his misery. The surgeon, finding an adhesion had wedged two loops of the small intestine together, remedied the trouble.

"The history of this patient states that 'convalescence was uneventful,'" commented Sosman, "but that is pure fabrication. In hospital parlance it probably means that nothing happened to the patient of interest to the attending staff."

This was not true in 1952, when, it is said, a marked depression settled over the Brigham at the news that Sosman had cancer of the lung. Early in the summer, the radiologist "noticed a change in the character of his cigarette cough." His chills and fever were explained by a chest film showing inflammation and consolidation in the lower lobe of the right lung. Sosman decided he needed two weeks of fishing on the Grand Codroy, but he returned from the trip still feeling below par.

Now the chest film showed more consolidation and a partial collapse of the lung. His staff friends advised a bronchoscopy. Under anesthesia, a lighted tube was passed through his throat and windpipe into his lung and down to the affected area. Working through the tube, a surgeon snipped out a small piece of tissue.

The reports of Wolbach and two other pathologists told the grim story: cancer. Sosman knew better than most what he was up against. The only worth-while treatment is a pneumonectomy, removing the entire lung. The risk of the operation itself is small in good hands, but the chance of surviving five years and thus achieving the statistical "five-year cure" is about one in twenty.

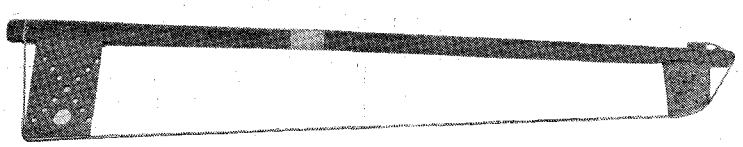
The decision, recorded in Sosman's 1952 report, was to have Dr. Richard Sweet, of Massachusetts General Hospital, operate immediately. It was July and it was hot. Following a duck dinner, Sosman entered the hospital, and soon learned he must do without salt and cigarettes—the latter for good. Told he must stop smoking, he replied, "All right, I have just stopped." Whiling away a three-day period of preparation for the operation, Sosman listened to the Republican National Convention on the radio; he was satisfied with the nomination, but not entirely confident that he would be on hand to cast his vote.

Following a two-and-a-half-hour operation, a nightmarish day and night of "foggy confusion, punctuated by small helpings of ice" and "by hypos," he was up on the third day and in a chair on the fourth. With characteristic objectivity, Sosman summarized the outcome: "Aided by the infinite resources of the modern hospital, and with the most expert anesthesia, meticulously careful and complete operation, transfusions, antibiotics, oxygen, excellent nursing and plain good luck, this friend, now with only one lung, was back home and under his own power just eleven days after that major operation! Two months after the operation he was off in the wilds of Canada trout fishing. . . . Contrary to the rumors, however, he did not carry his canoe across any of the portages!"

This experience left Sosman a little slowed up, but in good health.

Radiologists rank among the better-paid specialists, averaging a taxable income of $15,500 a year, according to the latest available data (1952). With private fees for chest films ranging from five to fifteen dollars, and a complete gastrointestinal examination costing from thirty-five to fifty dollars, the American public spends nearly $1,000,000 a day on X-ray examinations and treatments. Himself an academic man, Sosman does not aspire to the higher brackets that some radiologists have reached. The story is told around the Brigham that he once asked the Board of Trustees to put a $20,000-a-year ceiling on his salary. In recent years, however, he has undertaken a small amount of private practice, and since then his income presumably has crept up a few thousand. This, incidentally, is a source of relief to some of the young men working under him. They have not only found it a struggle to raise families on salaries a respectful cut below the professor's, but, it is gossiped, are perplexed when they hear of opportunities to go out and make two or three times as much as he does.

Sosman views the economic seams of medicine with characteristic detachment. He is much more interested in the many letters he gets from former students. A typical one came from a general practitioner in New Guinea, who thanked him for his inspiring and witty teaching of radiology to medical students. "Your influence," wrote this man, "came to mind today while I was attempting to read a backlog of films taken here in our mission hospital. Often as I struggle through the intricacies of the magic lantern I say: 'Wonder how Sosman would have read this film?' and then it becomes easier somehow." Such a letter is one reward of doing your best work in the dark. THE END



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A KEY TO THE PLAINS	Symbolically, like a "key to the city," in ceremonies as wagon trains went West.
A FLATBOAT RUDDER	To steer flatboats through river rapids.
A HATTER'S BOW	To whip together the felt used in making hats.

Barlow Bridges

CORRECT ANSWER:
A hatter's bow, the cord of which was drawn through loose felt to bring it together in hat making.

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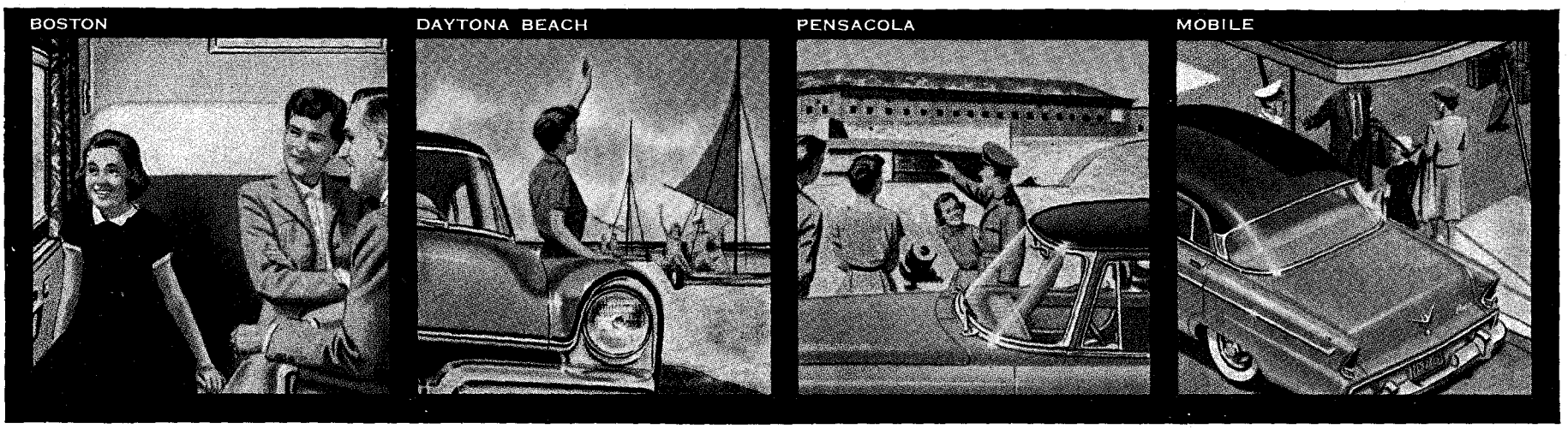

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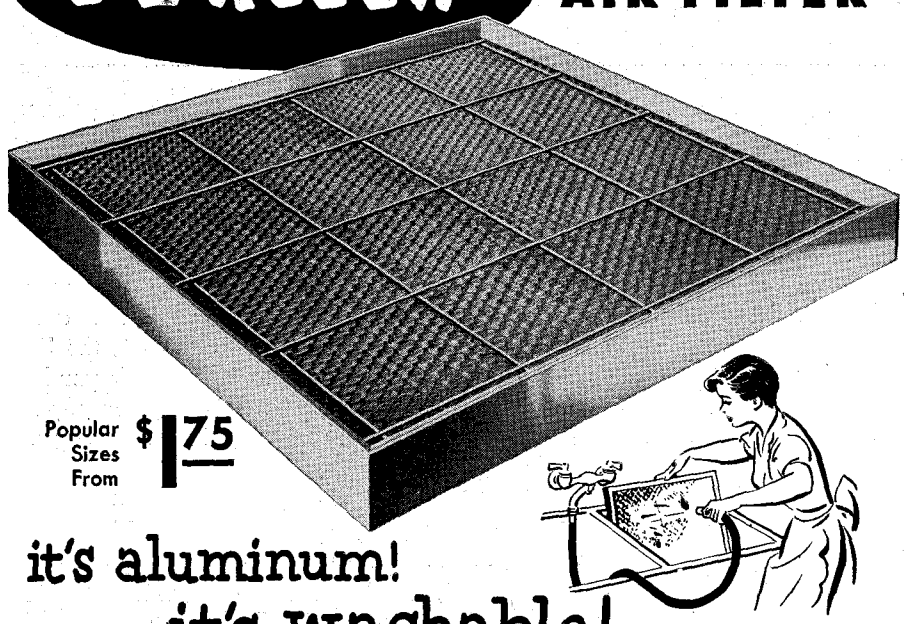

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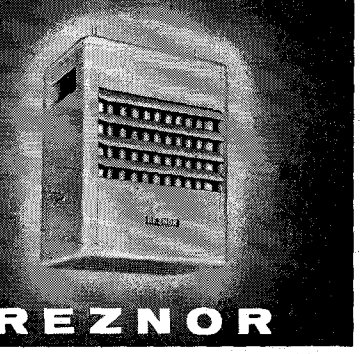

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Operation Brotherhood

(Continued from Page 31)

Vietminh dispensary. He decided this would serve Operation Brotherhood as its first outpost in the struggle against disease in former communist territory. With the bald sun rising over the paddies, Oscar led the convoy to the door of the battered old brick building with its numerous outhouses. The townspeople watched without excitement. There were no cheering peasants to welcome "liberation." There was only a silent, distrustful crowd of villagers gathered in their ragged black pajamas and wide conical hats. They stood in sullen silence, waiting for the strangers to make the first move.

The people of Camau, on that morning of February 8, 1955, could hardly have known just what was about to happen to them. And what did happen immediately must have seemed utterly incomprehensible. Under their suspicious eyes, two Filipino doctors and a nurse, in probably the whitest garments Camau had ever seen, stepped out of the jeeps. Above them loomed the giant figure of Oscar Arellano and, beside him, the short, energetic figure of Cesar Climaco, erstwhile mayor of Zamboanga, and now director of Operation Brotherhood in Vietnam.

These apparitions began unloading crates and boxes from the trucks. A security guard of Vietnamese soldiers climbed down from a truck and invaded the old communist dispensary to empty it of the rubble left by the departing Vietminh. Tables appeared under the trees in the courtyard in front of the dispensary. Gleaming white cloths were spread over them. Medicines, syringes and needles were laid out. Within an hour the people of Camau saw the first Operation Brotherhood clinic in former communist territory ready for business.

But there was no business. The villagers watched the entire proceedings without any flicker of interest on their impassive faces. Finally Oscar Arellano mounted the steps of the dispensary and cleared his throat.

"Friends of Camau," he began as if addressing his Junior Chamber of Commerce colleagues in Manila, "we are from the Philippines." He paused for his interpreter to relay this news. "We are members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce International, an organization of young men from five continents." The interpreter labored with this, but the people acted as though they did not hear. "We are not a political organization," Oscar went on, unintimidated. "We have banded together because we feel that service to humanity is the best work of life and that the brotherhood of man transcends the sovereignty of nations. We are here to bring you medical assistance and treatment. The medicines here come from your friends all over Asia, Europe and the Americas—from Hong Kong, Japan, Thailand, Australia, the United States."

The explanation ended. The doctors poised their stethoscopes, the nurses checked their needles. The crowd stared on, unmoved. Cesar Climaco grinned. He ran to a truck and brought out a five-gallon can of mixed candies. He put one in the mouth of a wide-eyed little boy standing at the edge of the crowd. He pressed one into the hand of a ragged little girl. Within seconds he was yelling for mercy and laughing as the kids swarmed over him.

When the excitement subsided, a woman, white-faced and pregnant, shyly approached the doctors. Behind her, a dignified old man came with a half-starved boy, yellow with malaria. A mother held out a baby raw with scabies. In a few minutes the interpreters were pleading with a crowd of patients, assuring them that there was plenty of medicine, guaranteeing that everyone would be treated.

In the sweltering heat the doctors diagnosed as best they could symptoms expressed in a foreign tongue out of an enormous ignorance, through green interpreters whose knowledge of medical terms was almost nil. The stethoscopes probed for answers that emaciated villagers could not give. Lunchtime came and went, and still the sick pressed in on the Filipinos. It had taken just one half hour for the brotherhood of man to overcome the suspicion and hate the communists had tried to plant in the minds of the people of Camau in an intensive campaign before they left for the north.

Tragedy on a grand scale is a commonplace in 1955. The conscience of the individual shrinks at the question of what a man or even a group of men can do to alleviate the suffering that plagues a world at war with itself. There are 800,000 refugees in South Vietnam—men and women who picked up their children and a handful of belongings and left the north because they preferred exile to communism. The feeble Vietnamese Government could not cope with the swarms of refugees that pressed in on Saigon. The Vietnamese Junior Chamber of Commerce tried to help with clinics at which Jaycee doctors treated refugees an hour a day. Oscar Arellano, then J.C. vice-president for Asia, visited Saigon during the summer of 1954. He saw the pathetic inadequacy of the Vietnamese effort, and went away burning with a message.

"Are we going to talk theory or are we going to be practical?" he asked Jaycee chapters all over Asia. "We have a chance here to make a reality of our claim that the brotherhood of man transcends the sovereignty of nations."

Oscar, a Filipino architect, is as broad through the middle as he is wide across the shoulders. His heart matches his body. His plea for assistance found a response all over the world. Asian countries sent medicines, toys, clothing and money. The Americas—both North and South—France, England, Australia and New Zealand, sent funds and supplies. Organizations like the Church World Service and CARE and others offered medicines, clothing and emergency foodstuffs. The Vietnamese Government supplied housing, transportation, interpreters, security and a living allowance for all personnel. By October of last year, five months after Oscar had conceived the program, teams of Filipino doctors, dentists and nurses, all volunteers, were in Saigon setting up clinics in the refugee camps, tending the sick, distributing food and clothing, and cheering the expatriates with movies, songs and dances. Later, when the tragic civil war broke out in Saigon's streets and thousands were burned out of their homes, the doctors of Operation Brotherhood were the first upon the battlefields to tend the wounded.

But as great as this service was to Vietnam in its "hour of trial," as a Vietnamese official called it, Oscar was not satisfied. What he saw in Vietnam was an urgent need for something greater from the Free World—the need for a medical-assistance program that would not stop with the treatment of a few hundred thousand refugees, but would go on into the future of this stricken new country. There were only 130 Vietnamese doctors to serve the needs of the 11,000,000 people of South Vietnam. Malnutrition, intestinal parasites, tuberculosis and other diseases were sapping the strength of the young nation. Oscar felt that the cruel neglect of centuries could be remedied by the Junior Chamber of Commerce International and its friends around the world. He told his fellow Jaycees that Operation Brotherhood could not only give emergency medical relief but could train young people

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to act as nurses and doctors' assistants and to render first aid so that when Operation Brotherhood leaves, its work will go on without pause.

It was, says Oscar, "hardhearted businessmen with soft hearts" who brought his plan to fruition. His own Filipino Jaycee members collected a surprising average of thirty-five dollars apiece. Jaycees in other countries contributed large sums of money and mountains of supplies to finance Operation Brotherhood to the extent of $18,700 a month. Jubilantly Oscar announced that "we've shown it doesn't take bugles to get the best people out. There's no army behind us," he said, "just a lot of good will."

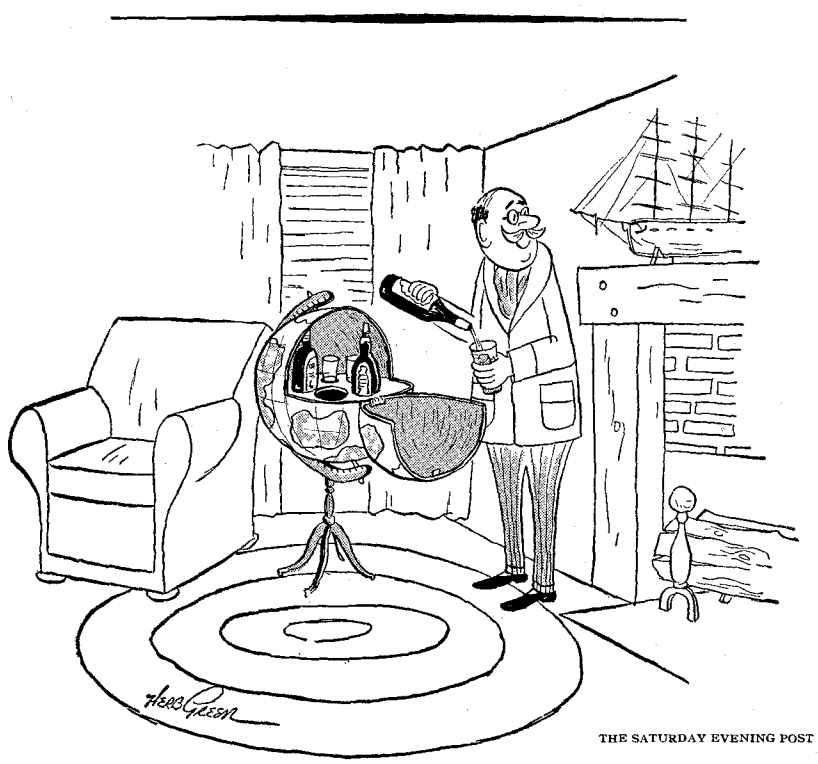
In February of this year the JC International took the project over from the Philippine Jaycees and made Oscar its chief. He was given permission to move into territory evacuated by the communists. But even before that permission, Oscar was on the telephone in Manila, calling Cesar Climaco in Zamboanga. The next day Cesar was in Manila and a team was established that the Junior Chamber International will never forget. A more persuasive, cyclonic tandem could not be found, nor two men with more sincerity. In America we tend to take our freedom for granted and to wince if the virtues of democracy are extolled in the terms they deserve. Oscar and Cesar are not hampered by such inhibitions. The freedoms they have were won with blood and they don't forget it. They love democracy and say so. They are convinced that the way to protect what they've won is to see that other Asians enjoy it too.

In Zamboanga, where he was mayor, Cesar led the local Jaycee chapter in a "Help Juan" movement that brought benefits to the people of surrounding towns. Oscar had an idea that the same sort of thing would help shaky Vietnam. But Vietnam, unfortunately, is not the Philippines. The peasantry of this unhappy country have never been much more than slaves, whether they were under their own mandarins, the French or the Vietminh. To convince them that the brotherhood of man had any meaning for them, the Filipinos had first to teach them that they were men. Oscar and Cesar were fortunate. The Filipino doctors, nurses, social workers and administrators were men and women who believed as fervently as they that all men are brothers and should be treated that way.

None of the Filipino volunteers are longhairs, however. They are gay, energetic, practical people, most of them young—and all of them so full of joy that its contagion is spreading even among the saddest Vietnamese. The girls among them are not wallflowers escaping old-maidhood in adventure, but beautiful young women who could hold their own in any salon. All of them have left practices or jobs in the Philippines paying much more than the $100 to $200 a month that Operation Brotherhood affords. Dr. Evaristo Talentino, for instance, who has become almost a god on the Camau Peninsula, is one of the finest surgeons in the Philippines. Dr. Paterna Almendral, at twenty-eight, has his own practice on the islands. Dr. Soledad Noble was an energetic practitioner at home before, as her Vietnamese interpreter told me, "she brought beauty to Camau." Nurse Norma Guerrero, who rode that first tense convoy to Camau, gave up an opportunity to study in America to continue her work in Vietnam. Others, like Dr. Miguel Villanueva, left wives and children, along with their practices, at home. These are representative of all 108 volunteers.

One hundred and eight men and women, however dedicated, would seem to be a very small drop in a bucket containing 11,000,000 people, at least 80 per cent of whom are felt to be in need of medical care. But somehow the Filipino medical teams have made their presence felt throughout the country and word of them has even spread into North Vietnam. Foreigners as well as the Vietnamese are conscious of the new force they have brought to the country. One American told me that "the Filipinos have done more for this country than all the millions of dollars we've sunk into it." The reason for this, another American explained, was that "American official efforts have everything big—organization, money, headquarters—everything, that is, but the spark. Operation Brotherhood has the spark." Premier Ngo Dinh Diem credits Operation Brotherhood with doing "more for Vietnam than the French have done in 100 years of occupation," a statement that embarrassed the nonpolitical Filipinos considerably.

With rebellious sects multiplying governmental difficulties, there might have been moments of despair here early this year. But it was not despair that Operation Brotherhood found among the people of the Camau Peninsula. Dr. Amando Paraiso probably put his finger on it when he said the people were "resigned to their fate, whatever outcome it will be." It was the way the Filipino medical teams attacked that resignation, along with the germs, that won them such high esteem. It was no easy task. The sick at first gave the two doctors and nurse Norma Guerrero no time for any-



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thing but disease. They treated over 300 patients the first day, not stopping for lunch and eating a late dinner out of cans. In the first five days they treated 1978 cases and in the next five, 3025.

They were reinforced after the third day by four doctors and four nurses. But an epidemic of smallpox broke out in the town and the newcomers had to be sent out to vaccinate the population. With no time to cook and no help from the apathetic people, they overcame qualms of conscience and ate the emergency rations intended for the poor.

"After all," Climaco decided, "we're displaced persons. Let's eat."

After a week, the grind became "more or less routine," and the epidemic subsided. After dinner in the evenings they began scrubbing the floors and walls of the filthy old Vietminh dispensary. The villagers watched for a few days; then a few pitched in to help.

"The people asked us," Doctor Almendral recalled, "why we worked with our hands after we treated the patients. They told us doctors in Vietnam are big, important people. They never work like that."

Meanwhile the clinic operated under the trees; only maternity and emergency cases were permitted in the cleaned portion of the hospital. The patients at the clinic usually thought they were not properly served without an injection of some kind. "Some patients want to be examined first, before telling their complaints," Doctor Paraiso said, "and I am put on the test. When I tell them their hearts and lungs are O.K. and there's nothing the matter with them, then they tell me their real complaints as numberless—back pain, headache, cannot sleep, cannot eat, and so on. So another lecture in the use of the stethoscope."

The Vietnamese interpreters identified some malingerers as communist plants. They are convinced that communist agents send them into the clinics to cause trouble and prove that the doctors "really do not want to help the people." The doctors doubt this, but Doctor Almendral did confess that, "sometimes we are a little scared. Even the peasants know more about Stalin than we do."

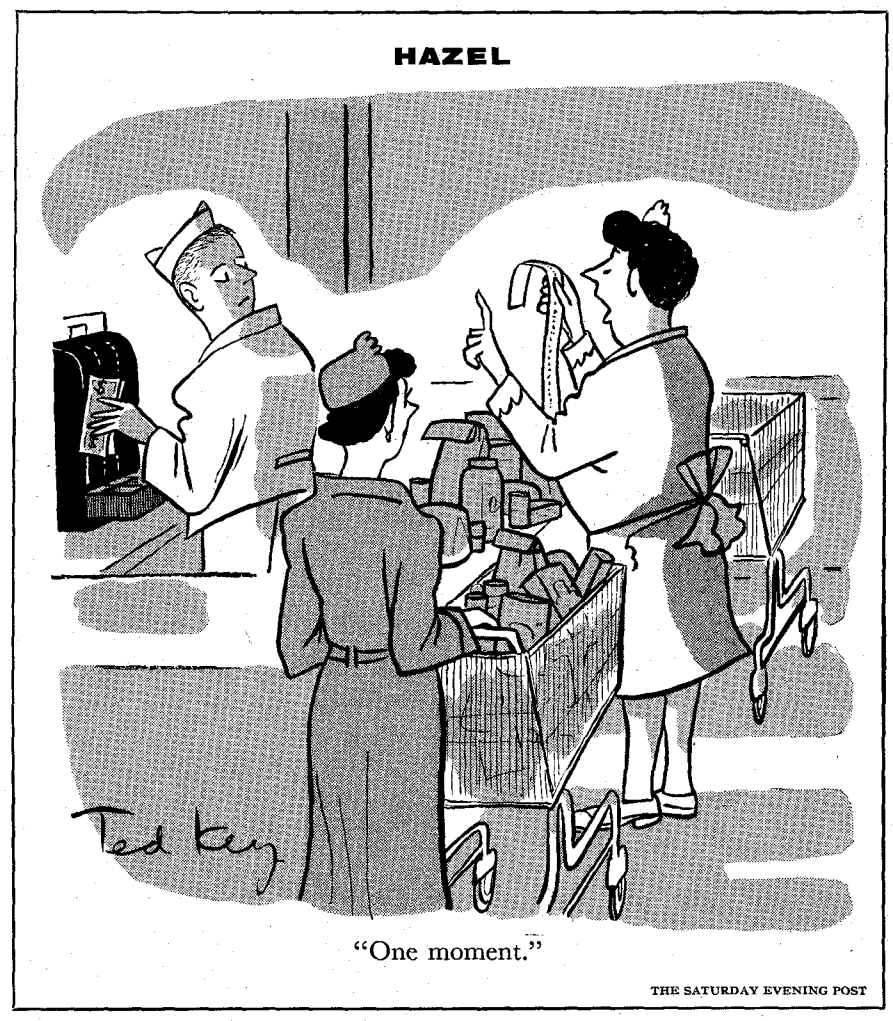
Interpreters told me that communist agents left behind by the Vietminh hold classes every night in the larger villages. They make enormous promises. In spite of their obvious appreciation for Operation Brotherhood, the villagers are convinced that paradise was invented in Russia, that it has now spread to China and North Vietnam, and that soon its blessings will flow into South Vietnam. The communists were on the Camau Peninsula only six months in any force, so the people did not have a chance to feel the iron underneath their velvet glove.

"The Filipino doctors are doing a wonderful work here," one interpreter told me. "The people are very joyful to see them. But they need someone to explain why they are here. The people just don't understand."

But, after only a few months, Operation Brotherhood is gradually making the people understand without any help from propaganda agencies. One of the most dramatic examples of Jaycee principles came to Camau in the form of Dr. Talentino, the handsome Manila surgeon who joined the team after a month. The first night he performed a Caesarian section, with others holding flashlights and fanning away the mosquitoes and gnats. He had no gown, no mask, and only a pair of rubber gloves. The operating table was a desk. There were no screens upon the windows and lack of ventilation in the steaming climate forced them to leave the shutters open until the last moment. The villagers fought for places at the windows, so that first operation was a public show and established Talentino's fame. Since then he has been handling hundreds of operations, sometimes being called out three and four times a night to tend to patients brought from distant villages.

"He is a great man," Talentino's interpreter told me in hushed tones of awe. "Everyone knows he is a great man."

No one mentioned the greatness of the less dramatic physicians, who must, from a patient's complaint of feeling "hot in the stomach," find out whether he has tuberculosis, diphtheria or hyperacidity; of nurses who must turn charwomen at the end of a trying day; of dentists who double for doctors and handle supplies until late into the night—of all the Filipinos, in fact. But it seemed to me that the greatness was there, although one night when Doctor Almendral was finishing, at almost midnight, a day that had started at six that morning, he told me that I was wrong.



"One moment."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Actually," he said, smiling, "it's not so hard. It just takes a little patience."

Doctor Almendral was sent to the little town of Gia Rai, twenty miles or so east of Camau, to open a hospital there. There, again, he and his colleagues were able to show the villagers that resignation was not the way to clean up a cesspool. The building they were assigned was in a green, fetid swamp and the color of the quagmire had spread over the floors and up the walls of what was to be their hospital. Almendral eliminated the bog by flagging down a bulldozer working on the highway and guiding it to their compound. The ooze on floors and walls was eliminated by the doctors, nurses and interpreters. Then they used their "spare time" laying bricks to construct a walk across the former swamp. This also dramatized a preachment Connie Smith, the new social worker, was introducing to the people of Gia Rai—"there is dignity in labor." Some of the villagers finally decided to lend a hand.

Constance Smith, the twenty-seven-year-old daughter of an Irish-American and a Filipina, is a chunky young woman with enormous energy and a determined look in her eye. When she arrived at Gia Rai she made a methodical survey of the situation. The medical team was attending 200 patients daily. Constance was convinced that "all their sickness came from their manner of living." She looked with dismay on the flimsy wattled huts of the people with their mud floors, their filth and their lack of the most primitive sanitary arrangements. She watched the flies swarm around the red rims of babies' eyes. She saw that a diet of rice and fish was "starving the people in a land of plenty," and noticed that there were few vegetable gardens in the millions of acres of paddy land.

"I found," she summed up, "that what they needed was a social-education program based on health, hygiene and medication."

Connie began with a first-aid class, training young men and women to work in the fifty-bed hospital, so that they could relieve the doctors and nurses of part of their work. The doctors and nurses taught the young villagers as they worked. Working through interpreters, it was a long, hard grind, but the young people of Gia Rai responded intelligently. Last June, the first class was graduated in a ceremony in the town square, with the governor and the mayor passing out diplomas and the entire population assembled to watch.

"Take a bath every day" is a byword in Gia Rai today, although "eat three meals a day" seems peculiar to a people who have managed to exist on two for centuries. But the Filipinos, by example and teaching, have tried to impress on their students and patients the need for both these things, and for proper latrines and covered garbage dumps. The hope is that the children will take home to their parents and friends the things they learn in the hospital. So far they seem to have made an impression, for a "Clean-Up Week" carried out in the town, with the mayor leading the campaign to dig latrines and swat flies, was a huge success. That came after Connie's first attempt to create community spirit. She organized the young people of the town in a 4-H Club and has been using it ever since as a way of bringing better health to the community, by injecting more vitamins into its diet.

The Filipinos had to make the first garden. The mayor was made "chief gardener." Uniforms were made for the kids, with a big green clover on the pockets. Everyone was enthusiastic. But no gardens got dug. Connie consulted the overworked doctors and nurses. The next evening after work, with the 4-H boys and girls and the chief gardener looking on, the O.B. staff began the first of the project's gardens. With that example, the kids of Gia Rai and their mayor pitched in. The hands of the pretty nurses grew raw with broken blisters. The doctors and interpreters suffered too. But the kids also raised their blisters and felt them break. The gardens have flourished since then, producing cabbages, eggplant and other vegetables.

The O.B. team is now pretty much a part of the Gia Rai community. But it is only a beginning, there is still a lot more the Filipinos would like to do. Doctor Almendral, who is returning soon to his practice in the Philippines, would like to help the people improve their homes before he leaves. He would like to see libraries in the villages. He would like a "park and beautification program to keep down the bugs."

What has been done by the Gia Rai team—and the other equally hard-working selfless teams at Camau, Baclieu, Saigon and Central Vietnam—may seem small when measured in terms of the towns they work in and the number of personnel involved. The teams treat over 30,000 patients a month, but even that figure does not seem a very large part of even the 1,000,000 or so people on Camau Peninsula. It is only when you consider that patients have come from as much as 100 miles away for treatment that you begin to realize the extent of the influence the Filipinos are having on the Vietnamese people. I talked with patients who had traveled as much as ten days, sleeping by the roadside at night, eating uncooked rice, carried by members of their families in makeshift litters to reach the "foreign doctors." Many come from areas so recently liberated from the communists that no government official has been able to get in to them, and yet they know of Operation Brotherhood.

Operation Brotherhood is not a political organization, but there is no doubt that the example being set by the indefatigable Filipino missionaries of good will is filtering across the seventeenth parallel into Vietminh territory. The effect their work is having on the communists is already evidenced by the warning, by radio and word of mouth, that the Filipinos are not skilled, that their medicines are not effective and that the entertainment they always bring with them is really not up to communist standards.

If 108 Filipino doctors, dentists, nurses and administrators can have made such an impact on more than 11,000,000 people in such a short time, sound observers believe that double or triple that number would go far toward bringing health to Vietnam and turning back the tide of communism. Oscar dreams of teams of thirty-five doctors and others blanketing South Vietnam from the seventeenth parallel to the South China Sea. He visualizes volunteer doctors and nurses, not only from the Philippines, but from Japan, Thailand, Burma, Ceylon, India, Pakistan and other Asian countries, bringing health and strength to fellow Asians. He sees young men and women learning medicine, practicing new agricultural techniques, working among their own people in the effort to raise standards of health, education and living. And when friends laugh at his dream or businessmen point out its impracticality, he reminds them that so far Operation Brotherhood has cost just a little over twenty-five cents a patient.

"Where else," he asks, "can you save a life for the price of a package of cigarettes?"

THE END

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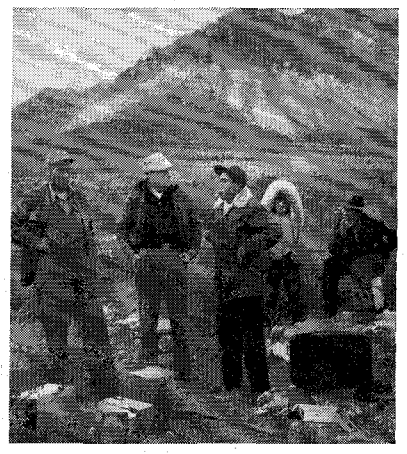
Keeping Posted

Bears That Corey Ford Has or Hasn't Met

Relative to the Alaska brown bear, or Kodiak, which is so appallingly big that seeing one is like having a nightmare, Corey Ford, page 38, tells about a guide who claimed he crawled into a cave where one of the behemoths was asleep for the winter and turned it over on its other side. *If* this happened, it no doubt made the creature more comfortable. Anyway, Ford picked up a rather more authentic cave item when the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, while checking his manuscript, challenged his



Ford, center, in the big bear land.

word "hibernate," asserting that bears merely sleep very soundly, their body temperature never approaching the freezing level, as is true in hibernation. So how does anybody except a bear know this? Simple, the F. & W. people said; a conscientious scientist crawled into a bear's cave and, while the tenant snored blissfully, took its temperature with a clinical thermometer. "As the man was a scientist," says Ford, "it seemed unnecessary to go check for myself."

The author comments that, while researching the awful Kodiaks, "I traveled several thousand miles, many of them at high speed in the opposite direction." Actually, although he regarded many bears at close range, he was not gravely pursued, merely suffered from intermittent terror that he would be. And how did Ford get interested in bears in the first place? "That," states he, "dates back to my little boyhood in Sunday school, when I used to sing a hymn beginning, 'Gladly, my cross-eyed bear.'" Having pulled that one, Ford settled down smugly to hibernate in his Hanover, New Hampshire, home.

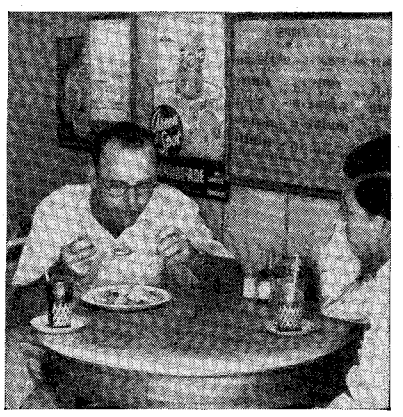
Then There Was a Story

Norma Mansfield's younger son, Pete, bought himself a 1939 motorcar, and pretty soon it "threw" the weld in its cylinder block. A weld—oh, there isn't room to explain it here. So Pete got busy and replaced the block, the pistons and the bearings, during which operation his mother, willy-nilly, received a liberal education in wrist pins, camshafts, rebore jobs and how to remove greasy footprints from the living-room rug. When that snapshot was made of Pete and the 39-er, he was about through his freshman year at Stanford University; his brother, Dick, was an exalted upperclassman editing the Stanford Daily; and their mother, at home in Seattle, was letting one automotive thought lead to another until her creative camshafts came up with the plot on page 37.

In the Far East Berrigan is a Legend

Some time ago when Darrell Berrigan arrived in Bangkok to start some Far East correspondence for the Post, a Public Relations Department official exclaimed in alarm, "It's Berrigan! Ah, what will happen to Thailand now!" The man rushed to the window, muttering that probably troops were forming on the Royal Palace parade ground. Then Berrigan recalled that his Thai friends considered it a legend that every time he showed up, so did some kind of trouble.

Let's look at the record. In 1940, a month after Berrigan's first arrival in Bangkok, the Franco-Thai War broke



Berrigan eating in Bangkok.

out; during his second visit, 1941, the Japs invaded and Berrigan departed fast; his third visit, 1941, was in a B-24 during the first American raid on Bangkok, and that was not pleasant; on his fourth trip, after the war in 1945, a mysterious battle broke out in the Chinese section of the city, raging several days; and his fifth visit, 1951, was followed by an abortive military coup. However, during Visit Six, when Berrigan left Bangkok to get his Vietnam report for page 31, all was calm. He may be slipping, Thailand hopes.

That photo of Berry in a Bangkok restaurant reminds him of an eating triumph he scored out there. Thailand is a chili-eating country, favoring sauces that tend to blow the top of one's head off; and one night at dinner Berrigan, who at home in California enjoys Mexican dishes, boasted to a Thai companion that he was a pretty fair hot-sauce man himself. But when Berrigan placed a reasonable amount of fiery chili on his curry, the friend scoffed, "Oh, you no like," and, really loading his own curry, popped in a mouthful. Berrigan says the overconfident man's face turned pale blue; he clutched his throat; he exhaled, but seemed totally unable to inhale. "The agonized man did not die, but he was without voice all the rest of the evening, and I enjoyed doing all the talking."

Sea Shells, Stop Watches, Footballs

Jack Clowser, of the Cleveland Press, studies intercollegiate sports, and collects sea shells. There being no sea in Cleveland, he asks traveling friends to pick up the shells for him—which brings to his mind the young marine, brother of a Press

co-worker, who during the war found himself walking up the beach at Iwo Jima. Well, during such horrors one might as well laugh as not. The boy was wounded, threw himself into an abandoned well for protection, and eased his pain with chuckles as he pondered the goofiness of his failing to check the beach for sea shells for good old Clowser. Clowser also gathers postage stamps, one of his dandiest agents for this being Abe Saperstein, boss of those fabulous basketballers, the Harlem Globetrotters. Abe sends post cards with his messages written by foreigners in their own tongues, and Clowser seldom knows whether he is being given the razoo or what, but he gets the stamps, doesn't he? Clowser's No. 1 hobby is his wife, his ex-marine son and his college-going daughter.

Those stop watches in Lou Darvas' sketch emphasize the author's expert summertime devotion to track and field affairs, but as this is autumn, it's football he devotes himself to on page 36.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Flew to 90,000 Feet"

Major Arthur Murray, in testing rocket ships, has flown higher than any other man. Let him tell you what the cold, silent outer limits of the earth are like.

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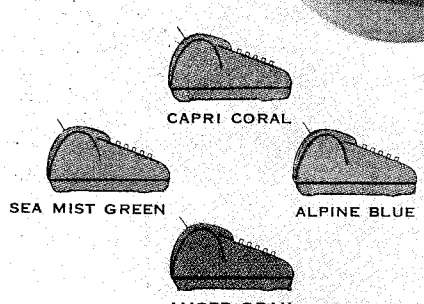

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